BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1941

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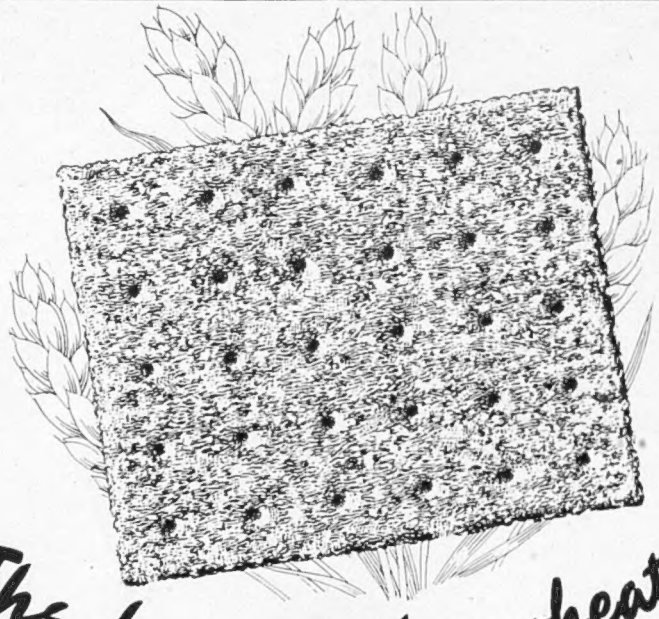

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 23, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1941

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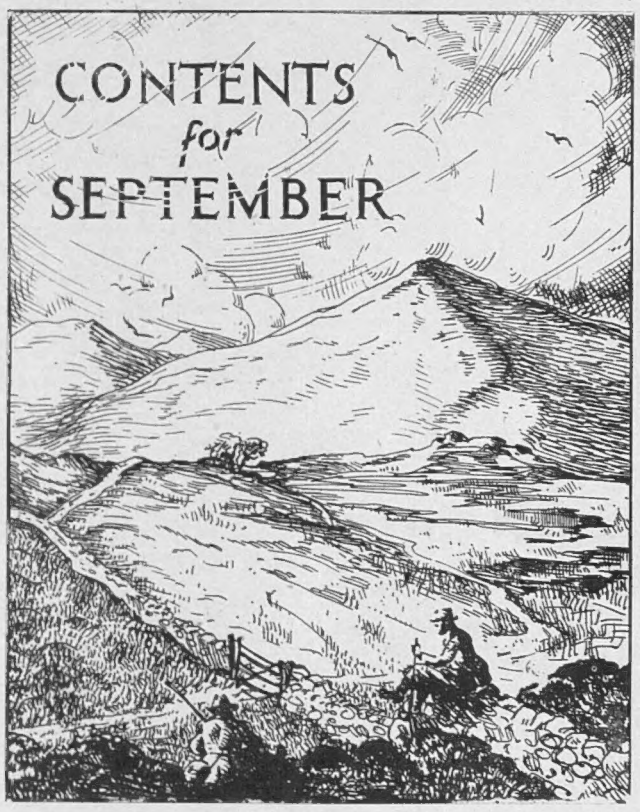

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 76. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 9

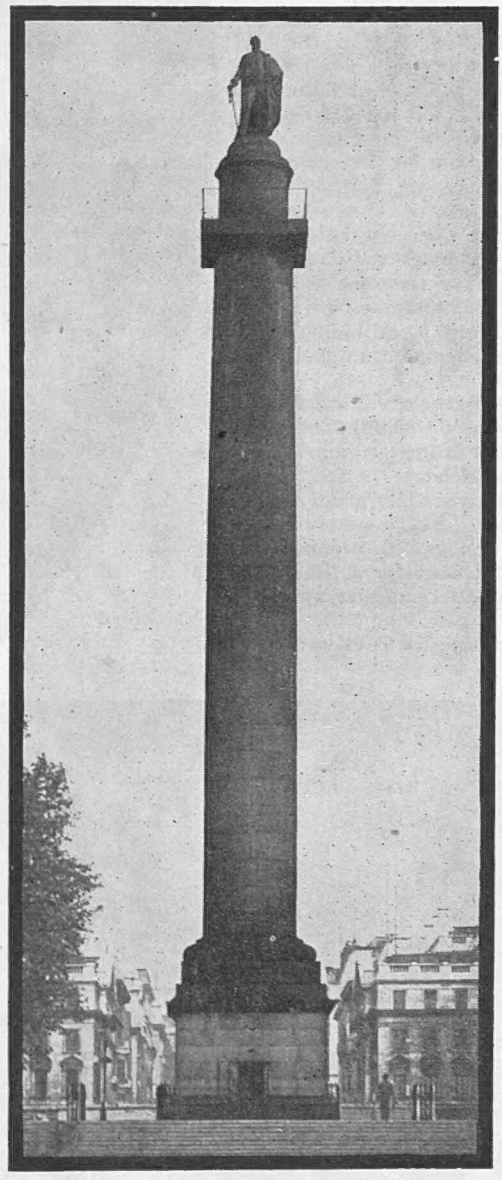
Frederick, Duke of York, 1763-1827

IT was five o'clock in the morning. The broad Mall was deserted. London still slept. Even the roisterers in the gambling clubs of St. James's Street must have been yawning.

From a side door of Carlton House, overlooking St. James's Park, crept a portly figure. He had the air of a conspirator; and rightly so, for he was in disguise. But there was nothing (for a change) ignoble in the man's intent. For he was Frederick, Duke of York, on his way to Wimbledon to defend his elder brother's honour in a duel. The man who was then Prince of Wales, destined to be Regent, had been insulted by a Colonel Lennox. It was out of the question for the heir to the throne to duel; Frederick, with surprising idealism, elected to take his place. The place set was Wimbledon, the distance twelve paces.

Colonel Lennox fired first, grazing the Duke, who thereupon refused to fire. The news of this brave action went round the town and bulky Frederick gained popularity.

It was a strange life that lay ahead of this second son of George III; a mosaic in which good and bad were mingled with more than their customary lack of reason. The second of the Seven Wicked Uncles! The gross and selfish Regent, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cambridge, Cumberland, and Sussex.



The Duke of York's column on the Mall at the foot of Lower Regent Street.

Frederick was born in 1763, and lived to span the days of Frederick the Great and the France of pre-Revolution elegancies, down to the approaching primness of the Victorian era; from the age of candle to the age of gaslight; from the stage coach to the dawn of steam locomotion.

He was brought up in the strictly domestic atmosphere of George III's home. But when he was seventeen was sent abroad, partly to remove him from the influence of the Prince of Wales, already sowing his wild oats in the most profligate manner. He went to Hanover, where he had the title of Prince-Bishop of Osnaburg. It was a pity that he should have come under the Prussian army influence so fully; what had been a good-natured and comely youth was inducted into a coarseness and looseness of conduct that never deserted him for the rest of his life. It taught him, too, a military tradition that was (had they only known it) on its death bed, to be struck down by the revolutionary hand of Napoleon. Frederick spent eight years learning how to be a general on the Frederick the Great lines. Thus was to come the jingle:

"The gallant Duke of York
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up the top of a hill
Then marched them down again!"

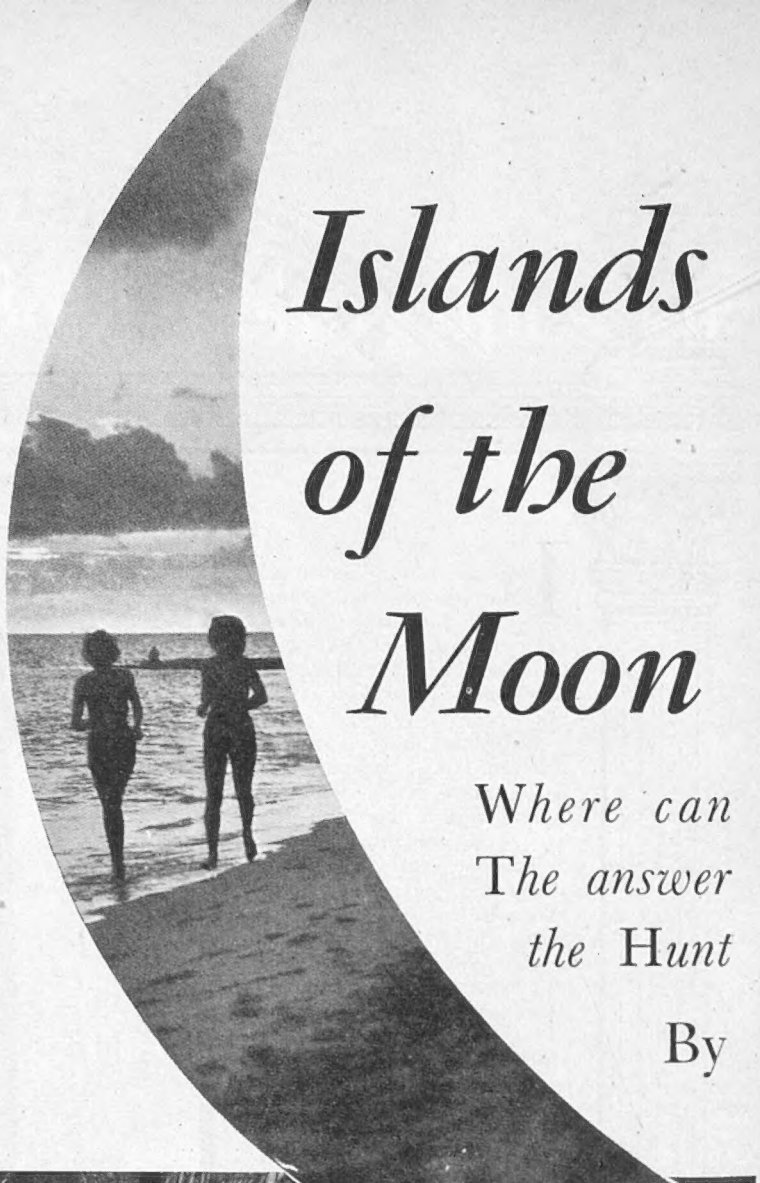
His first chance to use his army in this way was in 1793, when the rabble of France declared war against Holland and England. Neither in this nor the other footling campaigns of the 'nineties did Frederick show promise of any military genius, albeit he was constantly let down by his Continental allies in a series of projects as ill-conceived as they were ill-equipped. Yet Frederick owed two things to his early days in Prussia: an acquiescent, if childless, wife in the Princess Frederica and a thorough knowledge of the internal administration of an army. It was he, as Commander-in-Chief, who founded Woolwich and, at High Wycombe, what was to become Sandhurst. He won the affection of the ordinary soldier by his attention to his welfare. "The brave old dook o' York" they called him, with wry affection.

"I wish any one could compare the troops to-day," he reflected in his old age, "with the brigade that landed with me in Holland in '93. I determined then that (*Continued on page* 46)

Islands of the Moon

Where can The answer the Hunt

By



"WELCOME," said my friend, as I came alongside him in the Aviz bar, "welcome to the gateway to the moon."

"The moon?" I said.

"The moon," he repeated firmly. "I've just been seeing our weekly boat load off. They all think that because she's headed for America, they're escaping to the moon. But"—he wagged his glass—"there ain't no moon there, or anywhere else. Hitler has abolished it. You'll see."

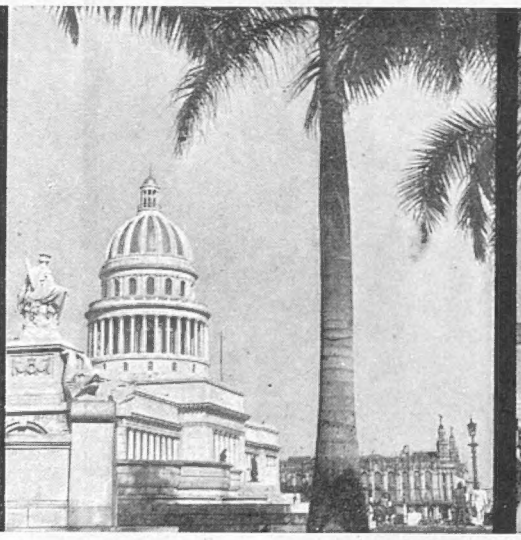
They have not yet weakened the alcoholic content of liquor in Europe's last Nazi-free country, and the Aviz barman mixes a potent draught. But a foreign correspondent in his cups sometimes makes more sense than one sober; and this one made sense. Hitler, having conquered Europe up to the Pyrenees, the Arctic Ocean, and the whole length of the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, was pounding at the door of Asia. Roosevelt had just announced the occupation of Iceland, and Willkie was advising American naval bases in Scotland, Ulster and the West African coast at Dakar. The Japs might any day now be moving down through Indo-China, flanking Singapore and the Philippines and providing a jumping-off place for the Dutch Indies; or up to Vladivostok, Russia's gateway to the Pacific.

The non-belligerent world was shrinking as fast as that wild ass's skin of Balzac's, which measured a human life, and contracted with every wish. The thunder-clouds of war were spreading not only over the continents, but over the island outposts; indeed, especially over the island outposts, the naval and air keys to the continents and oceans. The remotest and most barren isles, far off the beaten track of commerce-plying ships, were acquiring a high importance as air and naval fuelling stations. The "islands of the moon"—euphemism for bolt holes—were vanishing at speed.

There had been a time when Lisbon and its beach, Estoril, down the Tagus river, looked like a luxury moon island: but that illusion began to fade about the time that Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Greece and the Aegean Islands, ceased to be the comfortable, secure backwaters so many people prior to the Nazi blitzes imagined them to be. Now, Lisbon was just the last station in Europe from which one could, with money, patience and luck, get away from the war at least for a time, anyway until the war spilled out of Europe, spread east and west, and caught up with one.

Forty thousand men and women in the summer of 1941 were

The Azores are no longer the havens of peace they were. The customs gate at Punta Delgada



A striking view of the fine Capitol at Havana, the capital of Cuba. It is the largest city of the West Indies

A fragrant fairyland in the Bahamas, Paradise Beach, Hog Island, Nassau. The Bahamas are 200 miles from the U.S.

still roosted up in Lisbon, Estoril, and the mountain villages, waiting to get out into the Atlantic, and away. Tens of thousands had preceded them, many just a jump ahead of the Nazi soldiery, or the Gestapo: only to find the shadow of Hitler over Portugal, and Biefurn, of the Gestapo, installed at the Palacio Hotel, and his aides haunting the casino, the bars, and the cafés, like so many vultures in anticipation of the kill.

Thrice a week the forty-one-ton Clipper dropped down out of the sky, with a huge load of mails and a few important passengers, who promptly caught other planes for London, Madrid, Paris, Vichy, Berlin, Stockholm, Rome. But few optimists now besieged the Pan-American Airways' office with the idea that, by putting down £105 for the one-way ticket, they could get aboard that giant seaplane, and roar away to New York, or even the first "whistle stop," at Horta, in the Azores, 1,050 miles west. They had come to accept the fact that mails and government-priority "must" passengers monopolised the flying boats shuttling between La Guardia air port, New York, and the Cabo Ruivo base here in the mountain-fringed estuary at Lisbon. Even the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and King Carol and Magda Lupescu, had to pass up the Clipper, and get away—after a wait—on the *Excambion*, one of the three white liners of the American Export Line. Those boats, *Excambion, Excalibur and Exeter*, are booked solid now into 1942.

A DEATH wind has passed over the escapist oasis of the Mediterranean, that ancient, blood-stained sea. The islets of Les Lerins, off Cannes (the Man in the Iron Mask languished on one, St. Marguerite); the islands off the Dalmatian coast, the Tuscan Archipelago (Monte Cristo is one of those; King Victor Emmanuel has a shooting box on it, but can't use it)

San Juan, capital of the island of Porto Rico. In the foreground can be seen Isla Grand, the U.S.A. air base

View of the waterfront of Valparaiso, Chile. Some of the wealthy cosmopolitans have already gone to this city

in the Aegean, the Swedish Archipelago, the Baltic: they are all off the "moon island" map now.

A whole block in farther seas went when France fell, for the French Empire does not begin in North Africa and end in Syria: it goes west to Martinique and east to Madagascar and Indo-China; it covers island outposts in the Caribbean, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, as well as in the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea. Japan covets the islands of

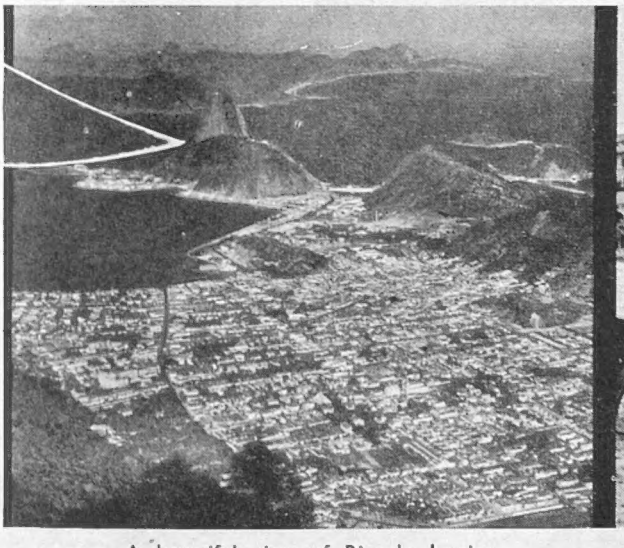
the Escapees go to be Safe? to the Question recedes, like for the Secret of Immortality

C. Patrick Thompson

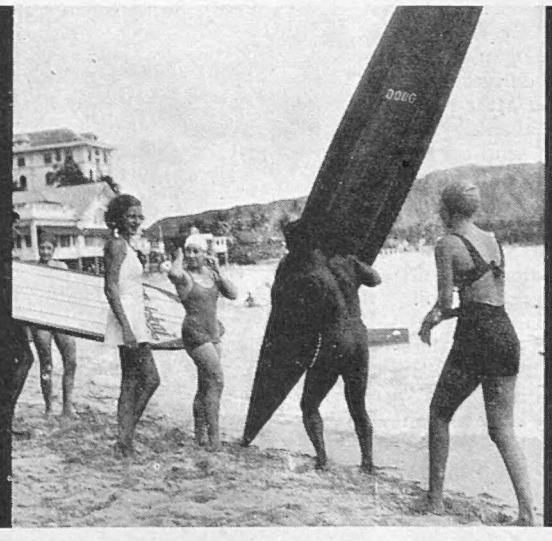
Island, 1,200 square miles of it, and the Falkland Islands, and up north to Napoleon's old cage, St. Helena, on 700 miles to the Bermudas, only nineteen square miles, but enormously important, as the American fleet showed the British in the war of 1812; along to the Barbados in the West Indies, St. Kitts, Nevis, Barbuda and the Virgin group, Jamaica and its three dependencies; the Cayman Islands, discovered by Columbus in 1503, and mostly swamp and white limestone, and Christmas Island (the other Christmas Island is in the Indian Ocean, Britain owns it, too).

It's a strange, grim thought that if the Nazis manage to capture the single island of Britain, you may, as an inhabitant of any of the islands aforesaid, find yourself in the position of the inhabitants of Jersey, at best, or, at worst, in the middle of a battlefield, hammered all ways, like the island folk of Crete.

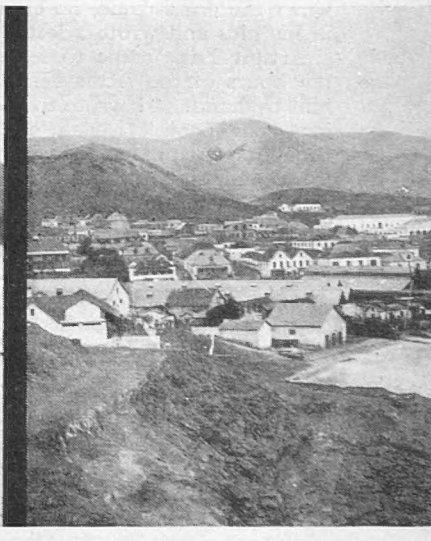
Where could a person go to be safe? The answer to the question recedes, like the hunt for the secret of immortality. But catch the Clipper as it thrusts its gleaming hull into the sunny sky, the captain at the master's desk, the radio officer checking the weather, the passengers in the central smoking lounge below the flight deck, the sea a mile below, the Azores a thousand miles ahead. Those nine islands of the Azores are no longer the havens of peace they were, green, lovely, unexploited. San Miguel, biggest and best of the islands, suggests



A beautiful view of Rio de Janeiro taken from Corcovado Peak. Sugar Loaf Peak in seen in the top centre



On Waikiki beach, Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. The U.S. naval station, Pearl Harbour, is on this island



The harbour of St. Vincent. This island is an emerald in a sapphire sea, with some of the best bathing

Oceania, and between Nazi and Nipponese, a menace, part visible, part invisible, lies over all the thousands of islands of the British Empire, from Socotra, in the Indian Ocean, and the Seychelles, once a political prison for the would-be Egyptian dictator, Arabi Pasha, on to Mauritius, past the fourteen coral islands of the Laccadive group, and the Maldive group, round into the Bay of Bengal, and the nineteen islands of the Andamans, and the Nicobar group, and along to Malaya, and the 217-mile big island of Singapore, the Gibraltar of the East, and along to the island of Hong Kong, bristling with barbed wire and guns, burrowed with air raid shelters in the hillsides, and down to the innumerable islands of the Pacific, Borneo and New Guinea, Tasmania, New Zealand, and Australia, an island as big as China with a population no larger than London's; round the Cape of Good Hope, and so to Prince Edward Islands, the Sandwich Islands, and the uninhabited South Georgia

sanctuary as you approach Punta Delgada, chief city and port, and see the sun-washed houses, pink, white, saffron, pale blue, and the Venetian waterfront, and the backdrop of the lazy green mountains away on the horizon.

But down on ground you find it's not a very happy spot. On the flats between the terraced hills they cultivate pineapples, a couple of million a year, in hothouses in a damp heat of 100 degrees; and the two chief markets were Britain and Germany. Germany is "out," and the British food tsars won't list "pines" among the war necessities. The people in San Miguel can't eat two million extra smoke-fertilised pines. Still, you can get all the cheese—a French port salut type—tea, home grown on the moist northern plantations, fruit, and sugar, you want.

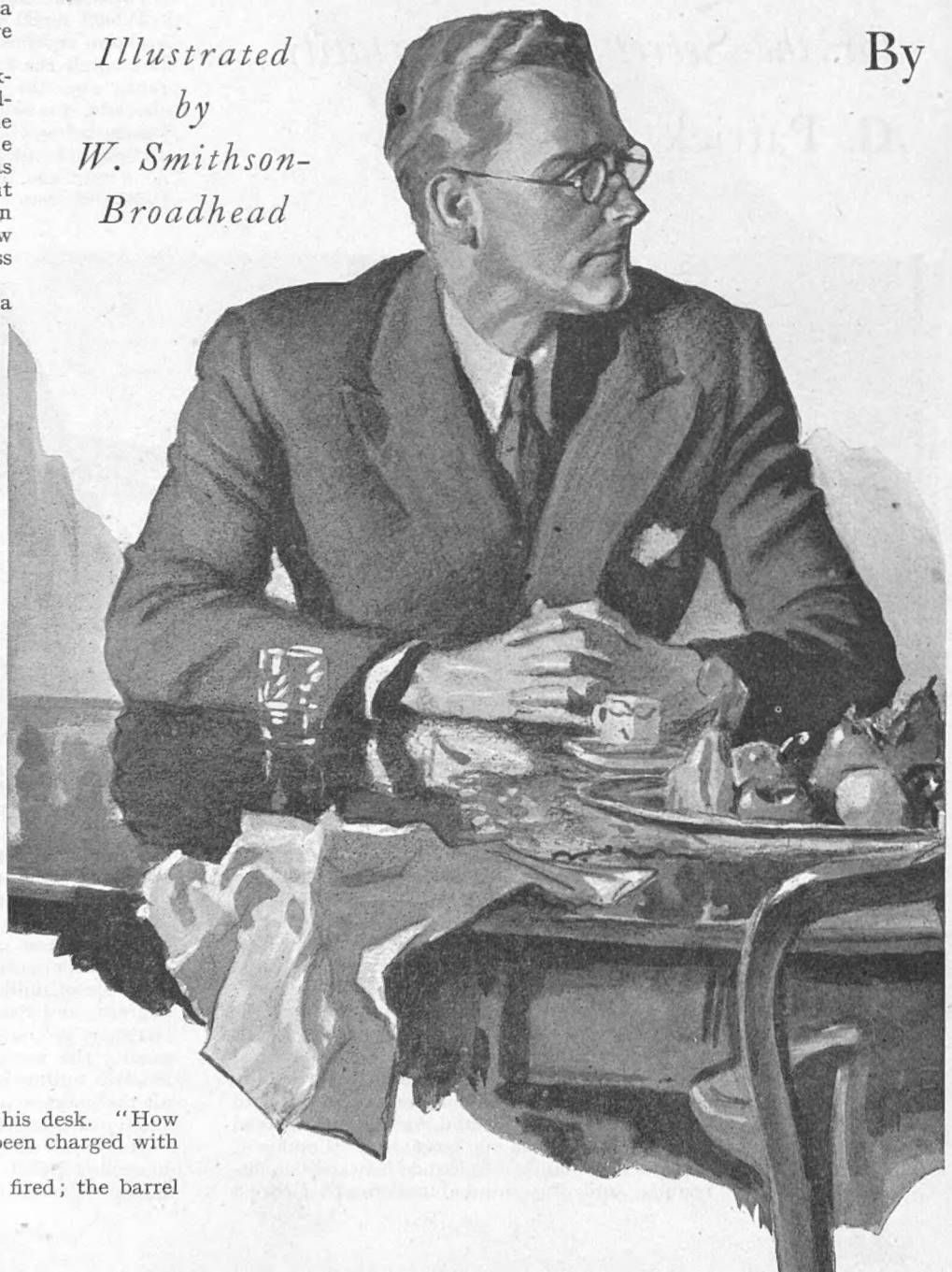
It was off the beaten track in the age of the sea wars, and unspoiled by the later tourist and cruise trade for the same reason. The Portuguese have nourished (*Continued on page 75*)

Off *the*

Prompt and Unorthodox to rid England

By

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead



LISTED high in the problems that confront every intelligence service is the need to convince responsible naval, military and political authorities that certain information is good and that action should be taken.

Such a problem was presented by the case of Sir Weldon Oak. Though there was no scrap of evidence that he had received any communication from the Nazi party since the outbreak of war, previous to 1939 he had been a fêted guest in Germany. Since the war started he had made no private or public utterance in favour of Hitler. Both his sons were serving gallantly in the British forces and he was on good terms with them. If it had not been for Madame de Larneau he might never have come under suspicion.

Estelle de Larneau was a French subject who had come to England after the collapse of France; she was a little thing, with an exquisite figure, a dimple in her chin, and an amorous mouth. Money was essential to her. She contacted Sir Weldon soon after landing and thereafter lacked nothing. Sir Weldon was a widower in his fifties; he had reached a time of life when he was no longer certain of himself as a lover. Estelle de Larneau put this right.

When Logan picked up the story the situation was that Sir Weldon was known to have lost all his investments but was still able to supply Estelle de Larneau with everything she required. One of the commonest motives for espionage is to obtain money for a woman, and as Sir Weldon was known to be too infatuated with Madame de Larneau to part with her, and also had a record of pro-German sympathies in pre-war days, his affairs were looked into. In this way certain transactions in South America came to light. About this time the Vichy Government came into the open and declared for Germany; it was also learnt that Madame de Larneau had been friendly with a member of the Vichy Government before she came to England. There were further developments and Logan, who was handling the case, thought that, given a little time, it should at least be possible to have the pair locked up.

However, Logan did not allow for the quicksilver brain of Estelle de Larneau. Quite suddenly he found himself with only a short time left in which to act. Moreover, as people like himself have had to do many times, he was obliged to act on his own initiative and without support. He had envisaged such an occasion arising, not necessarily with Sir Weldon. Now when the crisis came, he checked an address in his files and wrote a letter.

Arthur Lake came to see Logan within a few hours of the letter being delivered to him by hand. "I wrote to you after reading your book," Logan explained. "I thought your publishers would send on the letter and that if you were in England we might be able to meet."

THE youngish man with a wrinkled face sat awkwardly, with one calloused hand on his knee, the other holding an unlit cigarette which Logan had given him.

Logan struck a match for his guest. "It is a very interesting book," he said; "it reads as if everything in it had happened."

The other nodded; he kept his eyes on Logan; the expression in them was neither friendly nor hostile, just speculative.

"I suppose you had to leave out a certain amount," Logan continued; "I mean you could not admit you had ever killed anybody?"

Logan's visitor drew at his cigarette and made no reply.

"You returned to England as soon as you came out of Sing Sing, didn't you," Logan asked.

"They deported me."

"Because you are a British subject?"

"Yea."

"The American police would make it tough for you if you went back?"

"They sure would."

"In your book you say you were with Doc Barker when he shot Lucelli."

"Yea—I was with the doc."

Logan took a cigarette from the box on his desk. "How did you get out of it? Couldn't you have been charged with murder?" he asked.

"None of the shells in my gun had been fired; the barrel was cold. The doc's barrel was hot; he didn't give himself time to ditch it before the cops got him. You've got to think of things."

"I suppose so," Logan agreed. "By the way, I wrote you under the name you signed your book; is that right?"

"It is the name I'm using."

"Do the police know where you are living?"

Lake did not answer for a moment, then he said: "Not always; when a fellow has got a record the cops have his card. Suppose they don't know where he is, every time something happens they put out a call to bring him in; they've got a description of him, picture of his face, dabs, all the rest, and unless he is lying up close it don't take long to find him. You'd be surprised the way they work."

"Surely you are too well known as an author to lie up?" Logan said.

Arthur Lake's eyes showed a glint of pleasure. "Maybe," he agreed.

Logan saw he could talk about the book. "You gave a good picture of the cold-bloodedness that goes to the make-up of a successful gunman."

"You've got to be tough," Lake agreed.

Logan thought the time had come to get to business. "Would you be interested in doing a little work over here?" he asked.

It was plain from Arthur Lake's face that up to this point he thought Logan had asked him to come and see him on account of his book. With his grey hair and intelligent, fine featured face, Logan might well be a publisher or newspaper executive.

"What kind of work?" asked Lake.

"Your kind."

Arthur Lake's cold hazel eyes met Logan's levelly.

"You can have your own terms, within reason," Logan said.

"This isn't America," Lake said.

"You'd have the same protection—better."

"Who from?"

"I'll tell you about the job first. Will you have a drink?"

Arthur Lake shook his head. "Mind if I smoke one of my own cigarettes?"

Logan could smell the marijuana after Lake lit up.

Logan took a small leather case from his pocket; he passed the case to his guest. "That is my identity card," he said.

Arthur Lake studied the document; he handed it back and there was a certain respect in his manner as he said: "I understand."

"And this is what gave me the idea to write to you," Logan took up a book, opening it at a marked place. "Read the first paragraph," he said, handing the book to Lake.

Arthur Lake read the paragraph:

> Here also is a side of modern warfare which has become one of the tasks of the intelligence service. It finds ways and means of removing politically embarrassing persons, seeks the instruments for carrying out such schemes, and brings about the deed at the appropriate moment.

"Admirably concise, isn't it," Logan said. "The author served on the German General Staff. You see, my idea is that as the Jerries employ gangster methods we've got to do the same."

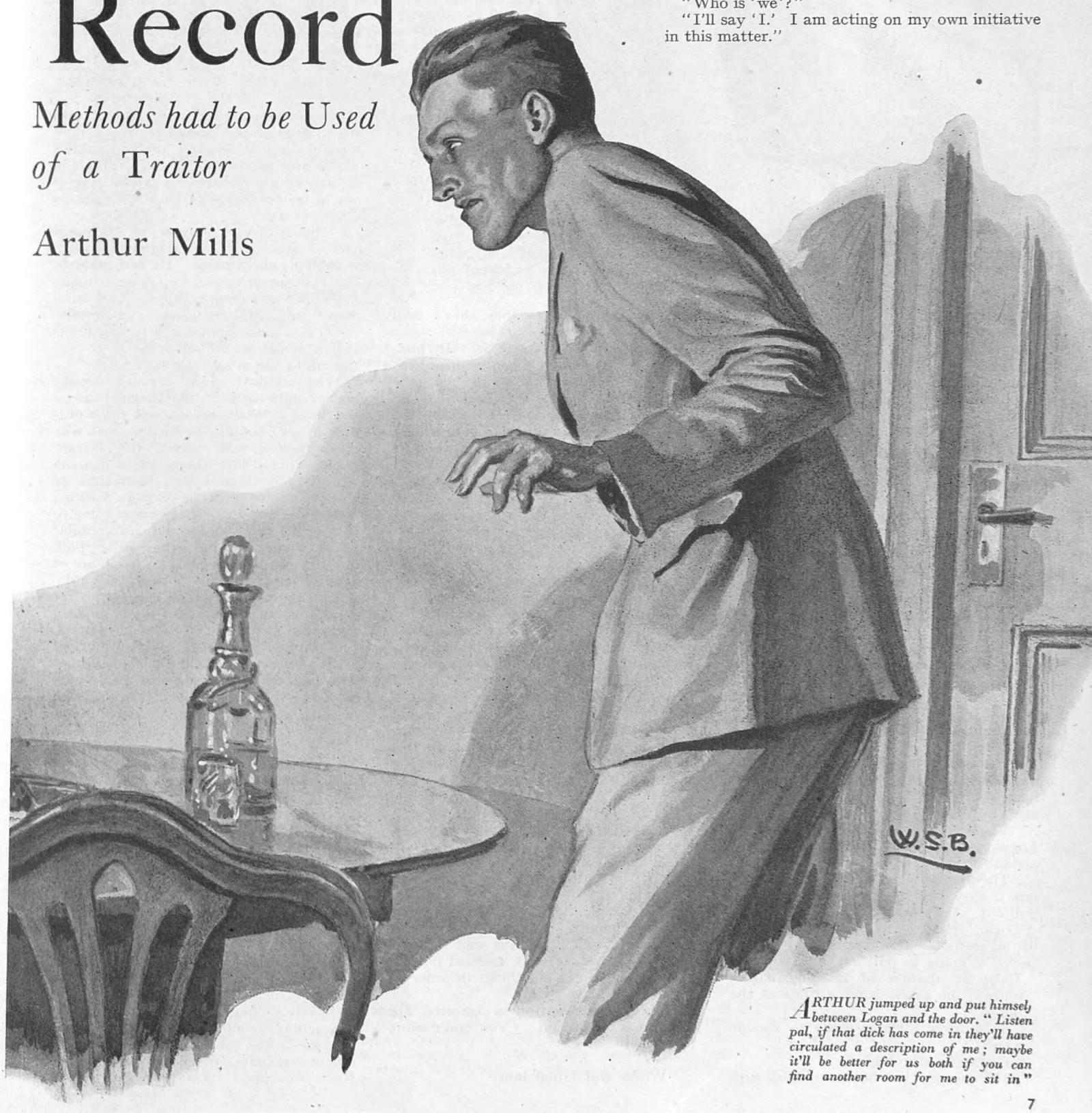
"Who is 'we'?"

"I'll say 'I.' I am acting on my own initiative in this matter."

Record

Methods had to be Used of a Traitor

Arthur Mills



ARTHUR jumped up and put himself between Logan and the door. "Listen pal, if that dick has come in they'll have circulated a description of me; maybe it'll be better for us both if you can find another room for me to sit in"

ESTELLE DE LARNEAU was a French subject who had come to England after the startling collapse of France

Lake stubbed out his cigarette; his face looked tight and hard. "What's the proposition?"

Logan mentioned Sir Weldon's extremely well-known name. Arthur Lake's astonishment showed. "Isn't he on the level?"

"No. He is working for the Germans. We have no legal proof; but we know the position is made more difficult because this gentleman has powerful friends and a considerable following in the country. Also, he is much too clever to have any direct dealings with the enemy."

"How are they paying him?"

"Through South America. An agency out there buys estate in a certain name and that estate becomes his property. We got on his track through one of his cables."

"What did that tell you?"

"Well, our people out there found out that he had cabled to the South American agents through whom the land had been bought by the German Government."

"Mightn't he have been trying to buy land too?"

"He was trying to sell the land that had been bought for him in another name."

"Ah!" said Arthur Lake.

"You know, this is a very odd war," Logan said. "No one expected the arrival of Herr Hess for example."

"The Jerries would have bumped that one if they had known he was going to pull out," Lake said.

Logan smoked two or three puffs of his cigarette. "The Englishman I mentioned is going to pull out," he said.

Lake lit another of his marijuanas. "When?" he asked, after a draw at the drug.

"To-morrow. He is going to Rio de Janeiro."

"Can't you stop him?"

"His journey has been arranged with the approval of the authorities. I should make it clear he had the confidence of important people."

"You can tell them what you know."

"I should not be believed. They would say that every public man is at times subject to rumour and calumny. Remember, I said we had no proof."

"What about that cable; don't they file copies of those?"

"We could not connect it with him. The cable was sent by a neutral firm with offices in England. Of course, he gave verbal instructions for it to be sent. The most difficult people to deal with are the ones who never put anything in writing."

"What is the guy going to do when he gets to Rio?"

"Connect up with the German intelligence organisation out there. He'll tell what he knows."

"And that is plenty?"

"Yes, it is plenty," Logan agreed. "We should be sorry if they learnt about our latest invention for dealing with night bombers, or some plans we have got for their parachute troops. Sir Weldon is very much on the inside; that is why I wrote to you. It would be a disaster if he were able to get out of the country. I must make it clear that I have not received permission from anybody to employ your services. I am simply carrying out an idea of my own which no one will know about. In this business one has occasionally to act on one's own initiative."

LOGAN went to the sideboard and took the stopper from a decanter. "Are you sure you won't have a drink?" he asked.

"Thanks," said Arthur Lake. "Just as it is," he added, as he saw Logan pick up a syphon.

Lake drank down the whisky and wiped his mouth. Logan sipped a mild whisky and soda. He was well satisfied so far. He had correctly assessed that he would have to explain things in order to get Lake to play.

Lake lit a third marijuana cigarette. He drew at it, then said: "You don't want this guy to leave?"

"No."

"Where will I find him?"

"I expect he will be with his lady friend."

"He's got a floosie?"

Logan nodded. "A Frenchwoman. I fancy she is behind most of the trouble."

"Is he leaving her here?"

"No. She is going with him."

"Is that O.K. by you?"

"No, it isn't," Logan said.

Lake looked thoughtful. "Janes get kind of spiteful if you bump their guys. How are they travelling?"

"They are leaving London by train to-night for a northern port. I expect they will stay on board until their ship sails."

"What time does the train leave?"

"At six-thirty from Euston. He has reserved two seats. They are having dinner on the train."

"I don't like trains," Lake said.

"Why?"

"There are dicks at the station. They see a guy get on and they see him get off. If anything happens they know he was on the train."

"I said you would be protected."

"How?"

As the ex-gangster's eyes stared into his, Logan could imagine other times when Lake had weighed up the qualities of the men in the underworld with whom he had been associated. For this type it was a matter of life to be able to decide whom to trust.

"This is how I propose to safeguard you," Logan said. He explained his plan.

Arthur Lake listened. He said nothing, but once again looked at Logan. Logan knew he was trying to make up his mind about him. He met Lake's eyes levelly.

"O.K.," Lake said, in a way that made Logan smile, for he spoke as if he was talking to one of his own kind.

Lake walked away from Logan's house, quite satisfied that Logan was on the level. What he wanted done was pretty raw, but maybe he felt that way about people who helped the Jerries.

Lake turned into a pub; the marijuana cigarettes had made him light, but he wasn't fuddled. His brain was working fast, telling him that what he was going to do was the right way to act; any regular fellow would feel the same way. Folk like the guy he was going to take care of did not deserve to live; they were rats.

Sipping his beer, Lake thought over ways and means. A gun would make a noise, but the other way meant spatters. Bad things—spatters—never sure when a drop might not light on the edge of your collar or on a cuff. The gaol yards were full of guys dissolved in quick-lime because they had been careless about spatters.

Now a tommy gun did a neat job; he could get one too. Logan had promised to get him anything he wanted. Queer sort of a guy Logan, just a nice mild looking, grey haired old gentleman—till you looked at his eyes.

Lake had decided on the tommy gun because a tommy really did provide a quick death for two people, when he thought of something else. Firearms had numbers. If he left the gun behind the cops might be able to check it back to Logan. He did not fancy keeping it when the work was done. He tilted his hat to the back of his head and took another drink of beer. He had details to work out. They had reserved seats and were going to have dinner on the train. By nine-thirty they would have finished dinner and come out of the restaurant car. Restaurant car! (*Continued on page* 48)

"SEPTEMBER" By Gordon Beckles

A Reminiscence of Events in that Month of History

The news of the pact between Germany and Russia was one of the worst peace-time shocks that England has ever sustained

SEPTEMBER 1939! Only two years ago, although at times it seems as distant as September 1909. Or even, such is its melancholy *fin de siecle* flush, the year 1899.

Only two years ago! Yet, at other times, it seems much less than that. As if it were yesterday, and what has happened in between merely a bad and highly improbable dream.

All theatres, cinemas, and other places of entertainment closed. Covering up the seats of the Palace Theatre, Manchester

It had been a blazing August, you may remember. I had come back in the middle of the month from France and Germany. Memory gives me a picture of a parched and breathless Europe. We had gone up the long road from Liége to Aachen, through Eupen and Malmedy. The Belgian forts in between seemed terrific affairs. The Germans won't have such an easy time as they did in 1914, we told ourselves. Belgian soldiers lounging at the border post said "get September over and we're safe for another year."

Three hundred yards further on, hulking Gestapo men probed the car. One picked up Edna Furber's autobiography, with its tirades against Hitlerism. But, as he couldn't read English, he tossed it back again.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood (left) and Major Attlee on their way to the House. Mr. Greenwood made the speech of his career

Germany seemed just the same, beyond the range of the Gestapo's eye. There was going to be no war. The Führer would arrange it so that there would be no war. Poland, of course; but then the Poles must be made to see reason. But no general war with England. We sat in Rhineland vineyards and drank hock, climbed into the Black Forest, explored the rapidly-growing chain of Siegfried Line forts. Away over to the west, and below us, a haze belonged to Strasbourg, and we could see the cathedral plainly. Once we ran slap into a panzer division, black and ugly tanks, and sleepy German boys in black overalls.

Then across the Rhine again, and through the rather desolate Lorraine country, until we picked up one of the great Routes Nationale. What splendid roads the great Napoleon had built for France we said, little thinking that along these very roads would, within a year, grunt and roar the tanks of the Nazi invader. Lyons with its gourmets, Orange and its barracks filled with dragoons, then across the grey mountains behind Marseilles and down to the blue Mediterranean. Fewer young Englishmen at Monte Carlo and Cannes. We counted up the young ones among our friends who were spending their August either called-up or with territorial units. There was little but an ominous tone in the newspapers. No real news. *The Times* brought, as usual, a feeling of comforting assurance. What a splendid paper it was after the grubby little French sheets!

People take cover in St. James's Park at the first air-raid warning of the second World War

The West Indians were playing cricket. There was usually at least a page, sometimes more, of cricket news in *The Times*. A Russian artist had stolen a Watteau from the Louvre as a protest, he declared, against the Louvre's bad framing of pictures; Paris was settling down to what was surely going to be an enjoyable *cause célèbre*. There had been a trial black-out on August 2, and it had not been a success. We read at the beginning of the month that a petrol-rationing plan had been approved "in case of war." Petrol would all be the same. Not, we hoped, anything like the curious liquids we bought from the French roadside pumps, and which made the car more than usually temperamental.

Russia was going to be an important factor in keeping the peace. A White Russian explained the whole situation to us in detail as we floated effortlessly in the warm waters off Cap d'Ail. A British military mission was then in Moscow fixing things up. A British admiral explained, as we lay in the hot sand, the real meaning of British sea-power. Then came the last swim of all and the dash northwards in the very middle day of August. Heaven, how well the French fed in the country-side! And how little all those delicious meals cost.

Boulogne was packed with English trippers. Someone said they were ex-Service men.

It was good to be back in England again. One day we had great excitement, for over London roared the French bombers. There were one hundred and twenty of them, we read, and some were on their way to Birmingham and Manchester, while others sought out objectives near Oxford and Bristol. Since then I have found a copy of *The Times* for August 11. It still has quite a war-like look. Two adjoining headings were these:—

BAD DAY FOR BOMBERS

English Weather As Defence

Groping for Targets.

THE BIG BLACK-OUT

London Defects

"The black-out was not effective"

The bombers had been over "Westland" in Suffolk; and the comic artists and comedians were already getting busy with the black-out. Herr Förster was back in Danzig from Berchtesgaden; but nobody seemed to care. The Polish Corridor was a bore, a non-stop serial bore with no *dénouement* in sight. An Anglo-Japanese conference in Tokyo was thrashing out various differences of opinion, and the effects of various Japanese insults. On August 20 (*Contd. page* 52)

They Linked

BEN ROBERTSON, who represented the new and sensational evening paper, "P.M." Has now returned to America with the object of standing for Congress in his native State of South Carolina

OF the several great services Mr. Churchill has rendered the nation since his accession to the Premiership, some may rate at the top his handling of America. Unless we could win the sympathy and understanding of the United States, the firm and invaluable support of that great country would be lacking. Mr. Churchill was the principal force in gaining the necessary credit for our cause. But coming close behind him was a body of men whom the Premier would be the first to designate as his active co-helpers—the American Correspondents in London. These men have made journalistic history. They have raised the job of foreign correspondent to a pinnacle of importance never attained before. On how they interpret us to their 130,000,000 fellow-citizens depends in great measure America's response to Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, which, in turn, should determine the outcome of the war as much as any other single factor. The most important thing the London men had to get over first of all was that the people of Britain were in this war up to the eyebrows; that it was not a phoney defence of democracy made by a clique, as the Americans suspected for long months. The next job was to put over the R.A.F. and so thrill America from coast to coast; and after that to narrate the simple courage of the Blitz.

The London men are about a hundred all told, of whom perhaps forty or fifty are actively engaged in reporting Britain from day to day, going everywhere, seeing everybody. These are the ones Mr. Duff Cooper had in mind when he praised "the most loyal, patient and courageous body of men and women in the world." *Loyal.* Meaning that what is told them off the record really remains secret. There has only been one case of broken confidence and that was before the war. *Patient.* I guess the meaning here is contained in this: "Lord Strabolgi said that every American newspaper correspondent to whom he had spoken complained that he could not get news and was not allowed to release stories except after hopeless delay." *Courageous.* That means they are ready to make "sorties" on all occasions, though the "Clipper" may call them to the easy comfort and safety of America. Sorties in the Blitz itself, sorties to the Battle of the Atlantic, to the Dover front. On the dangerous sorties the correspondents have to sign "blood sheets"; that is, they absolve the British authorities of all responsibility should anything happen to them, and they name their next-of-kin. So far, there's been only one serious casualty, to James M. Minifie, of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. Minifie (a Canadian, by the way) was injured in Chelsea last fall. He returned to America but came back because the correspondent-designate for London, Barnes, was killed in the Balkans. Hardly had Minifie got back into harness than one night as he was going to bed on the fourth floor of the Savoy, every bit of glass in his vicinity was blown to dust—and some of it ruined one eye beyond repair.

SORTIES are sometimes initiated by the Services, at other times by the correspondents themselves, who ballot for places. At this writing, there's hope of two or three going over Berlin, which would be only what Goebbels, in the other direction, has done with his "soldier reporters," something quite new in war correspondents and likely to be perpetuated, if wars are.

Some of the London men do broadcasting as well, and they are probably of more value than those of us on the North American Service having English accents. The practice is for us to speak during the day to somewhere in England. Here the talk is recorded and later put on the air, usually around 5 a.m., which corresponds to six or seven hours earlier in eastern America. The U.S. broadcasters specialise in quick and accurate word pictures, sort of "life in Britain to-day" stuff. Edward Murrow, the star of Columbia, has a quiet, chatty way with the phrases and accents of America.

Fred Bate, a one-time companion of the Duke of Windsor, is the dean of commentators for the N.B.C. A British censor or referee always listens in, but it has never yet been necessary to cut off a voice. Another interesting

"These are the men and women who have been the best propagandists of this country in the United States."
Viscount Rothermere, for N.P.A.

"I believe that, more than any other group of men, they have taught the people of America to be forewarned and forearmed."
John G. Winant, U.S.A. Ambassador to Britain.

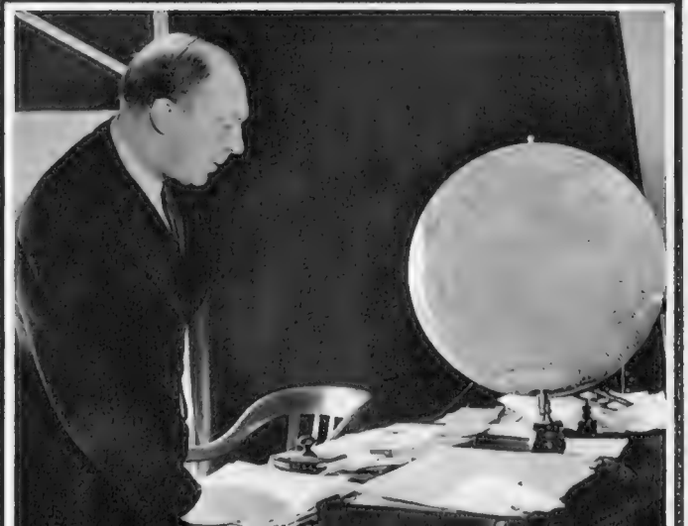
"The broadcasts of the American commentators in Britain have affected the lives of the American people. I could not call any of my friends at 8 a.m. as I was always told 'Sorry, he is busy listening to London.'"
Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, U.S.A. Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London.

(Left) DOROTHY THOMPSON, although not a regular correspondent here, is a constant advocate of our cause and case. She is read by 14,000,000 people each day, and is said to have earned as much as £100,000 in a year

(Below) LARRY RUE represents the "Chicago Tribune," one of the few American papers that can be still critical of this country

ROBERT POST, who reports for the "New York Times"

VINCENT SHEEAN is reporting for the North American Newspaper Alliance



U.S. *and* US

The "Chicago Daily News" trio. W. H. STONEMAN (left), HELEN KIRKPATRICK, and ROBERT J. CASEY. Miss Kirkpatrick is the only regular American woman correspondent in London

Stories of the American Journalists who have Raised the Job of Foreign Correspondent to a Pinnacle of Importance Never Attained before.

By

Ferdinand Tuohy.

broadcaster is the veteran John Steele, who is the only survivor of the original big six who founded in 1919 the Association of American Correspondents in London. The present Secretary goes back furthest of all, for he joined my father on the *New York World* in 1896. James E. Gibson is a Scot and still going strong. There 's a fair amount of British talent among the London men, but no one save an American may be head of a bureau. Some—like Tommy Watson, of Hearsts—hand out swell American accents, but their passports remain British. Watson, an Irishman, has been twenty years on the job: correspondents come and correspondents go, but Tommy remains. He is now running the Entertainment Committee, whose main function is to arrange for fortnightly luncheons at which the leading men in Britain speak off the record.

These luncheons are at the Savoy and on occasion will trail well into the afternoon upstairs in one or other of the correspondents' rooms. For quite a few have made the Savoy their headquarters. They have their offices there. The massive Quentin Reynolds has a suite of five rooms. Negley Farson has written his Hotel Blitz round the Savoy, and it is being filmed. Farson, a former President of the Association, has been for England for twenty-five years. When he left the *Chicago Daily News* some years ago he showed me a cable telling him to return and re-learn to be an American. Instead he went to Yugoslavia and wrote *The Way of a Transgressor.* There are some good-lookers in this company, and Farson I should put near the top: a dark edition of Northcliffe.

I 've more than once been asked: are American correspondents better than British? Having been both, I rather think the Americans get more effective results; though this is partly due to the loftier position they enjoy in their own country. U.S. newspapermen are not interviewed by the butler—or not twice. Among the virtues of the American correspondent are (*a*) they have a terrific news sense; (*b*) they are not to be put off; (*c*) they are pretty well proof against dope; (*d*) they proceed with an easy equality which gets them places; (*e*) theirs is an analytical detachment as from afar; (*f*) they are first-rate mixers.

Most of the present vintage are college graduates and not a few have had Washington experience. They work hard and some live hard. Salaries are good and may run as high as £60 a week. Work is usually in shifts of eight or ten hours, but in many cases correspondents are on duty permanently. Because of the difference in time, they don't get really down to things until the afternoon, and then the typewriters are apt to sound until one and two in the morning. Special passes are needed to go home at night, as these Americans are treated as aliens! They live anywhere from Thornton Heath to the Dorchester, and Chelsea to N.W.11.

In the days of peace they were constantly forgathering for golf matches and things, but that 's all suspended now. I have a bronze plaque for winning the only game for Paris when they once played London. As my golf was so notorious, the team captain told me my only chance was to get my opponent deeply sozzled the night before. This I did, with the result that, helped by a gale next morning, first he, and then his ball blew over so many

(Right) EDWARD MURROW, European Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He is their star broadcaster, speaks twice a day and informs the American public—25,000,000 probably listen to him—in quick, accurate word pictures. His transmissions are sent from Broadcasting House

(Below) HARRY R. FLORY is head of the United Press Bureau, which has the biggest staff of U.S. representatives in London

RAYMOND GRAM SWING, a famous broadcaster and commentator on foreign affairs

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, whose "London Can Take It" made him famous overnight in this country

times on the first tee that he chucked it. He was a tall and willowy fellow.

London correspondents will send off anything from 5000 to 10,000 words in a day. Some telephone their stuff, others cable it. There 's a cut transatlantic telephoning rate of £1 for five minutes. A censor listens in and the correspondent may not ask or answer questions. That needs another call. Cabling costs tuppence-halfpenny a word. Very little wireless, if any, seems to be used in wartime. The ether has to be kept clear for other purposes. A paper like the *New York Times* may take an average of 3000 words a day from its London office in the Savoy. The larger wordage will emanate from a concern like the United Press, employing as big a staff as twenty or more. Probably the biggest isolated stories so far in the war have been Dunkirk and Hess. (*Continued on p.* 66)

Stories *of the* Royal Homes

By Stanley Wilson

OLD Tyburn River made a noxious quagmire of the fields that stretched away beyond Whitehall. In that repellent setting James I., with his Scots business sense, tried to establish a national silk industry. The dream faded. But it was the origin of Buckingham Palace.

Only a few hundred yards nearer Charing Cross a lepers' hospital stood on the edge of another swamp. There to-day is St. James's Palace, a fragment of mellow, red-brick dignity.

Queer and incongruous are the origins of the Royal homes. By those black, blank substitutes for bomb-shattered glass which make blind patches of its windows, Buckingham Palace now displays kinship with the humblest blitzed house. It is a symbol of the kinship which ties all the tales of the palaces—the same sort of stories as echo through the generations of all English homes. Odd pranks, robust humour, native grumbles, the earth of majesty is one with the clay of the London suburb, the Royal tale has the same mischievous undertones as the chatter of the cottage.

To achieve his aim of a new silk industry, King James created the Crown office of Keeper of the Mulberry Garden. The garden was certainly planted, but that was all to materialise of the Royal ambition. In the obstinate way of English institutions the title of Keeper of the Garden survived. The Duke of Buckingham held it when, in 1703, he built a mansion there. George III. bought it from him, gave it to his queen, Charlotte—and its long, mixed Royal character began under the name of The Queen's House. By the time of George IV. the house was in a hopelessly broken-down state. In the House of Lords it was said :—

Whenever a large assembly is held in the upper rooms it is necessary to prop up the lower ones, and so far from his Majesty wishing to leave the house, the house seems disposed to leave his Majesty.

Half a million pounds were spent on the rebuilding of the Palace with stucco and plaster ornamentation. It was Nash's most unpopular work, and the butt of general ridicule. King George died before the job was completed, and when it was eventually finished William IV. refused to live in it. When the old Houses of Parliament were destroyed by the fire of 1834 he seized the opportunity to offer the Palace as Parliament's new home. But it was turned down on the spot. The place stood empty, caustically criticised by architects, derided by the public and disliked by politicians who had seen so much money lavished unfruitfully on it. The last thing in anybody's minds was that any monarch would again take the slightest interest in the white stucco elephant. "The cheapest home in England" was the description commonly applied to the Palace which had been "started for one Sovereign, furnished for another, and completed for a third."

Young Queen Victoria, however, in her determined way decided to make it her home. Characteristically, she declared that it was "hardly big enough," and extensive alterations and additions, carried out to her imperious taste, ran away with another £150,000. The most important of the changes was the building of the private chapel, on the side of an old conservatory, which has now crumbled beneath a German bomb.

On July 14, 1837, it was recorded: "Yesterday afternoon her Majesty the Queen drove from Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent to take up residence at the new Palace of Pimlico. It is said that the new residence will be known as the Queen's Palace." During Victoria's marriage (*Continued on page 58*)

St. James's Palace. Here a line of Royalties was born and here in the guardroom Charles, King and Martyr, spent his last night on earth, and in its chapel he received the Last Sacrament

(Below) Buckingham Palace. This was Nash's most unpopular work and the butt of general ridicule. In 1913 Sir Aston Webb was commissioned to transform it with the Portland Stone skin which now gives it its impressive look of solidity

Kensington Palace was a favourite resort of Queen Anne. Once the seat of the Earls of Nottingham, it was sold for £18,000 to William III., who wanted a "change of air from Whitehall."

Marlborough House, built to the order of the first Duke of Marlborough by Sir Christopher Wren. The house passed from the Churchills to the Crown in 1817, and took on a new tradition as home of Dowager-Queens and Princes of Wales

(Left) Westminster Hall, which is a part of the Palace of Westminster, more familiarly known as The Houses of Parliament. This is all that remains of the former Palace where the Commons sat from 1547-1834, when flames consumed all but this magnificent hall with its incomparable roof of oak

Call Miss Vane

A Learned Judge wanted to Retire, but before he did so, wished to Fulfil a Pledge

By Nina Warner Hooke

THE hands of the clock in Court Two, Probate, Divorce and Admiralty, pointed to half-past ten. Ushers took up their positions. The jury filed in. Then the judge. The fashionable crowd that filled the body of the court stood up and bowed respectfully as the old man sank into his chair. The clerk announced: "Regan *v.* Regan and Vane." Another society divorce suit had begun. . . .

To Deirdre Regan, sitting on the hard front bench beside her solicitor, the whole thing had something of the quality of a dream. A dream that was more than usually inconsequent, jumbling up grim present with happy past, the grey and dusty court room with the emerald pastures of Killarney. She did not attempt to fight against this feeling of unreality, but gave herself to it gladly. It hurt less that way. Sometimes the illusion was so strong that the straps of the snakeskin handbag tautened between her fingers into reins on the neck of Holy Kate, and she leaned forward a little, steadying the mare, collecting her for the jump. Gerry's big roan lay alongside, ears pricked excitedly. Gerry turned to grin at her as he forged a yard or two ahead. They were jockeying each other for the take-off. There was only one right spot at Rattigan's Folly, and if you let yourself get shoved out of it, you were liable to pay the penalty on the other side. The air was heady as wine, with frost in it, and wood smoke and the tang of peat. The big bank loomed closer. "*Steady*——" Gerry shouted.

"Steady yourself!" she cried and laughed defiance at him.

"I beg your pardon?"

The whispered inquiry recalled her for a moment.

Sir Jonathan Sims, her counsel, leaned forward from the row behind and looked at her with raised eyebrows.

"Oh, did I say something?"

The eminent K.C. glanced at her sharply. Losing her head a bit, he thought. Mustn't let that happen. Pretty woman. No, more than that. Beautiful. A true Irish beauty, with her raven-black hair and eyes the colour of her own mountain lakes. She looked nervous. But then, she always had about her that quality of tensity, as of a thoroughbred keyed up for a race. That's what she was—thoroughbred, in every line of her. His admiration bordered on devotion. What, in God's name, was Gerry Regan about? To have thrown over a woman like Deirdre for an empty-headed synthetic-blonde film actress. It didn't make sense.

The little knot of court reporters watched her curiously while they rustled notebooks and sharpened pencils.

Deirdre's excited fancy visualised the headlines that would blazon at every street corner when the case was over: *The Regan Case.* FILM STAR CO-RESPONDENT IN SOCIETY CASE. *Sir Gerald Regan, Irish baronet and noted sportsman, disclosed today*, etc., etc. . . .

She pictured a hundred thousand heads bent over the close newsprint, reading with relish every sordid detail, dragging through mire and filth the poor bones of a once-lovely romance.

Gerry was sitting at the end of the long front bench, his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast.

Deirdre tried desperately not to look at him, because every time she did so something caught at her heart, pierced through the mist of unreality, and hurt her unbearably. If only she could not see that dear familiar face. . . . He was very still and silent, seemingly immersed in his own thoughts, oblivious to the fact that his counsel, Avery Todd, was trying to attract his attention. He was a silent sort of person, Gerry. Deirdre had liked that, for she too was no easy talker. They used to

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

"VERY well, my dear. If you want it that way, you must have it. But I warn you, I shall defend the case"

sit for hours in the carved library at Stone House after hunting, he with a book, she staring into the log fire, saying nothing, in a harmony too sacred and complete to have need of words. Yet the day had come when she had begged him to speak—had clung to him and implored an explanation that would banish her nightmare of doubt and suspicion.

"If you'd only tell me——"

"Deirdre, for God's sake, can't you see how much I want to?"

"Then why don't you?"

"Because of a promise I made to Sandra. *Please*, Deirdre, be reasonable."

"Reasonable?" Deirdre's usually soft voice was almost shrill with pain. "Do you think you're treating *me* reasonably, or even with common fairness?"

He sighed. "I don't. I'm asking you to trust me blindly. I should have known that was too much to ask. But then, I never expected a development of this sort. You oughtn't to have known anything about it. And you wouldn't have, but for that damned spy of a porter."

Wild hope seized Deirdre.

"Gerry, I believe you're shielding her. It was some other man. The porter made a mistake." Her hands gripped and twisted the lapels of his coat in her urgency. "Gerry, tell me that! Tell me that you were never there at all, and I'll believe you—oh, gladly, *gladly*, my darling!"

"I can't. Because it's not true. I was at Crane Court. I stayed there every night for a week. But I did not make love to Sandra. I'm not in love with her, and never have been."

"You're lying!" The words broke out involuntarily. "You're lying, because you want to keep out of the divorce court."

There was a moment's silence. Then he had taken Deirdre's clinging hands and very gently put them from him.

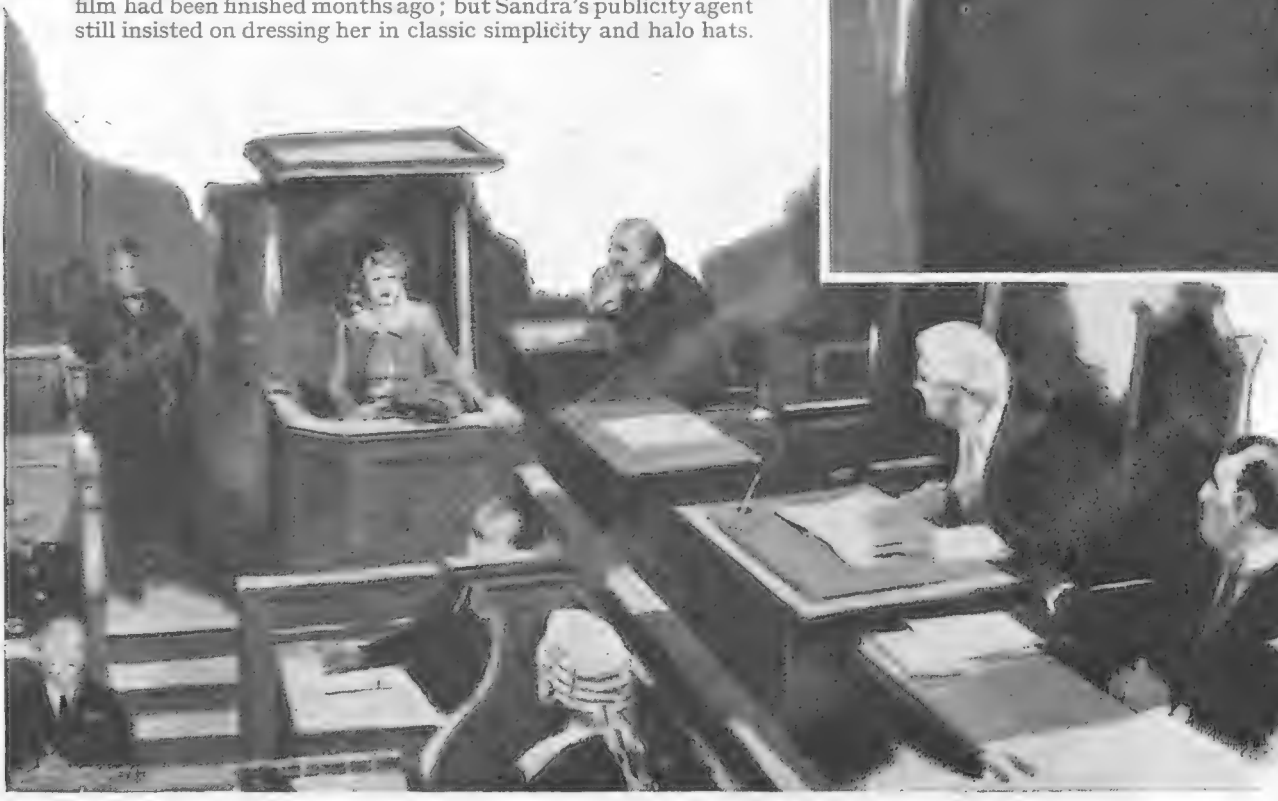
"Very well, my dear. If you want it that way, you must have it. But I warn you, I shall defend the case."

HE had turned away, a little wearily. His firm strides rang out across the flagged hall, getting fainter and fainter.

Desperately she had wanted to run after him, to fling warm arms about his neck and cry: "Don't go, Gerry! I didn't mean what I said. Nothing matters, except that we love each other. Let's forget all this—just wipe it out, as if it were some horrid problem on a blackboard, and not even try to solve it!" But pride fettered her feet. Jealousy flaunted before her eyes the picture of Sandra Vane as she had so often seen it on the screen and on magazine covers—the pale fluffy hair, the wide eyes, the vivid mouth. . . .

Well, imagination at least played no part in her present torment. To-day she was confronted with the original of the picture. And if she had ever hoped that the famous star would prove less glamorous in the flesh, she was woefully disappointed.

Sandra Vane, whatever her faults as an actress, never let her public down when she made a personal appearance. And her task was not easy. Ever since she had been chosen, in the face of world-wide competition, to play the Madonna in Metro-Goldberg's first British picture, she had had to keep up this role of spirituality. The film had been finished months ago; but Sandra's publicity agent still insisted on dressing her in classic simplicity and halo hats.



"HE turned up at three-monthly intervals; it took nearly everything I earned"

She sat now beside the red-faced young barrister who was acting for her, conspicuous yet strangely childlike in her pastel blue dress. The famous eyes were wide as ever, but empty; they were eyes that had been ruthlessly stripped of expression, so that they might reveal no secrets. A knot of friends and admirers surrounded her. Other people nodded and smiled from across the court. She acknowledged the homage with mechanical smoothness, her face like a lovely defiant mask. . . .

The whispering ceased suddenly. The reporters sat up. Sir Jonathan Sims, that veteran of the matrimonial battlefield, had risen to his feet. He hitched his silk robe over one shoulder and embarked upon his opening.

"I do not propose, m'lud, to take up much of your time with my preamble. I shall give you no more than the bare facts of the case."

Mr. Justice Anthony leaned back in his uncomfortable chair and sighed. He knew Sims of old, and his "bare facts" which usually took hours to present. He knew, too, that Sims was waiting to step into his shoes. Relentlessly waiting. Throwing out hints whenever they met at the club. "You're not looking too fit, sir. Sure you're not overdoing it? Not so young as you were, you know." The crafty fox.

The judge disliked Sir Jonathan very heartily. But, much as he resented the man's hypercritical solicitude, he was forced to admit that he deserved it.

Mr. Justice Anthony was not young any more. After forty years' experience of bar and bench he was old in body and spirit. Old enough to retire, as Sims so persistently indicated. And if there were anything he wanted to do above all else, it was just that. He wanted peace, the peace of green lawns and quiet woods. He would go down to his sister's place in Wiltshire. Fish a little, play a little golf, sit in the sun. Never again have to rack his brains unravelling the tangles other people made of their lives.

Yes, he wanted to be done with it. He wanted his well-earned peace. But before he could achieve it, he must achieve also the condition he had attached to it. For the judge had vowed a vow. Nobody else knew of it, for he did not wish to be thought eccentric or ridiculous. The vow was that he would not retire until he had reunited one of the unhappy couples who came under his jurisdiction. Impossible? Well, it had begun to seem so. But he did not waver from his purpose. What fitter crown could there be to a worthy career than to restore happiness to two misguided hearts?

At any time it might happen. It might be *this* couple who were destined to release him.

Optimism led him to say this of every case he took. But somehow he would especially have liked it to be true of the Regans. He peered at them over the top of his spectacles while Sir Jonathan waded through his opening.

HERE were no pair of foolish young things who hardly knew their right minds. Lady Regan was probably thirty. Sir Gerald looked forty-five-ish. *Nice* people, they were, with intelligent well-bred faces that showed the marks of grief.

As for the little film actress—what was her name?—Vane, Sandra Vane—pooh! A man like Gerald Regan didn't lose his head over anything like that.

There they were now, glancing at each other, Sir Gerald and Miss Vane. The judge's wise old eyes intercepted that glance, and the impression he received was not one of affection. It was not even commiseration. It was more like a warning. There was something strange about this case. Something hidden and mysterious. The facts didn't seem to fit, somehow. He couldn't yet make out *why*, but he was positive they didn't fit.

"This is a very distressing case, m'lud, in that my client and the respondent are figures of social prominence who would naturally wish to avoid the publicity of the divorce court had there been any other way of settling their difficulties. You will appreciate, therefore, that the justification for the petition is indisputable."

Pompous old bore, thought the judge. Get on with it, man.

"The petitioner, Lady Regan, is now only thirty and at the time of her marriage was a girl of twenty-two—a youthful and trusting bride looking forward to long years of happiness with her husband. Sir Gerald was a man considerably older than herself, but they shared the same interests—namely a great love of horses. They met, I believe, in the hunting field.

"Their union appeared to be a great success. It was not blessed with issue (and I believe Sir Gerald greatly desired an heir), but this fact in no way impaired their happiness. Up to a year ago they were a very devoted couple. . . ."

"*Not blessed with issue.*" The pompous phrase almost made Deirdre smile. No, they had not been blessed that way. And Gerry adored children. Would things have been different if——? Who knew? But if so, then— (*Continued on page 70*)

THEY are little known and little seen, these ships that, since the beginning of hostilities, have kept the channels and fairways clear, day in, day out. Their work is sometimes touched on in broadcasts too quickly forgotten; their experiences appear in occasional articles; their casualties are reported in small paragraphs, unnoticed by most newspaper readers. But they hold and counter a menace as great to-day as that of the submarine.

They form part of the Auxiliary Patrols, a collection of small ships as heterogeneous as the tasks they perform; and consist, apart from their high-born sisters the fleet minesweepers, of trawlers leavened by a sprinkling of drifters, paddle-steamers, and other craft. Their crews, as diverse as the ships, are drawn mainly from reserve ratings and volunteers—fishermen who hail from ports as far afield as Stornoway and Hull, Lowestoft and Grimsby, Fleetwood and Aberdeen; their skippers, men who once took them down north to Iceland, the White Sea and Bear Island; their unit officers, former yachtsmen who know the shoals and shallows of the coast as an open book.

They can be seen in every principal port and harbour, lying berthed in tiers, weather-worn and sea-stained—the soaring sweep of their lean, grey hulls scarred with rust, funnels encrusted with salt, White Ensigns grimed and soiled, anti-

THEIR crews, as diverse as the ships, are drawn principally from reserve ratings and volunteers

aircraft guns, uncovered, ready for action.

Dawn, with its rising mists, sends them steaming seawards; the full tide of day watches them distant in the offing, working intricate formations; dusk draws them, like homing pigeons, into port with sometimes a ship and her crew missing—victims of weapons invisible and deadly.

The minesweepers are the answer to a method of war termed, generically and indifferently, mine warfare. It is an instrument of offence and defence, establishing without watch or ward, upkeep or maintenance, risk or hazard beyond the laying an unseen blockade of fairways and channels, a formidable barrier to ports and harbours. From simple beginnings, early in the century it developed, during the last war, into a science exercising immense power. Mines—contact mines; for until America joined the Allies no other type was known—were eventually laid by us over wide areas; in thickly sewn barrages at varying depths to trap surface craft and, above all, submarines, in isolated groups at strategical spearheads, and off the entrances of the enemy's fairways and channels.

But with a natural indifference to the fate of neutral ships and innocent merchantmen, now long considered normal, the Germans disregarded all international convention regulating mine warfare. They spread their fields indiscriminately, failed to announce danger areas, allowed mines that broke away to remain alive, and knew the unholy value of others designed to float at random. Second only in importance to the unrestricted submarine campaign, their mining offensive forced us to commandeer, build and commission a fleet of small ships that could have been used to better purpose.

During those years we gained invaluable experience, though at a cost. Our conception of mine warfare, at first vague and indefinite, developed slowly, then apace. Perhaps the very idea of an unseen, deadly weapon, used though it was in strict conformity with international law, ran counter to the spirit of the race. But circumstances forced the issue; and by 1917 our mining had made immense strides.

We laid, official figures record, more than a hundred thousand mines in the North Sea and English Channel alone, apart from over fifty thousand disposed of by the Americans in the Northern Barrage—three times as many as the Germans scattered during the course of the war. From small beginnings, with high casualties, our minesweeping methods also improved steadily until, in 1918, we were destroying eighty mines for every minesweeper lost, and employing ten thousand men in seven hundred ships, of which over four hundred were trawlers.

The present war saw us better prepared, though by no means mustering

THEY are little known and little seen, these ships that since the beginning of hostilities, have kept the channels and airways clear, day in and day out

enough ships and men. At its outbreak the Auxiliary Patrol was formed for minesweeping and other duties, the personnel drawn mainly from the trawler section of the Royal Naval Reserve. But a call in November, 1939, for ten thousand fishermen and volunteers—the naval equivalent of Kitchener's first hundred thousand — followed by another in February, 1940, revealed the nature of the task. The great trawling ports gave their ships willingly; others followed suit; the men surged forward in overwhelming numbers, signing on at first for three months, then for the duration. By the spring deep-sea fishing had become a dim memory, prosecuted only by a handful of ships unfit for service, which were manned by men of fifty and sixty summers and upwards.

With defensive measures gaining weight and momentum, our offensive mining continued ceaselessly. Far and wide the fields were laid—in the North Sea and Northern Deeps, the famous Straits, the Irish Channel, and in other areas extending from the enemy occupied coasts to the waters of Iceland and Greenland.

Illustrations by

Steam By Dawn

With the Minesweepers of the Auxiliary Patrol

By Lawson Luard

And supporting and consolidating, searching and clearing channels from dusk to dawn, taking the measure of the mines, steamed the minesweepers of the Auxiliary Patrol—hand maiden of the Navy—a service limitless in its scope and activities.

MY companion, a youngster of twenty-three summers, now in command of a minesweeper, who had sketched in the background of mine warfare, opened the door of the Post Office and introduced me to the senior officer minesweeping trawlers. "S.O.M.S.T.," he said—"A string of letters almost as long as his name. We abbreviate to save time when compiling reports. I'm told, though, the Army has us beaten. They revel in abracadabras. They're too clever. Sailors are simple folk."

The small room, looking over the docks, held an air of spartan efficiency. Charts lined the walls—charts holding rows of flags, and deep-scored lines marking swept channels.

"Plenty to do now," said the senior minesweeping officer, formerly a solicitor. "I've a brood of rough-riders and a couple of ballet dancers. They were becoming impatient until the Germans laid a large-scattered contact field outside our front door."

"He means Oropesa trawlers and two other sweepers," my companion murmured, then raised his voice. "Impatient, sir? I don't know much about Oropesas. They're outside my province. But you've kept us busy enough the last few months."

"You'd better thank the Germans. What's your tally? Twenty-three? It might be worse."

The room suddenly tremored to a dull, distant reverberation. The senior minesweeping officer walked to the window. "One more cleared," he said, his face touched with anxiety.

"We'll get the report soon." He stared at the six trawlers lying alongside the pier—refitting and overhauling; and I understood the meaning of his words. He was uncertain of the issue. Somewhere in the offing one of his ships might be mentioned, a week or so later, in an obscure paragraph of the daily Press.

He returned to the chart. "We've swept one channel," he said. "Now we're clearing another to the eastward. A thousand merchantmen enter and leave the ports of the kingdom every week—over six an hour. All round the coast channels and fairways must be searched daily. That's our main task."

"And I—I only follow in the wake of the rough-riders to a limiting fathom line," my companion commented. "That's the best of being a dainty ballet dancer. No wires to handle, no floats to foul, no kites or otters to run berserk. A gentleman's job. My mines are destroyed by brains not by brawn, by cunning not by wires; I'm more than indebted to the scientists."

A few minutes later the telephone rang. The senior minesweeping officer lifted the receiver. He jotted down a dictated message, and his face relaxed. "Good," he said, "five miles, three cables one-eight-o degrees true from the headland. Another flag for the chart. *Christabel's* all right."

"Better come along and look at my ship," the youngster said. "The Oropesas can't touch her. A Norwegian whaler. She handles like a witch."

His senior smiled. "They're more bother than unruly children. Always in trouble, always scrounging, and never satisfied. They'll turn my hair grey."

"Don't take any notice of him," the other retorted. "He's a hard taskmaster. He'd enforce all the regulations store allowances, if he could. But we've made friends with the keeper of Aladdin's cave. Easy enough, once you learn how to set about it."

"Watch your step," came the answer with attempted severity. "I'll delay your boiler cleaning a week. How will you like that?"

"We'll love it—except the chief. And, in return, we'll present you with a few more flags for the chart. Good morning, sir. I'll report later for to-morrow's orders."

We made our way towards the ships, walking along planks spanning the charred beams of a pier (*Continued on page* 56)

Jack Matthew

"WATCH," said my friend; "we're searching an area where one should be ready. He has been sitting there nearly a fortnight—the nasty blighter"

IN the bows the anti-aircraft gun crew closed round their weapon

"NASTY brutes, Oropesas," my companion remarked. "Always littered with wires"

BOMBER

A Strange Adventure in which a German Airman finds the Answers to his Questions

By Eric Baume

THE first flowers of an early spring nuzzled their way through damp and grateful earth in Northern France as Leutnant Mackse of the Fourteenth Bomber Squadron, Luftwaffe, walked down the rue Gambetta in Arras. Over towards Seclin, where in the months before the German break-through English squadrons had taken off and returned on their pamphlet flights, wisps of blue smoke, still wet-looking after their escape from a dank, damp winter, threaded their way to a sky already blue; and by the old French barracks a German military band played a Bavarian march.

Mackse and Werner Krot, of the same squadron, were almost elegant in the cold sunshine, for it was always good to have leave, and Arras, unlike Boulogne, was not a shambles, and the wine was good and the women had ideas, and there were long nights and easy days.

Opposite the boarded-in café of the Hôtel de Commerce, where the British Guards had made a last machine-gun stand against the crunching, tanked invaders, a child ran into an archway, almost falling on the polished boots of the two young officers, both of whom laughed at its excitement, which was fearless, for it turned to wave and simpered as it turned.

"I know this place," said Mackse. "If you go through that arch there's a house in which Joan of Arc was either born, according to tradition, or lived. I know this town. I used to drive through often from Belgium before the war, and that was a great road up near Orchies to try your speed car on."

Werner peered through the arch. "Why not have a look at it? It's something to do." He was a bored, slight, dark youngster, as opposed to the more stolid Mackse, fair-haired, athletic, tough.

Some Polish girls from Lens passed, eyes averted. Mackse fingered the *porte-épée* of his sword belt, and obediently scowled at them. "Poles!" he said. "You can smell 'em. That was an insult, wasn't it? Why do we always have to be polite to these swine? I don't think we gave them enough eggs the last time we were over, before the Frogs went out."

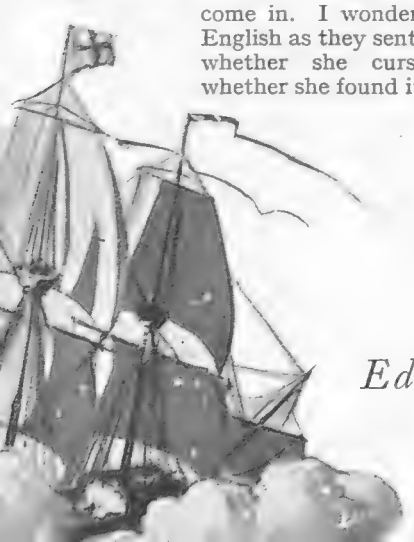
One of the Polish girls, terrified, broke into a nervous jog-trot. Mackse laughed aloud, as quickly to spring to attention and salute a field officer walking towards the ruins of Arras railway station.

Werner touched the stone on the wall of Jeanne d'Arc's building. "Funny," he said, "I can't worry about Poles or any one else especially. But you were in the Party before I was, because you're older, and you have a knowledge I haven't. I suppose I'm wrong."

"Of course you're wrong. That's the simplest thing in the war for which we're fighting," said Mackse. "Unless you know, and not merely with a theory, that there are such things as a natural superiority and an equally natural inferiority, you might as well not have a mind or be blessed by having any parents."

They stood for an idle moment or two at the old house. Werner looked again at the stone, and up to the skies where a training bomber was going back a few hundred feet, fifty or sixty kilometres to its field. "I wonder what the Maid of Orleans would have said now, had she watched the tanks come in. I wonder whether she did see them come in. I wonder whether she cursed the English as they sent her to be tried. I wonder whether she cursed anybody. I wonder whether she found it as hard to curse anybody as I do. Or whether nations have an in bred tradition." He stopped then, and looked rather shyly at his companion. Mackse, one hand on arrogant hip, took little notice.

"You know, Werner," he said, "we in the mess don't make terribly long speeches about Party ideas, unless some S.S. sly fellow comes up for a meal and wants to listen. But I can't understand your constant harping that you don't hate anybody or anything, and that duty is just a duty. After all, your German forefathers couldn't have made their names feared by



Illustrated by Edward Osmond

the Romans unless they'd fought because they hated and because the spur of that hate was in their blood and made them fight. Take my tip, sonny; all your fine flights over England won't mean much to you if you talk, as you've been talking to me for the past three months, to some jackal in black and silver. Even the general couldn't help you then."

Werner looked at him unblinkingly. "I suppose you're right," he said. "But I'm just wondering still what was in the mind of Joan—not when she was at the stake, but when she was fighting at the head of her troops. I wonder what that spirit was that could bring together a straggling bunch of beaten people and turn them into victors. I wonder whether the radiations of a million German minds over the past thousand years, the unconscious memories of ten thousand heroes within our own times, are something which allow even an England to withstand what we give them so well from darkness to dawn." He looked at the old inscription and touched it again with his hand. "I suppose I'm getting a little bored with leave," he said. "It's been a great five days; we'll have a party again tonight. . . . But I've been thinking, and I don't know what I've been thinking. And I don't care much, except that what I'm thinking makes a lot of the things I'm doing a little crazy."

Mackse slapped him on the shoulder with an open paw. "Come on, son, snap out of it. Instead of worrying about Joan of Arc I think we'll go down to the Maison Blanche and have some champagne. And stay for a long time, because tomorrow, after all, it's back to number fourteen . . . back to work."

The sun was still apologetically warm as they walked down the narrow pavement, past the shattered Town Hall, round by the lake and the gasworks. A squad of infantry drilling snapped them a salute. Frenchmen stepped off the pavement out of their path. A dog walked up to them and smelt their feet, for at that moment they were just two young men and they were going to meet two young women, and the colour of their uniforms mattered very little.

Very late that night, Werner, his dark long hair tousled and his eyes dull, held the face of a little Belgian girl close to him. "What did Joan of Arc really think?" he asked her. And she shivered then, and she felt very lonely and she cried; and he slept and snored.

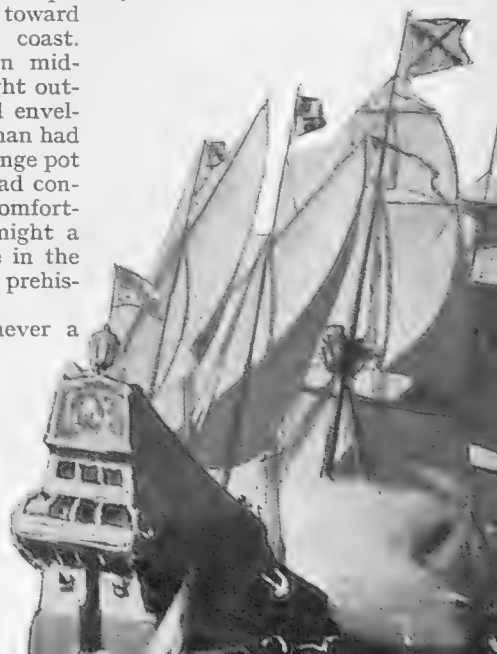
LOW scudding clouds blanketed the aerodrome near Boulogne when Werner Krot, with a sergeant and two corporals, lifted his bomber from the hardening ground the first night he had returned from leave. He was more than usually excited about his flight, because he was testing out, in addition to two smaller bombs, one high explosive of terrific poundage with an extraordinarily thin envelope—the object being, as the kommandant had told him, to cause terrific blast and to wipe out possibly one or two streets and a hundred or more houses.

"We reckon," said the kommandant, as Werner reported for his final orders, "to concentrate on more industrial area devastation. I understand that one of the other squadrons will be going over Cardiff tonight. I want you to concentrate on the south coast. I don't care exactly where you go. . . ." He produced a map, circled and pin-pointed. "Keep over this area; it seems there are a fair number of workers' dwellings in, say, a two-mile radius. It might be the best place to get rid of your big fellow. After that, if you find things all right, go over the London area, drop your other bombs without reference to position. The beam will be working as usual. Remember that you're not in any formation tonight, because, needless to say, your night flying ability is very good, but we have other plans which will be affected most seriously by the results of photographic reconnaissance after you've done your job tonight."

It was the usual formal setting off from the aerodrome. Werner's machine was the only one in this particular group to be detailed; it was a twin-engined medium bomber, with a record of many raids to its credit. The routine of leaving the ground was to Werner by this time as uninteresting as a clerk balancing a ledger. Again, as he had done so many hundred times, he purred to the response of the throttle as extra power lifted the plane, and he turned slightly to his bombing sergeant and smiled as, within a few seconds, after one steep bank, he was almost a thousand feet over the Channel toward the misty English coast.

It was so dark in mid-Channel that the night outside was opaque and enveloping, as though a man had been set in some strange pot of ink and the ink had congealed and he sat comfortably within it, as might a mastodon have done in the enclosing ice of some prehistoric glacier.

Werner, though never a



"SCOTS, Sirrah?" said the officer. "Scots? Our virgin queen is of the Tudor strain, and it is for her tonight that all this England of ours shows a beacon fire"

disciplinarian like his friend Mackse, nodded and turned away as the sergeant pilot motioned for permission to smoke. After all, he thought, why the devil shouldn't they smoke? Life's short enough and the air is a big and lonely place, and if they can smoke on air-liners and in those great English flying-boats, then they can smoke in our machines, so long as the petrol's not leaking. As his feet became his brain on the controls, and his hands were almost poised with a million nervous understandings on the wheel, he experienced once again something of that unreal, half-waking, half-sleeping sensation which had always been with him before he reached his bombing objective. And as he had thought a hundred times before, he had no sense except that of slight regret for the inconvenience he was going to bring to a great many families. The fact that their legs and arms were perhaps to be spattered by his bomb across the blood-stained shambles of tiny homes was, after all, not his responsibility, he thought. If the High Command so ordered, then did the High Command order and the order had to be obeyed. And there was always good coffee in the mess when you got back—if you got back. And it was raid number whatever it was, and he still remembered the girl at Arras, and life might be harsh for others but it was sweet when you were still alive.

Over the English coast the sergeant pilot put out his cigarette and tensed. There was one flash far below. Werner turned to his crew and nodded, for it was the first sign of anti-aircraft fire; the detectors were on the job. At twenty-two thousand feet Werner studied carefully his course and listened to his beam. He was almost directly where he wished to be, and maintaining his craft at that height, swung inwards, westwards, and waited. Suddenly the plane lifted twice. The sergeant pilot fell from his little seat, comically, sprawling on the floor. That was a heavy one; the anti-aircraft was doing its stuff, but there was nothing to be seen except when Werner peered from the structural glass and saw luminous flashes far below him. He waited. The plane rocked again, this time four times. Shells exploded a little up or a little under—something like Little Tom may have seen when clemmed on the top of Hartover, he saw the Widow's house a mile away and a thousand feet down.

The sergeant bomber stooped over his bomb controls. Through head-phones now Werner told him he was approximately on position and that the giant bomb would have to be dropped first, because it was the only essential thing of the trip. "We'll swing round again, sergeant," he said, "as soon as you get position, and we'll go straight for London; and then for coffee and bread and sausage, and perhaps some of that French wine." As in routine order the sergeant smiled, as sergeants always smile.

There was a flash near by, just after Werner had dropped a flare. For a split second he imagined that the plane reeled, and he thought of a story by Ambrose Bierce, the American, about the man whom the Union troops had captured as a Confederate spy, and was to be hanged on a wooden bridge over a creek, and as he fell along the length of the merciless rope, thought of his life. Werner laughed, because he was not thinking of his life at all; he was thinking strangely enough of Joan of Arc; and of the tablet in Arras that he had so faintly touched upon the sunny afternoon of his last and lazy leave.

He turned to look for the others but could not see them. It was only then that he realised the engine had been cut off. The plane was gliding, but not out of control, and he had the faintest suspicion of pain under his ear, down a little towards the nape, near that point which in Japanese ju-jutsu touches a nerve and takes consciousness from the body.

Then he began to think in terms of himself, whereas before he had been thinking in terms of the night, in terms of the sky, in terms of the bomb, in terms of his Germany. Involuntarily he placed his hand to his neck, but there was no pain. The engine could not be started. Unbelieving, he turned anew to look for the remainder of his crew, but he could not see them. There was no hysterical hammer-blow of fact as he considered the reason for their absence. Rather was it a logical deduction that the rear of the plane might have been shattered, and had the engine put out of action, therefore, they may have broken the bonds of their German discipline and baled out in their parachutes. But it was a fact—he laughed at his own French, a *fait accompli;* and for him there was a decision to be made.

He tested the controls again—the rudder, ailerons, wing tips perfect. "That's all right," he said, "but how the devil do I land in darkness?" He automatically felt for the parachute on which he was sitting. He thought then, as he had never baled before, how ordinary was the gesture, how unhysterical was the emotion, how entirely disciplinary was the movement. He half rose; he was ready to open the escape door, when all of a sudden bright lights flashed out through a cloud before him and under him. He looked at his altimeter and he was three thousand feet above land and the lights.

In moments of grave decision, speed is as automatic as breathing, and breathing is born of life. And to land would be life, if in captivity, he thought, and to waste the moments in decision might be death. And death was an unanswerable thing—and death was irrevocable—and death might be painful.

He brought down the plane with two banks and a glide and an easy landing, and before it pulled up on a perfect aerodrome, near now to the lights, he congratulated himself and his plane—and his plane first—on the way she had responded to the first vital (*Continued on page* 52)

HE produced a map circled and pin-pointed. "Keep over this area, it seems to me that there are quite a fair number of workers' dwellings in say roughly about a two-mile radius"

Old Tales Re-told

Pedro the Cruel

AT some time or other, every corner of the world has been plunged into misery because it had at the helm of its ship of state the wrong man. But however severe the lessons of history, it seems as though the world refuses to profit by them, for we find the situation repeated again and again throughout the ages. It is like all the other diseases of humanity, and civilisation does little to ameliorate it. Anyone who took the trouble to draw up a list of the tyrants, megalomaniacs, lunatics and criminals who have worn crowns or occupied high places in their country's affairs, would find himself confronted with an appalling collection fit for a "chamber of horrors."

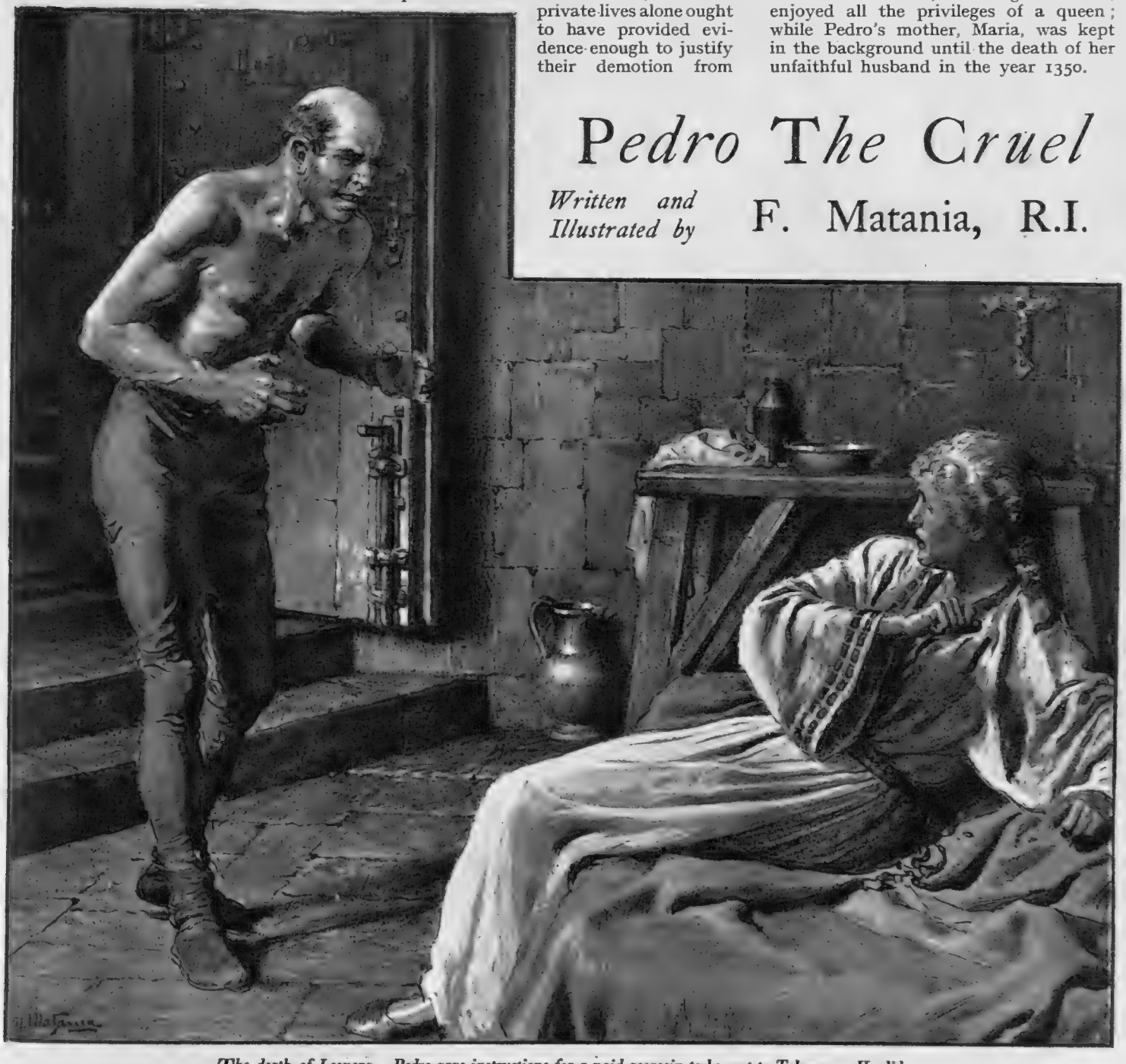
The majority of these scoundrels did not hesitate to vent their sadistic streak upon even their own relatives; and their private lives alone ought to have provided evidence enough to justify their demotion from high offices. Instead, however, they have invariably been supported by gangs of sycophants and satellites, as well as being protected by fortune in more material ways. Possibly they found additional encouragement in the meekness of their long-suffering subjects, who never seemed to realise their own strength.

The specimen chosen for our story was King Pedro I. of Spain, who well deserved his title of "The Cruel." He it was who, by some inexplicable stroke of providence, found a friendly ally in the Black Prince—one of the most glorious figures in English history—and was reinstated by him on the throne.

It must be admitted that Pedro had a most uninspiring example set him by his father, Alonso, for he was brought up amongst a crowd of illegitimate brothers and sisters, the offspring of Leonora de Guzman. Leonora, the king's mistress, enjoyed all the privileges of a queen; while Pedro's mother, Maria, was kept in the background until the death of her unfaithful husband in the year 1350.

Pedro The Cruel

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.



The death of Leonora. Pedro gave instructions for a paid assassin to be sent to Talavera. He did not need any weapon for the foul deed, but strangled his victim with his bare hands

This event reversed positions. Leonora was now at the mercy of the widowed queen and the sixteen-year-old prince. Pedro's nature was far from amiable, and he regarded this as a heaven-sent chance to wreak on Leonora the pent-up hostility of his mother and himself. They summoned Leonora to Seville, on the pretext of wishing to make a settlement on her children. But she knew only too well the risk entailed, and declined the invitation. Only when two noblemen of the Queen's entourage pledged their honour for her safety did she consent to go. As soon as she entered the town, her carriage was surrounded by armed men on the order of Queen Maria, and she was sent to prison, there to await the decision of the Queen.

There was no trial, no accusation, no chance of defence. When, a little later, the court moved to Burgos, amongst the carts that followed the royal equipages was one that contained the betrayed and helpless Leonora, chained by her wrists and ankles.

From Burgos she was sent to Talavera and shut up in a dungeon. Pedro had undertaken the task of disposing of her, and a paid assassin was dispatched to Talavera. He did not need any weapon for the foul deed, but strangled his victim with his bare hands.

The death of Leonora was not concealed from the people of Spain yet there was no protest and no comment. The whole thing was accepted with passive indifference. Herein lies a supreme instance of the mysterious workings of the public mind, for Leonora had been the most beloved and popular woman in Spain, the advocate of the people, the ever-charitable intercessor on their behalf.

Pedro's favourite courtiers were given the privilege of attending the lovely Maria de Padilla in her bath

Queen Blanche entered the Cathedral and approached the altar. Then, turning suddenly, she demanded the right of Sanctuary —the ancient privilege of the Church that is above all civic law

But since her protector had died she had lost her power, and was therefore of no further use. The treacherous way in which she had been lured to Seville did not arouse any indignation, nor was any shadow of reproach cast on the young king or the two noblemen who had helped him in the nefarious deed.

Queen Maria had not expected her son Pedro to go so far, and she tried to restrain him from further violence against the children of the unfortunate Leonora. The one who stood in most immediate danger was the eldest son, Henry of Trastamara—but he very wisely escaped to France, by way of Portugal.

Meanwhile Pedro was in love. The girl of his choice was Maria de Padilla, whose calculating and sensuous eyes had excited his youthful fancy. She was one of the waiting women of Doña Isabel of Albuquerque, and although well born she knew she could never be more to Pedro than Leonora de Guzman had been to his father. Even so, she was quite prepared to put up with a little moral censure and accept the position of favourite. The hold which she obtained over the boy was soon so complete that when she heard the Court's decision to choose a wife for him, a smile of contempt played on her red lips. (It was her habit to keep the stem of a rose between her teeth, a piece of coquetry that added to her allurement, especially when she laughed without letting the rose fall.)

Blanche, daughter of the Duke of Bourbon, was the choice made by Queen Maria to be her future daughter-in-law. The request for her hand being granted, it was arranged that some member of the Spanish royal family should go to France to escort the bride home. Strangely enough, this privilege fell to Fadrique, a son of the murdered Leonora, and step-brother to Pedro.

Most unwillingly, Pedro was coerced into acceptance of this alliance. He even confessed that he had secretly married the dark-eyed Maria de Padilla—but no one believed him. At last he consented to his mother's wishes, and Fadrique departed on his chivalrous mission.

Blanche of Bourbon duly arrived, and the marriage took place with great pomp. Three days afterwards, to the astonishment of everyone, Pedro disappeared from the palace at Villala where he should have spent his honeymoon, and no one was much surprised when he was found at Montalvo, in the arms of Maria de Padilla.

Many stories were circulated in an attempt to justify the flight of the king so soon after his wedding. Some said that during the journey from France

Fadrique and Blanche had, like Tristan and Isolde, fallen in love with each other and snatched a brief romance. Others spread more fantastic stories, which could only receive credence in an age when superstition still held people in its grip. One of these, for instance, alleged that Blanche had been informed of Pedro's infatuation for Maria de Padilla and had resorted to a sorcerer in the hope of winning his love by magical means. The sorcerer, it was said, had given the bride-to-be a girdle which, when placed round the waist of the young king, would cause him to forget all his past and fall desperately in love with the donor. *But*, so ran the rumour, when the king tried on the girdle, it turned into a serpent and he had run away in horror and indignation, unable even to bear the sight of her.

The explanation of this mystical transformation was supposed to be the intervention of Maria de Padilla who, alive to her own danger, bribed the wizard and forestalled the plot.

Without doubt a certain number of people must have believed this absurd tale, or it would not have been included in the chronicles of the time. Pedro, at any rate, was ready to face public opinion — whichever way the wind blew. The worst reproaches fell on Don Alfonso of Albuquerque, whose only fault had been to introduce Maria de Padilla to the king. Finding himself attacked on every side, he attempted to take her away from Pedro—but the enterprise proved to be too risky. After this effort orders were issued for the assassination of Don Alfonso ; and if he had not swiftly left the country, no doubt would have paid the penalty in full.

When Pedro inquired who had warned his intended victim, he discovered that it had been none other than Maria herself. Being in the full confidence of her lover, she had taken advantage of the fact to save the life of her old friend.

The anger that this deed aroused in Pedro completely superceded every other feeling. Love, infatuation, tenderness—all were wiped out in an instant, like the snuffing of a candle. Raving, storming, threatening vengeance on the whole world, he left his beautiful favourite, for whose sake he had committed every kind of folly and given unquestionable proof of devotion.

One example will suffice to show to what lengths he went in paying homage to her. His favourite courtiers were given the privilege of attending the lovely Maria in her bath ; and amidst a chorus of eulogy of her beauty, they drank the water from which the Venus emerged ! For her he had compromised the alliance with France, abandoned his young queen after only three days of marriage, wrecked the ambitions of his mother, and stupefied the public—who were now in a state of uneasy speculation as to what he would do next. They did not have to wait long.

On a hunting trip Pedro managed to give his escort the slip and some time later he appeared in Segovia

Pedro was taken prisoner by his half-brother Henry, and in a quarrel between them Pedro was killed

Like a bull at a gate he plunged into another love-affair that was more like a whirlwind than a courtship. The object of his attention this time was Doña Juana de Castro ; his proposal was not of the nature of a temporary liaison—he offered her marriage.

Flabbergasted by his audacity, the lady refused, on the grounds that the legitimate queen was still living. Pedro then told her that he had a secret understanding with the Pope, by means of which his marriage with Blanche could be annulled. When Doña Juana persisted in her refusal, he had her dragged by force to the altar, and the ceremony was performed despite her protestations. News of this outrage spread like wildfire. Until it actually happened, no one believed that he would do such a thing. At long last the country began to wake up to his iniquities, and realised that they had at the head of the state a law-breaker and dangerous lunatic who should be kept under restraint. He had alienated all parties, even the Church.

The morning after his marriage with Juana de Castro, Pedro sprang yet another surprise upon his bewildered people by disappearing altogether from the palace. The bride was unable to give any explanation. It seemed incredible that the king had been able to leave the building without being seen by anyone. Fear, no doubt, sealed the lips of those who might have had some notion of his whereabouts. When at last the mystery was explained poor Juana realised that she had been no more than the instrument of vengeance against Maria de Padilla. This revenge lasted only one night, for next morning, threatening to kill anyone who breathed a word, Pedro rode to Maria.

Needless to say, she received him with open arms as if he had been a naughty boy returning from some childish escapade.

If there had been some vestige of justification in his first bigamous marriage, which had been forced upon him, there was none at all in this second one, deliberately planned by himself and carried out in spite of all obstacles.

The life of Juana de Castro was socially ruined, in spite of her semi-status as queen. Pedro gave her the town of Duenas and (Continued on page 61)

Murder *is a* Mug's Game

You can't get in enough Practice to Become a Professional

By Dale Collins

NEVER having committed a murder before, Smith saw that he would have to go carefully. He was a novice, an amateur, and, according to all reports, murder was a tricky business. Lots of beginners made a mess of it.

But he wouldn't.

The shooting of wood pigeons had become a bore. He put his gun on the ground, sat down on a rocky outcrop, and filled a pipe, for a man needed a smoke when he had weighty problems to consider. His dog, Jock, stretched out to enjoy the pause.

The sun, a ball of fire in the west, wove intricate patterns with the shadows of the tall jungle trees and their drapings of lantana vines and moss. Before him the Pacific gleamed deeply blue through the green of the leaves; behind him the hills of New Guinea mounted in knife-edged ridges, one behind another, until they were lost in the remoteness of the sky. Faint and far, yet persistent as the beating of his own heart, the throb of drums in the native village pulsed through the steamy, stagnant air.

Listening to that primitive music as though he had never heard it before, considering the wild beauty of the scene as though it were all new to him, Smith realised, nodding thoughtfully to himself, that his decision owed something to his environment. He'd done many things in cities, but never a murder. There it would have seemed a terrible crime; here in this barbarous land, in this dark island which was still untamed, life and death had different values. Men died here because a sorcerer had put a spell on them; men died in a brawl about a hog; men died sometimes and were eaten like pork, "long-pig" they were called then. The values were all different in New Guinea.

Had Peter Morrison been his partner out in the civilised world, he wouldn't have dreamt of killing him. There'd have been other, less drastic, less desperate remedies. The very idea would have seemed fantastic, and also there'd have been a policeman outside the front door like as not, and certainly detectives anxious for promotion and kudos. No, in a city, murder would not have been on the cards even as a proposition.

But here it was quite another story.

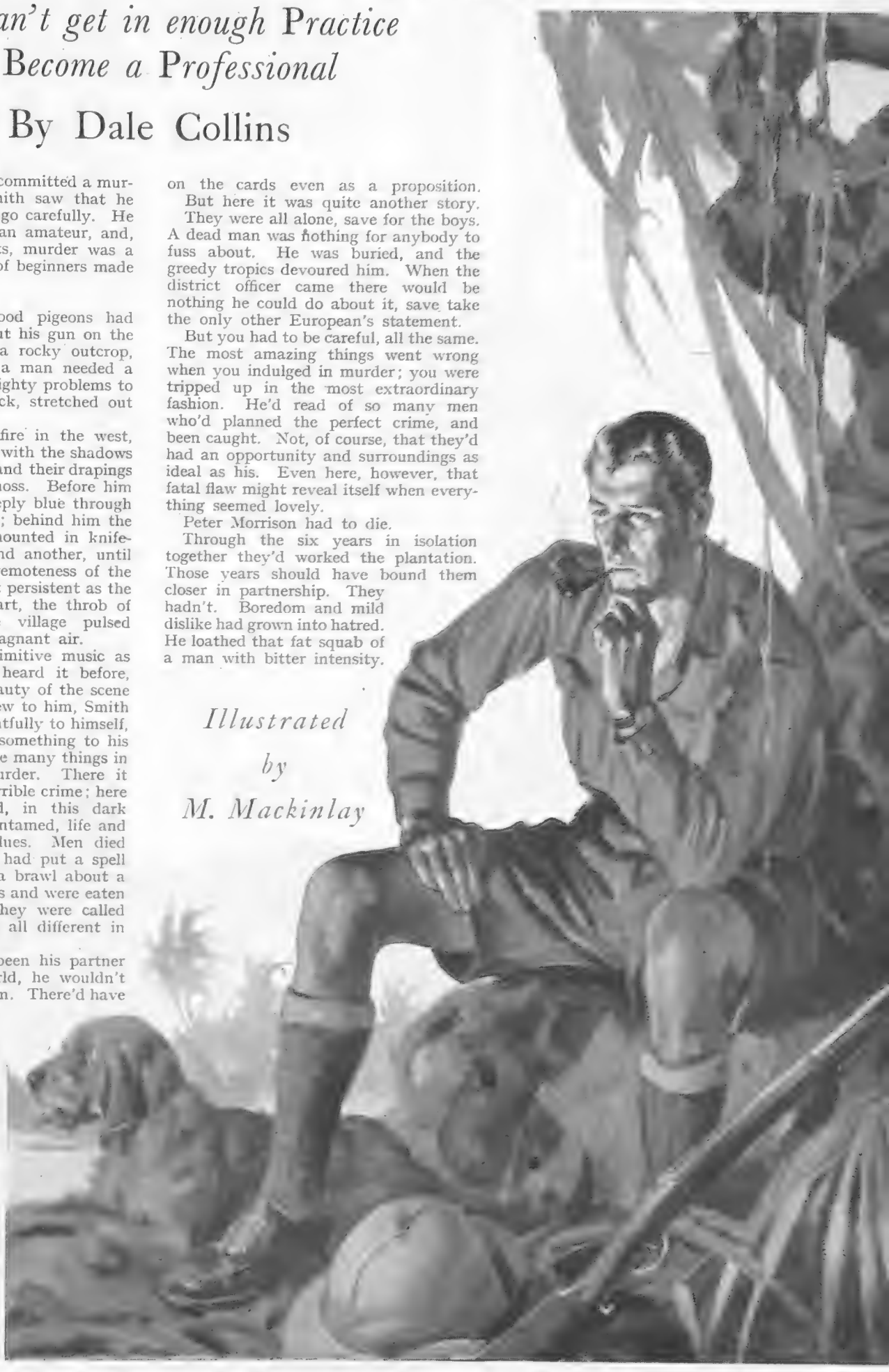
They were all alone, save for the boys. A dead man was nothing for anybody to fuss about. He was buried, and the greedy tropics devoured him. When the district officer came there would be nothing he could do about it, save take the only other European's statement.

But you had to be careful, all the same. The most amazing things went wrong when you indulged in murder; you were tripped up in the most extraordinary fashion. He'd read of so many men who'd planned the perfect crime, and been caught. Not, of course, that they'd had an opportunity and surroundings as ideal as his. Even here, however, that fatal flaw might reveal itself when everything seemed lovely.

Peter Morrison had to die.

Through the six years in isolation together they'd worked the plantation. Those years should have bound them closer in partnership. They hadn't. Boredom and mild dislike had grown into hatred. He loathed that fat squab of a man with bitter intensity.

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay



SMITH put his gun on the ground, sat down on a rocky outcrop, and filled his pipe, for a man needed a smoke when he had big problems to consider

Buying the place for a song in the trough of a depression in rubber, they would soon be making real money. When all the rubber came into bearing, and if the war went on, the property would become worth a small fortune—quite a nice fortune, if it belonged to a single proprietor—enough for a man to marry on and keep a wife in comfort.

If Peter Morrison had had any regard for his own safety, he'd have agreed to sell out, and have taken his share and gone away. It was a fair enough offer, for the deal would have imposed a strain on their cash resources.

In that pig-headed way of his he refused.

Hating Smith as much as Smith hated him, he hung on, taking a deliberate delight in doing so, masking his enmity, professing affection for Taloona, and his happiness there. And how glad he'd have been if he could have got Smith out.

For that would have left him with the maturing plantation.

Also, it would have left him sitting pretty with Faith Powell.

Facing it, she was the crux of the situation.

The man who owned Taloona, and was the only other white in a hundred miles, could hardly fail to marry Faith.

But two men owning Taloona, and two whites within a hundred miles, had to be competitors, and you could never tell what Faith really thought. She was delightful and charming to him, but she showed just the same lovely gaiety and affection for that bloated snake of a man, Morrison. You couldn't make any real progress with her until you had all the running. Then it would be different. Seeing only her father and you in that world where the only other people were brown-skinned savages, there'd be no doubt about the outcome.

A slow and bitter smile broke on his thin face.

Well, it was a rum business to have to kill a man to marry a missionary's daughter. But then, of course, Faith was everything that was unexpected in a missionary's daughter. She was as lovely as an orchid, as desirable as gold, the oasis in the desert, the banquet for a starving man.

Little wonder that the Reverend David Powell was a missionary, a man of God. Hadn't a miracle been worked for him when he became Faith's father?

And it would be doing that good man a service to get Morrison out of the way.

Sometimes it seemed almost as if Faith had a real affection for Morrison—as though his boisterous ways and burly bluster appealed to her gentle soul. If that were so, then murder was a small thing compared with the calamity her blindness might bring upon her.

Yes, yes, everything pointed to murder.

There were many cunning ways of killing a man, particularly in the tropics—ways that would seem natural and arouse no suspicion. One might do something devilishly ingenious with a poisonous spider, or a snake.

He clicked finger and thumb as an idea struck him.

It showed how you had to think of every detail.

Their agreement made no provision for the death of one of the partners. Morrison might have relatives who would appear from nowhere to claim his share of Taloona, and if you'd killed a man you wanted all the spoils. You'd earned them. And Morrison's relatives might be as tiresome as the man himself. He might even have a younger brother.

Now how—without arousing suspicion—did you persuade a man to make a will before you murdered him?

PETER MORRISON sprawled back in the long cane chair on the veranda of the plantation house. He was a heavy man. His smooth moon of a face should have looked soft and babyfied, but it was contradicted by the square slab of chin, and his small, pursed mouth which was more greedy and ruthless than a shark's wide maw.

Sipping his tepid whisky and water, he pondered the problem of Smith. Their clash that afternoon had brought things to a head at long last. They couldn't go on like this.

Curse Smith!—the lah-de-dah, posing fool, with his airs and graces and fine manners. He had been able to laugh at Smith once, and had been glad enough of his bit of money. That was six years ago. In the interval—all alone, the two of them there—Smith had grown steadily into a bigger and bigger pain in the neck. He got a man's goat.

Worst of all, Faith liked Smith, liked his fine manners and his slim elegance.

He forgot Smith for a while, and thought only of Faith, wetting his little, tight lips with the tip of his tongue.

The hot sun slid down the blue slope of the sky. From the village below came the beat of native drums. It was a wonder they never wearied of that din.

A crackle sounded through the quiet of the veranda, and the solemn, serene notes of Big Ben boomed out, conquering the throb of the drums, rising haughtily above them, marching stolidly over the music of Taloona like a squad of London Bobbies going on duty.

And when the last stroke had trembled away into the emptiness, a smooth voice—somehow suggesting Smith, though it wasn't really like his—began to speak from the other side of the world.

"This is London calling Australia on the Pacific transmission," said the voice. "Here is the weekly newsletter."

If it hadn't been so much easier just to lie there, Morrison would have turned off the radio. But even to shout for the boy was too much trouble. Let the blah-blah merchant who had taken over the microphone spill his stuff. You didn't have to listen.

Suddenly Morrison's attention was caught by an unusual name, and he sat up, leaning forward in keen interest to follow every word.

"The story of the Mevril millions has taken a turn which is of interest to you out there. You will remember that Sir Timothy Mevril was lost at sea as a result of enemy action when the liner in which he was crossing the Atlantic was torpedoed. His entire fortune passed to his son, Wing-Commander Harold Mevril, D.F.C., who was a widower with one son. The gallant pilot was killed in action, and the fortune passed to his child, who had been evacuated to what looked like the safety of America. But tragedy still dogged the family. Young Timothy Mevril was killed in a motoring accident before his father's will could be proved. The new turn, which I mentioned, is that exhaustive inquiries have revealed that the only remaining heir to the Mevril millions is a distant nephew, named Jocelyn Mevril, who went to Australia years ago. No efforts are being

spared to trace him, and the lawyers have reason to believe that he may have left Australia and gone to the South Seas. Perhaps he may be listening at this very moment. Are you there, Jocelyn Mevril? I hope so. Come on back to England and claim your heritage. And may you have better luck than your ill-starred relatives. Here is another item which may be of interest to you. A kangaroo at the London Zoo . . ."

But Morrison wasn't interested in the kangaroo, and did not hear how it had become a creature worth mentioning through the infinities of the ether to the antipodes.

He sat there in a brown study, his pale blue eyes staring out into the sunset, his mouth pursed into a red button.

The drink remained on the arm of the chair, forgotten.

Only the crunch of Smith's feet on the coral of the path aroused him. He passed his big hand across his face, as if to brush away all trace of that long, earnest reverie.

His dog at his heels, swinging five wood pigeons, Smith came up the steps with an ingratiating grin on his long face. So he had decided to let bygones be bygones? Well, that suited Morrison.

"Nothing like a spot of exercise to shake up the liver," Smith said genially. "Sorry about this afternoon, Pete. I guess it was mostly my fault. Shall we forget it?"

"Sure, we'll forget it, Johnny," said Morrison. "Two blokes would be more than human if they could live cooped up as we do and never get on each other's nerves. I've been thinking it all over, and I'd decided myself to apologise for flying off the handle. We're partners, aren't we? We've got to stick together. Here, let's have a drink."

"I can do with one," said Smith, wiping the sweat from his face.

"Did you ever know the time when I couldn't, Johnny?" Morrison chuckled.

In answer to a call, the boy brought another glass, and went away with the pigeons. Jock curled up by the steps and took his ease. With a grunt of satisfaction Smith lowered himself into the other chair.

"Well, that's that," he said. "Good luck, Pete, and in future we won't take our tantrums out on each other's hides."

"That's a bet," Morrison agreed, heartily. "Mud in your eye, Johnny."

"Anything in the news?"

"Same old stuff. I hardly listened." He sat forward, and spoke casually. "By the way, Johnny, while I was thinking about us, a funny point occurred to me."

"What's that?"

"Well we've worked together here all these years, and yet if anything happened to one of us, the other might find things awkward. You know what legal people are."

Smith's face showed only a slight bewilderment. No light gleamed in his grey eyes.

"I don't follow, Pete."

"Why," said Morrison, "I figure we should both make wills, so that nobody chips in to rob the other partner of what we've sweated for."

Smith considered briefly. Then he nodded.

"Why, yes, Pete," he said, "that's an idea. Queer we never thought of it before."

"I don't suppose you've got any gold mines or the like hidden away?"

Smith laughed. "Taloona's all I have in the world."

"Me, too. So it will be simple enough: we'll just leave each other all our worldly goods."

"Exactly. But we'll need witnesses."

"I've thought of that, too," said Morrison. "About time we paid a visit to Bruk-Bruk. The Powells will be our witnesses."

"Fine!"

"I'm not superstitious about most things," said Morrison, "but I do believe when you get a hunch like this you should act on it right off. Why not make it to-morrow? Be grand to see Faith again so soon, anyway."

"Suits me."

"I'll tell you what, then. Before dinner I'll slip across to the office and type the doings out, then we can be all ready to start at crack o' dawn."

That, too, suited Smith.

Left alone, he lit his pipe, and sat marvelling at the way the fat fool had obliged him. That matter of getting the will drawn up had seemed to be the first obstacle. With it out of the way he could proceed to consider his various plans, and choose at his leisure the one which would abolish Morrison and leave no possible hint of suspicion.

"Jock," he said, "we're a lucky pair of dogs."

Jock thumped the boards with his tail.

So, on the morrow, the partners went to Bruk-Bruk, and duly signed their last testaments.

Faith was pleasant to both of them.

They returned to Taloona, each happy in his own thoughts.

THE pigeon rose with a rattling whir of wings. Smith's gun swung up, and Jock braced himself, watchful. So intent was Smith on his shot that he did not see the twin barrels which thrust through the bushes a yard from his face. Perhaps he never even heard the double crashing reports which sent him on that instant into the silence.

Morrison, that amateur murderer who was not a man to waste time concocting technically perfect (*Continued on page* 61)

FAITH POWELL stood in the dingy frame of the doorway, and the musty room with its dust-covered, red taped documents seemed to be suddenly lit up. Morrison could only gape at her

BOOKS:

Reviewed by
Noel Thompson

THIS month out of twelve books which I have picked for review, all except two are biographies, dramatised lives of real characters, or based on actual facts, while the two exceptions are crime books with an American background. And only one has anything to do with the war. Does that mean that times are too real for our fiction writers? It is too much, I fear, to hope that it reflects our mood.

Outstanding is Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's life of the two very different brothers, Cecil, who died just after the war, and G.K. "The Chestertons" (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.) is straightforward good writing and enjoyable. The brilliance and loveableness of their mother, Marie Louise; the foibles and mannerisms of the two brothers — and indeed of the whole family; the arguments, one of which lasted for over eighteen hours; the tales of Fleet Street days and personalities, to say nothing of the favourite haunts; and finally the struggles and successes of the "New Witness"—all are drawn in effective chiaroscuro. The trial of the libel case when Cecil, though found guilty, virtually triumphed over the powerful Marconi company and members of the Government, is described from the inside. And the authoress reveals herself what she has long been known to be, a very able journalist.

On different lines is "Hungarian Rhapsody" (George Harrap, 10s. 6d.) by Bertita Hunt. This is the life story of a famous Hungarian musical comedy star, Camille Fehér de Vernet who gave up the stage to look after her brilliant inventor brother. There is much to interest and admire and, as the end of the book reveals, the authoress had reason to know her subject well.

IN "April Fool" (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.) John Lindsey has given us a full portrait of Rochester, the elegant, handsome, dashing, immoral and bitter friend of King Charles II. I found the early part of the book, which deals with his early childhood, and the cruel experiences that built up the bitter side of his character, the most convincing. His was a strangely powerful personality, with two strongly contrasting sides to it. There was the "Mad Earl," leader of the Court set, and the dreamer, always seeking for a solution to his question, "Is there a God?" His innumerable affairs were well known despite his overpowering love for his wife, Elizabeth, who understood him so well. The England of the day, and the Court, are well described. I was sorry to finish the book.

A first novel is "No Such Liberty" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.) by a young author, Alex Comfort. He has taken the experiences of a German refugee and his wife and made of them a powerful story without going into gruesome details. Again it was the beginning of the book, in a hospital in Cologne, which attracted me most. After they reach England the unwitting blunders leading to internment, the stupidity of officials, leading to tragedy, and the torpedoing of the *Star of Asia* makes a strong indictment and rouse unavailing sympathy. This is an encouraging start to a literary career written with a good use of words from a wide vocabulary. "Stunned by the noise of my own thoughts" is a true description of a semi-conscious state, but to describe a humble dust barrow as "amphicephalous" seems to me stretching the vocabulary to no sound purpose. But don't be deterred from reading this.

"Trelawney" (Robert Hale, 15s.) is Edward Trelawney, whose family dates back to William the Conqueror. The Trelawneys have always been wild, adventurous, generous, and admirers of beauty whether of nature or women, and Margaret Armstrong has chosen probably the best example, and made a gorgeous tale of his life. With harsh parents who gave up trying to control him at the age of eleven, followed by five years of life at sea, separated from all home influence, Edward Trelawney was given a tough start to his adventurous life. Deserter from the Navy (in an age when that was a minor crime), pirate, married before he was twenty to a beautiful Arab girl whom he loved devotedly, friend of Shelley and Byron, (*Continued on page* 68)

—*Sun? or Ice? Pick Your Choice*—

TWO better-than-usual books of travel appear this month. Both deal with parts of the world practically unknown to white men, and the authors have entered thoroughly into the living conditions, so that they write with an air of authority. Simple language with no pretention to high-flown literature tells the tale.

Ruth and Bill Albee are young Americans, both fired with the desire to see how other people live and to explore blank spaces on the map. After they were married they determined to set out for Alaska and to cross it on foot. They had very little knowledge, less money, and physically suffered from collapsed arches and a spine injured at high diving. No wonder their elders tried to stop them going where no white woman had ever been before into country described as the toughest ever. In "Alaska Challenge" (Robert Hale, 15s.) they tell their story and their adventures. They succeeded in crossing unknown country; proved maps were all wrong; found natives friendly and not murderers; and animals not to be worried about. After Ruth had had a baby they lived as post master, school master, doctor and general head of a village of Eskimos. In short, a fascinating book.

Donald Sloan is also an American. He, too, wanted to see how people lived, and to do everything the natives did. He managed to get to the Isles of Manu'a in Polynesia, where only scientists are allowed, and he mingled with the natives, an offshoot of the Samoans; centuries old customs are still carried on and civilisation is little known. In "Polynesian Paradise" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.) his description of a hurricane is the best I have ever read, because of its simplicity, though it is almost incredible to one who has never seen or felt a wind of 150 miles an hour or dodged whirlwinds by the score.

The natives may not have civilisation but their natural methods, even when mixed with heathen beliefs, obtain the desired results, and their system of rule is eminently satisfactory. As for cricket, I ask all cricket lovers to read the match described towards the end of the book. It would brighten up Lords considerably.

I do not set out to decide which is the better of these two books, I recommend them both.

On Duty—*and* Off

THE American child and the English nannie have always shared the reputation of being the most spoilt of human beings. From news which flies back to us from America, one gathers that the English nannies are living up to their reputations and that a fair percentage of the English children have become even more spoilt than their American cousins. An American friend of mine, who lived over here for quite a while, wrote to me the other day and she remarked: "My father's English family have just hastened back from a visit to Canada with thirteen English children in a camp in the Canadian woods, all, I gather, pretty well out of control." She goes on: "It must be said, dear, setting sentimentality aside, that some of the English children over here are darlings and some stink, if you will pardon the expression. An outstanding example is little Lord ....., aged twelve, who has been visited upon Mr. M., who, as you know, is one of the richest men in the country. He took Mr. M. severely to task over the quality of the cooking in his house. The little fellow is now in a boarding school, where the situation has become so strained that he is obliged to live in the infirmary away from the other boys. The principal of the school is, I believe, under compelling obligation to Mr. M. for something or another. I can also think of a character called Juliet, aged fourteen, who is living with a well-to-do family on Long Island, who cannot be bothered to put on shoes for dinner while roughing it with the colonials." She adds: "All these things, of course, make Americans rush for their squirrel rifles, but whether to aid the red-coats or to turn them out is the question. Of course, darling, you know I am only joking and you know where my heart is."

Well, that is as it may be, and Julia is a sentimental southerner who dotes on children. I have heard other stories of this kind. An older woman told me a while ago that some kind Americans who have taken in her own grandchildren wrote to say that either the nannie must leave or both nannie and children could go, and when grandmamma cabled over to say: "Dismiss nannie, am only too grateful for all your past kindness," she received a letter from the American hostess saying that this was the first kind word she had had since the English children had arrived over there.

Perhaps one day Mr. Brendan Bracken will send over some probation officers to see that our little refugees are behaving themselves, because these sort of stories give rise to the suspicion that a little more civility on the part of the refugees would be gratefully received by those who have been kind enough to take them in. As for the little chaps of the Lord ..... variety, if they were employed by Goebbels they could scarcely be doing a better job for Germany.

By Jane Gordon

On Duty

A.T.S., W.R.N.S., W. A. A. F. S., A.R.P. workers and the girls who work in war factories are doing a grand job of work for the country. They work very hard while on duty and when they are off duty they deserve all the enjoyment they can get. The woman who is taking care of other people's children never gets off duty. She has none of the glamour of uniform; endless worries and responsibilities and precious little thanks. Housekeeping is no joke in these days and feeding children is particularly difficult. It is bad enough when your own offspring develop some childish ailment and far more worrying when it happens to someone else's young hopeful. Any hostess who has to do with evacuees will find the following tips useful.

Working on a capstan lathe

Polishing fuse caps

With reference to impetigo, you may never have heard of this troublesome skin condition. If you deal with evacuees, sooner or later you will have to learn. Your evacuee, being clean, will catch impetigo from a child already infected. A dirty head causes the original case. Be careful not to allow the child to scratch as it will carry the infection on the fingers from one part of the body to another. If there is a spot in the hair clip the hair around it and always bathe the scabs off before you gently apply the lotion or ointment that has been recommended by the doctor. Be careful not to let a child with chickenpox scratch or it will be pock-marked. Children should have their hands done up in mittens at night. Another cosmetic disaster can be caused by measles which may make the eyelashes come out or become poor in quality. Don't let the child rub its eyes and during the acute stage see that the room is kept fairly dark. There has been quite an epidemic of whooping-cough lately, and this may leave a child with a nasty deformity known as "funnel chest." Chest expansion exercises will help to put this right.

The child stands out in the open with its head up, shoulders well back, tummy held in, feet two inches apart, toes pointing straight ahead. The arms are lifted to (Continued on page 51)

Child evacuees making friends with a tiny pony

Off Duty

IT takes a very big worry to worry us in these days. £14,000,000 a day for war is not enough to make us lose a wink of sleep. We may or may not see an egg for weeks and though we miss the little things we do not grieve for them. Tradesmen, when making up the house books, seem to think of a number and double it, but there's no use fussing about that—we know only too well that they have their worries as well as us. As for war insurance, one wonders how there are enough people even in Governmental departments to work out the new forms. We read "Explanatory Notes" in eighteen sections, collect "War Economy Labels" and sigh over "Instalments due," but not very seriously. Then there is the coupon game, which we take no more seriously than we would snakes and ladders.

Short of death and destruction we are practically worry-proof. The only thing that we cannot take light-heartedly is the problem of children and what to do with them for the best. Ever since the war began we have been haunted by evacuation schemes and every one from the Government official to the most unofficial layman has been distressed by the mothers who will insist on bringing their children back to London. We know that there are always two sides to every question, and it would be a good thing if people paid a little attention to the mother's side of this question and treated her with more sympathy and understanding.

Theoretically, it is a grand thing for town children to get away from the cities and air raids to fresh country air and a healthy life. This is all very fine when it works out as Government planned, but it doesn't always work out that way. If the mother goes away with her own children she can look after them, and then what do you think happens? Sooner or later she discovers that some other woman is looking after her husband. Of all men, the one who needs mothering most is the British husband. He may be taken into one of the fighting services, in (Continued on page 51)

Your Pores

Unless some large open pores are disfiguring the sides of your nose, or a boiling day makes you pour from every pore, you probably never give your pores a second thought. Yet they are well worth your consideration.

Next time you are violently hot pause before you give yourself the cold wet rub-down which is your usual custom.

The effect of a cold wet rub is to cause the pores to contract and try to shut, frequently before they are empty. This is like a violent draught slamming a door which has had a duster placed against its side to prevent it from closing. Well, the door closes, but the result is a strain and it never shuts properly again.

Now, it is most important that your pores should always close down properly, as, if they remain ajar, thousands of tiny distended mouths over the surface of your skin will lay you open to any infection, especially chills.

Pores are your third physical outlet to revivification. We are always in a process of being revived. Breath comes first: drawn in through the nose, air contacts the blood-stream in the lungs, where it purifies and oxygenates. Food is second: chewed in the mouth, it is further disintegrated by the stomach and subsequent organs until it is ready to be transformed into body-building tissues; only a minute portion is used, the rest is rejected as waste.

Breath and food are assimilated—before being expelled—to sustain the system from within, but there is a vast body surface which has also to be served. This is provided with skins that are nothing less than a series of defensive zones acting in the capacity of lungs and stomach, combined. Pores in these skins breathe and eject, not simultaneously, but alternately. They eject all superfluous energies produced by ducts which run through their zones. If these energies are not thrown off immediately as vapours or liquids they remain lodged to become poison-acid secretions.

Perfect ejection can only be maintained if the pores are elastic. It is essential that they should close down after they have expelled or they will be unable to expel at all.

That is what happens in the case of people who experience a state of continual stickiness under the arms or chest, even in the coldest weather. The cells of the pores have been damaged, they are perpetually in a state of exuding without clearing, because they have lost the resilience which enables them to exude.

A great deal of this can be traced to cold wet towel rubs during the summer—that forceful slamming of the door when it is partially blocked. So, next time you drip and become very warm, remember to wash with hot water first so as to remove all perspiration before you embark on a cold friction. Athletes always rub hot before they rub cold.

This, also, is the principle of the turkish bath, which affords a systematic clearing of the pores by routine of systematic heating followed by equally systematic cooling. A sedentary life calls for an occasional turkish bath. If you cannot have it try and persuade your family to allow you to have a hotting-up bath night once a week—you won't be very popular since it takes every drop of hot water from every one else. After a series of hotter and hotter soakings, let the last cool on you, have a tepid rinse and end with a cold shower, then passing the body over with methylated spirits. Eau-de-Cologne would be better than spirits, but may not be available.

Of course, perspiration springs as much from excitement as from heat. Any form of intense emotion will cause glands in the skin to over-produce, no powder or deodorant will prevent this, but the powder will absorb and consequently reduce. Certain local perspirations, like clammy hands, usually denote something wrong with one of the great organs. Clammy hands indicate weak kidneys. Hot feet, particularly soles that give off an unpleasant odour, bespeak a liver out of order. Take a good saline first thing in the morning, frequent foot-baths in which 8 oz. of Epsom salts has been melted in two quarts of water—you can always keep a bucket aside to re-heat. Rub in medicinal powder and also wear ankle socks over your stockings.

Lastly, one other place is bristling with pores. Your gums. Else how comes tartar to be precipitated against teeth? If you are afflicted with tartar, rub your gums every night with alkalising tooth paste.

Treat your pores commonsensically, give them their due consideration, and you will find you have a heightened resistance to infection and fatigue and a new sense of fitness, because your third channel to health is open, your "works" are functioning freely, to the limit, instead of being half closed.

Your Hair

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

Brush, re-brush, and brush again, is the rule for hair, whether it is thick and luxuriant, sparse and withered, cap-worn, weather-dry or newly-set and resplendent. Brush to give it air and exercise, without which it dies.

Brushing is back in fashion. It went out because women thought it damaged their settings. Make no mistake, it improves them.

So, unpin every curl and loosen your mop by shaking it, then lift the scalp away from the skull by forming both hands into combs. Place thumbs behind the ears and little fingers towards the forehead, and press the scalp up in jerks. Press it away on all sides from the bone.

As soon as the skin shifts easily, throw your head down as low as you can between the knees as this massage will have freed sufficient space between scalp and skull for the rush of blood to do good.

Keep the head down. Start brushing—from the nape of the neck well over the back of the head to the forehead. The arteries enter the head from the nape, so in brushing this way you are helping their pulse.

Attack your head as though you were beating a carpet with besoms. Brush it this way and that in perfect rhythm. And the secret of rhythm is : Use two brushes. One in either hand, like a man.

A man's brushes will do, or any brushes with wide strong bristles and preferably rubber backs. Brush from temple to temple, from forehead to nape as well as from nape to forehead, cross and re-cross. Keep it up for five minutes. There is nothing in the world to beat this drill for the hair.

Next comb and pin back every curl. It will curl of its own accord. Heightened lustre and spring will add its own charm. Brushing may be a tiring exercise, but it is worth it.

If you haven't time to brush at night, at least loosen your scalp from your skull, and start with your brushing first thing in the morning.

The next vital issue is your shampoo. It is best to have one every week, or, at the least, one every ten days. If the head is really greasy or if, for some reason, it is really dirty, have a Wright's coal tar soap shampoo, otherwise always a soapless one. There is a biological cream shampoo which is excellent for general purposes, it leaves the hair pleasingly malleable for the set.

If your hair lacks lustre a substance has just been produced that has the consistency of brilliantine but is immediately absorbed by the surface of the hair. It leaves it non-sticky but with a happy shine, due to the hair having been fed up the stem. This oil can be used after any shampoo, and is wiped over the hair while wet before being pinned into the set.

If your hair is weather-dried an emollient and specially nourishing shampoo will recondition it.

If your hair is meagre and weak it will be made to look twice as thick by a setting lotion which stiffens it, and at the same time stimulates the scalp by reviving weak follicles so that they shoot forth hairs.

If you have bald patches there is a tonic which will settle the matter for you within three weeks if you work it in every day. Bald patches occur nowadays on heads where the rest of the hair has actually to be thinned. No doctor can explain this nervous condition. The name is alopecia. And the patches are the size of a penny, they come suddenly and are very disturbing.

If you have dandruff, treatment all depends on how bad this is. If there is a thick mat of white scurf, it is best to apply an anti-dandruff pomade for three nights running, and wash this off on the fourth day with a herbal concoction which brings indescribable relief. You will feel as though half a ton had been lifted from your scalp. But make sure that your fourth day is your day off because your hair will show definite marks of the third application. You can go to the office without any one noticing the first and second.

Dandruff usually puts in an appearance again after five days. The pomade treatment can be used until this appearance has been discouraged and pushed off for ten days, after which an anti-dandruff shampoo—another highly successful novelty—can be used once every seven days.

But the points to remember in curing dandruff are : weekly shampoos, hot towel fomentations, brushing.

In hair treatment as in every other routine, the cure and the beginning and end of the cure centres upon freshness. Brushes and combs must be scrupulously clean if your hair is to appear burnished.

REST CENTRE

There is more to resting than just finding yourself a comfortable chair and doing nothing. Relaxation is a more subtle thing than some of us realise and yet the need for it was never so great.

Rest is a combination of physical and psychological factors. To rest your body and your brain, in fact to give every nerve and muscle its full chance to take time off you need the right conditions. You can rest in unpropitious surroundings it is true, but the quality of rest is varied.

The background for relaxation is important. It should present comfort to the eye in such terms that you begin to feel soothed the moment you enter the room. Every home should have a room that is carefully and subtly decorated to induce rest. In fact, a rest centre.

Colouring is a visual factor and matters a lot. People react differently to colours and what is soothing to one may be less so to another but in all cases shrill colourings are out for the restful scheme. Stick to half-tones, pastels, warm advancing colours that are soothing to the senses.

Daring combinations don't make for restfulness, but though you choose a simpler colour scheme it need not be drab. Peach, brown and deep cream together are perfect. Green, too, is thought by doctors to be soothing and combines pleasantly with plum, the softer violet shades and a touch of cyclamen for relief. This scheme is most suitable for a bedroom. Golden-yellow makes a good background with fabrics of midnight-blue and lacquer red for relief in a sitting-room.

Textures vary a great deal in the atmosphere they create. Thick, soft surfaces are better than the shiny crisp ones for a restful type of scheme. Glazed chintz, for instance, lovely as it is to look at, hasn't the cosiness of figured linen. The same goes for the stiffly hanging taffetas as against the lustrous softness of dull satin or velvet. These are small, but very vital points.

Texture has to be thought of again when the wall surface is chosen. A bare expanse of distempered wall is bleak and forbidding but the same area covered with a soft textured paper is quite a different proposition.

Beds and chairs must be well designed, well sprung and of varying shapes for perfect comfort. Tall people need a long chair, short people are desperately uncomfortable in the same thing. For sitting up to read you need a high-back chair with good support for the back and arms; for lounging and taking a cat-nap you want a low-slung affair which gives plenty of room for stretching.

Crowding is fatal to the visual and actual comfort of a room. This applies to furniture and accessories, too. Spaciousness is a nice compromise between comfortable equipment and plenty of room to move. You must be able to move around in a room without dodging to avoid things and you must be able to contemplate spaces without feeling chilled. Heating comes into the two

categories visual and actual. The illusion of warmth is as important as the actual thing, and you can get it with the right colouring and, to a very important extent, by lighting.

Actual heating apparatus must depend upon circumstances, of course, though nobody will argue about the atmospheric superiority of a coal fire. In any case, heat should be controllable, so that a room can be warm without being stuffy, and cool without being cold. To ensure this, you have to arrive at a practical combination of heating with ventilation.

Black-outs make ventilation about twice as difficult, but do use all your ingenuity and some of your money in getting this side of your rest centre exactly right. Otherwise rest periods will be utterly wasted, since breathing stale air is about the worst thing you can do.

Lighting imparts more atmosphere than almost any other detail of a room's equipment or decoration. A glare of light from one point only defeats the possibility of subtle shades and nuances.

For sheer charm and practical service, local lighting is best of all. You get your lighting where you most need it, glare is absolutely excluded, and in a black-out winter you can keep the lighting off the windows.

The nearness of the books you like, the music you love or the pictures and decorative details that please you are strong factors in the effectiveness of a rest room.

Bookshelves are companionable things. A beautiful picture can be a source of great pleasure, so choose your detail with care. Familiar things are, above all, comforting, so don't go all out for clever effects if you are starting from scratch, but build your room about the things you love that have proved their worth.

Some good examples of restful schemes are illustrated on these pages. They are designed for different people and different circumstances, but they have each, in their way, the practical and homely qualities essential to comfort with the decorative charm that makes relaxation easy and effective.

The sitting-room on the left of the group is typical of the average small house, but it has abundant charm. An ingle-nook is atmospheric in every sense. Just why, is hard to say—perhaps it is because it makes a focal point of the coal fire, which never fails to give that illusion of homeliness and informality which is the essence of restfulness.

Warm pink bricks combined with oak beams are traditionally cosy. This is a modern house, but these two features have been introduced without any appearance of strain. The walls are primrose yellow, the simply tailored loose covers are jade-green, which looks well against the soft background of the walls and bricks. Printed linen curtains have a natural ground with a design in rust and green and the fitted carpet is rust, with an Eastern rug in cream with a design of gold, green and rust.

The more modern scheme in the centre picture was designed for a small flat. The companionable bookshelves running around the corner recess; the mirror reflecting the room in depth and the very inviting, softly cushioned easy chairs again make the fire a focal point. Every essential of comfort is near at hand and, again, there is no crowding.

Pinkish-white colouring for the walls reflects lamplight very softly, the chair-covers are of a rough textured tweed in a deep creamy white with big blue checks. The cushions and the carpet are a rich wine colour.

The bedroom on the right seems luxurious, but is, in fact, quite simple. The fabrics are luxurious, but they could be substituted if necessary with something less costly and of less richness, and the effect would be as good.

The bed is the *pièce de résistance*, with its draped head, which, if you look closely, is quite a simple thing to arrange, either in spotted muslin or one of the furnishing ninons which wash and wear so well. The bedspread could be copied in chintz, in art satin or in a combination of both. The colour scheme is a particularly lovely one. The walls are pastel pink, the fabrics delft-blue and the carpet a deep plum. Trimmings of candy pink on the lampshades and at the edges of the curtain give a delicate relief.

By Winifred Lewis

1. Ingle-nooks have an irresistible cosiness. Against warm pink bricks and primrose-yellow walls the chair-covers of this room stand out in jade-green. The figured curtains have a rust and green pattern on a natural ground. The carpet, too, is rust. 2. A reading and resting corner of a flat sitting-room is well lit, brightly coloured, and arranged for comfort. The walls are pinkish white, the chair-covers of white and blue, the cushions and carpet wine. 3. Warm colouring and rich textures make this bedroom seem luxurious, yet it is quite practical. The bedhead drapery is easy to fix, and can be done with dotted Swiss or furnishing ninon. The chaise-longue, an old one reupholstered, matches the quilted rayon satin bed-cover. Pastel-pink walls, delft-blue fabrics and plum carpet.

Electric, exciting people are marvellous company in small doses. But the ones you want around all of the time are the reassuring, easy-to-be-with people. This is so with clothes. The real friends in your wardrobe are never the momentous, intriguing dress-of-all-time affairs, but the good steady numbers, the cosy everyday-ish clothes that you can wear grandly for lunch or for walking down the road to order the sweep.

To-day that likeable, friendly quality is the one above all to look for in buying new clothes, after you have noted their durability and versatility. Nothing you buy must ever tire you, bore you, be standoffish with your other clothes, or only fit in to a mood. Everything must be good currency to-day, yet, for the stimulating sake of change, be amenable to drastic alteration.

Such clothes—typical examples from the London shops are shown above—are as recognisable as your own homing bus. Their fabrics are always superlative, their cut unassuming yet elegant. Dash is usually present in a brilliant detail. Fuss, elaboration, is ruthlessly sub-edited.

1. Camel coat (designed by Lachasse) in three shades of camel, brown, grey, natural. The pockets stand away like a pouchy handbag, the belt is a long tie around, the skirt moves with a swing. £6/16/6.

2. Town or country tweeds in green and red check, blue and gold, or brown, rust and blue. The high revered jacket fits with waist darts, there is a half belt and centre slit at back. The skirt has correctly placed freedom pleats. £9/19/6.

3. Crepe jersey, subtly cut to sweater shape, with an all-over graduated tucked bodice, an all-round pleated skirt, partly stitched down for flat hips. All colours. Twelve and a half guineas.

4. A buttonless shirt waist frock, in black and white or navy and white check, woollen, with a red, green or blue belt, has interesting detail of a front fly fastening, shaped slit hip pockets. £6/16/6.

DRESS:

By JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

These Were Made Over

1. A black crepe dinner dress, once attractive with its frou-frou sleeves and deep hem band of white organdie, had the organdie removed (to be turned into collars, cuffs and frills some time). The roll-halter collar was cut away, and the neck squared. The skirt was cut off at street length, and square-shouldered sleeves made from the piece. Rows of bright ric-rac braiding (unrationed) were stitched round neck, sleeves and hem and the dress was given new elegance by a good-looking wide suede belt. **2.** A dark blue crepe dress had a pale blue floppy bow at neck with two loose ends draping down the bodice and ending half-way down the skirt front. This was unpicked, pressed and made into a new bodice front. The back stayed as it was. The old front was turned into dark blue shoulder bands and pockets. The sleeves were draped up to match the neck. **3.** This grey woollen shirt-waist frock had shrunk in cleaning at waist as well as hem. So a 3-inch wide bright check ribbon went on to the hem and two widths joined together were shaped into a corselette belt. **4.** The stripes were brown, green, and orange artificial silk. A plain piece of brown stuff made a new bodice front, yoke and sleeves. The original sleeves were cut into panels for the sides of the bodice. They also made the cuffs. **5.** A navy cardigan was cut right up each centre, the waist was made fitting, and a vivid check front-piece, collar, revers and pocket were introduced. Godets of the same stuff were let into the skirt to give it flare. In this case the good parts of an old tweed skirt were used, but a yard of new check woollen or tweed would see it through.

Practical Elegance Is Afoot

Shoes, according to coupon reckoning, are Number Two problem in the clothes outlook, stockings being Number One. With two pairs of shoes per year to see us through everything, choosing shoes becomes a responsible affair. If we were ever tempted to buy flighty shoes, we can't any more. The whole tendency of design is towards the strictly practical, but elegance suffers little, if at all. Leather must be conserved, that makes for simple styles. Labour, too, is a vital problem and that also contributes towards less intricacy of line and decoration. Designs that can be carried through by one man win every time over the ones that call as before for three skilled workers.

The shoe situation for the immediate future sums up in three main points : durability, wearability and comfort. Manufacturers are concentrating on these, and the results, taking the shoes we have illustrated as a guide, are reassuring.

Heels are lower. That may shake you if you think that the slender heel is indispensable, but it needn't. The new designs demand a more robust type of heel and the effect is good. Comfort and long wear gain something too, from this essential scaling of materials. Pigskin is an attractive newcomer to the new shoe materials. Soft grained calf is widely used, also elk, a superbly flexible leather. All three lend themselves particularly well to the use of colour, which is much stressed. Suede and leather combine, so do leather and coloured crepe rubber in two and three-toned effects.

Prices continue to rise, though less than might be expected in a difficult situation, but compensating factors are the adaptability of the new styles to different outfits, and the generally high standard of workmanship.

Top, from left to right. "Winslow." A Vanitred shoe in brown calf, with crepe rubber sole, superbly flexible and built for action. Price 38/-. For country or town, a Norvic shoe in brown suede, snugly fitting at the instep where a calf trim is gilt-studded. Brown crepe soles. Price about 29/9. Soft-grained wine calf with green piping, lacing and green crepe sole, with an overlapping tongue of natural deerskin. A Norvic shoe, price approximately, 29/9.

Lower group, left to right. Dolcis tie shoe in soft tan kid, beautifully supple, with punched trim. Price 63/-. "Link," step-in court with high-fitting pointed front. In navy, black or brown kid. Styl-eez, price 45/9. "Hussar," blue, black or brown calf with square wall toe and interlaced tab. Styl-eez, price 45/9. An interesting black calf tie shoe with a punched trim, a rounded raised toe. In several colours. Norvic. Price, approximately 29/9.

WAR PRIDES

There may be no particular glamour in fighting the war steadily on your own home front with no hurrahs to egg you on. But even if you can't go campaigning in a uniform, you can still have your war prides. These are often small enough things, but if we all practised them the war effort would be total.

In this struggle, fire-watching isn't one bit more important than fire-place watching. Let that be a comfort and inspiration if you feel that circumstances have deprived you of the opportunity of spectacular work.

I know it takes the outlook and courage of a saint to refuse that little extra bit of food that is sometimes offered on the quiet. We all fall for it at some time or other without really pausing to consider what an act of sabotage we are committing.

The old story : " If I don't have it somebody else will," is just conscience balm. Ask yourself, ask anybody : " Why should any one person have more than her neighbour ? " If you can think of an answer to that, you can probably also think of a quick way of winning the war without anybody helping.

Once you get the better of that ridiculous temptation to pay high prices for things you don't really want just because they are scarce, you would be surprised to find how easy it is to save your money and put it into War Savings. That is a fine war pride.

Waiting is one of the smaller, yet most exasperating conditions of this war. Waiting to be served in shops and restaurants because assistants and waitresses are scarce ; waiting on stations and at bus stops because services seem to be less frequent ; waiting for news of someone . . . these are big tests of your powers as a person who can stand up to little niggling trials as well as big ones and keep your natural courtesy untarnished.

Those " No's " you get in all the shops, those little placards which announce exhausted stocks ; that " take it or leave it " expression that seems to have become a permanent fixture on so many shopkeepers' faces. All these things make it increasingly hard not to hit back, but if you can resist, and make a war pride of being courteous and cheerful whatever the provocation, you will be doing some very vital war work.

It seems to me that there is nothing quite so vital in a woman's life as fine silk stockings. Lovely, sheer-clad legs are the key to most things women want and now somebody has taken the key. But I take a war pride in not bleating and not even talking about it. I just go around in my rayon stockings and keep my hate of them to myself.

Then, what about taking a pride in leaving a few of those difficult-to-get cigarettes you have been smoking in the comfort of your own homes to the men and women who have given up their homes and more ?

Your nerves feel like a piece of string the puppy has been chewing, what with one thing and the other. But taking it out on the children or your husband, or your make-shift maid, doesn't make it a fraction better for any one, least of all for you. You 've got to keep your head, and use your imagination and never let up on your best behaviour to keep pace with these war prides. If you can do this you will be in the war up to your neck and wielding your own private panzer division against the enemy.

L. K.

Even if you can't go campaigning in a uniform, you can still have your war prides.

SHIFT AND PANTIES

● ***The shift ends at hips, eliminating familiar vest-bulge. The cross-wise bras sections, the delicate pattern, the glove-like fit of both garments make them perfect winter woollies***

MATERIALS

4 oz. 2-ply vest wool; 1 yd. ribbon; ½ yd. elastic; 1 pair No. 12 and No. 9 needles; crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS

Vest.—Length from centre front, 13 ins.; across widest part, 31 ins. Panties.—Length to top of gusset, 12½ ins.; across widest part, 20 ins.

TENSION

13 sts. to 2 ins.

THE VEST

With No. 12 needles, cast on 204 sts. Rib 3 ins., k. 2, p. 2. Change to No. 9 needles and patt.

1st row.—K. **2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th rows.**—K. 1, * p. 4, k. 2; rep. from *, end k. 1. **3rd row.**—k. 2, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 4; rep. from *, ending k. 2. **5th row.**—K. **7th row.**—K. 2, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4; rep. from *, ending k. 2. These 8 rows make the patt. Continue for 7½ ins. Cast off.

HALF TOP

With No. 12 needles, cast on 14 sts. Continue as follows: **1st row.**—K. 4, * p. 2, k. 2; rep. from *, ending k. 4. **2nd row.**—K. 2, * p. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end. Rep. these 2 rows for 6 ins., then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row inside the border sts. until there are 46 sts. Shape as follows:

1st row.—Work 42 sts. in patt. Turn. **2nd row.**—Work 38 sts. in patt. Turn. **3rd row.**—Work 34 sts. in patt. Turn. Continue in this way, working 4 sts. less at each turn, until 6 sts. remain in the centre. Turn. Work to end. Continue on all sts., dec. 1 st. each end of every 6th row, inside the border st., until 26 sts. remain. Cast off. Make another half top.

THE PANTIES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 132 sts. Rib 3 ins., k. 2, p. 2. Change to No. 9 needles and work 2 ins. in patt. as for the vest. Then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every 6th row, (Continued on page 70)

ABBREVIATIONS:

k=knit; p.=purl; st.=stitch or stitches; tog. together; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase; dec. decrease; ins.=inches; patt.=pattern; m. make; sl.=slip; w.r.n.=wool round needle (making one); w.fwd.=wool forward; st.st.=stocking stitch; p.s.s.o. =pass slipped stitch over.

WRIST-LENGTH GLOVES

● ***Knitted on two needles, veined with contrast wools***

MATERIALS

2 oz. Sirdar Super Shetland 3-ply wool; a little red and green wool for trimming; a pair of No. 13 needles.

Cast on 27 sts. in black. Work moss st. for 10 rows. Now inc. for thumb as follows:

Work to within 4 sts. of end of row, work twice into next st., work to end. Work a row without inc., always working the extra sts. k.

2nd inc. row.—Work to within 5 sts. of end of row, work twice into next st. Work to end. Continue inc. thus on every other row, working twice into 6th, 7th, 8th sts. from end and so on until there are 39 sts. Now work on these extra sts. only for 2 ins. Then, on every other row, work 1 st., k. 2 tog., k. to within 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1, keeping the patt. Rep. the dec. row twice more. Gather up remaining 7 sts. and fasten off.

Return to other 26 sts. and cast on 4 sts. next thumb. Continue moss st. on these sts. for 1¾ ins. Now with right side facing, work on 9 sts. only for 2 ins. Finish off as for thumb. Cast on 4 sts. next this little finger with right side facing opposite edge to thumb and work on these and next 7 sts. (11 altogether) for 2¼ ins. Finish as usual. Rep. casting on and working for next finger, making it 2½ ins. before finishing. Rep. for next finger, making it 2¼ ins. before finishing. Work 3 more pieces the same.

WRISTBAND

With black, cast on 8 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 7 ins. Cast off. Work another the same.

Now crochet 11 ins. chain in red, and 11 ins. in green. Now 3 pieces chain 4 ins. green and the same in red. Sew these on as in illustration. Do the same to other glove. Sew gloves up, going all round edge, and leaving ½ in. open at wrist. Sew on wrist bands and fasten with press stud.

PANELLED SWEATER

Diagonal ribbing plus panelling flatters the figure

MATERIALS
8 oz. 3-ply La Laine; 1 pair No. 9 and No. 11 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS
Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; Sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION
8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK
Cast on 104 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 6 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row, and every 4th row after until there are 138 sts. Work a few rows to make side seam 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 44 sts. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)
Cast on 56 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins., m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row after until there are 80 sts. Work straight until side seams measure 16½ ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT
With No. 9 needles, cast on 144 sts. Work 42 sts. in k. 2, p. 2 rib, starting k. 2 and ending k. 2. Then p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, then k. 2, p. 2 rib for 18 sts., then p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, then k. 2, p. 2 rib for 18 sts., then p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, then k. 2, p. 2 to end.

2nd row.—K. the p. st. and p. the k. sts. of previous row as in st.st. (*The "p. 2, k. 4, p. 2 st." are to be called panels.*) **3rd row.**—M. 1 st. Work rib until you get to the first panel, k. 2 tog. on the 2 k. sts. previous to this, work the panel, k. 2 tog. rib to centre panel, m. 1 st. by knitting twice into the k. st. previous to it, work panel, m. 1 st. on first k. st. Rib to 3rd panel, and k. 2 tog. on 2 sts. previous to it, work panel, k. 2 tog., work to end of row, ending m. 1 st.

4th row.—M. 1 st., rib up to panel, k. 2 tog. on last 2 sts. before it, work panel, k. 2 tog., rib up to last st. before centre panel, M. 1 st. on this, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, m. 1 st., rib to 3rd panel, k. 2 tog. on last 2 sts. before it, k. 2 tog. Rib to end, ending m. 1 st. Rep. these last 2 rows until there are 5 ins. measured (Continued on page 70)

YOKE AND SLEEVES

Sew to a plain woollen frock in need of revival

MATERIALS
5 oz. Sirdar Super Shetland 3-ply; 1 pair of No. 9 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS
Sleeve seam, 18 ins.; yoke depth, 5½ ins.

TENSION
8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)
Cast on 54 sts. Work as follows:

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 2.

2nd row.—* P. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end of row, ending p. 2. Rep. these two rows once.

5th row.—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end of row, ending p. 1. Rep. this row 3 times.

9th row.—As 1st. **10th row.**—As 2nd. **11th row.**—As 1st. **12th row.**—As 2nd.

13th row.—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 1. Rep. this row 3 more times. These 16 rows form patt. After 3 ins. m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 96 sts. Work straight until side seams measure 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

YOKE BACKS (two alike)
Cast on 58 sts. Work the patt. for 5 ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every other row 6 times, leaving 22 sts. Cast off.

FRONT YOKE
Cast on 106 sts. Work patt. for 3 ins. Now work 45 sts. Cast off 16, work 45. Continue on these 45 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 28 sts. Work a row or so to make straight side of work 5 ins. Cast off 6 sts. at shoulder edge on every other row until there are 4 sts. Cast off. Work other side the same. Pick up 56 sts. round front of neck and work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 6 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Sew up shoulder seams and sleeve seams. Sew press studs to back yokes.

Nothing is more disappointing than a decorative scheme gone wrong, especially one into which you have put money and thought. Even worse is to know that it is wrong without knowing why. If you have had this experience, this article may help you to discover where your fault has been.

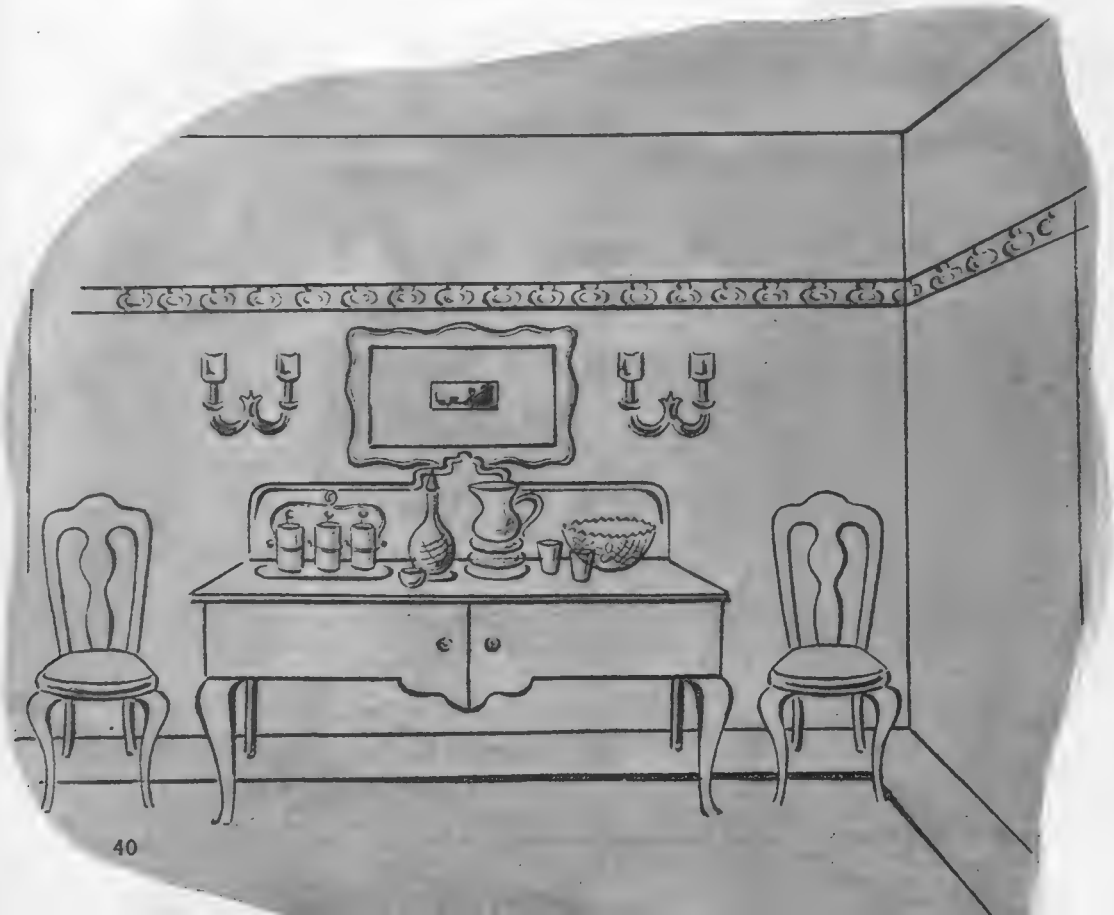
WHY GOOD ROOMS GO WRONG

At first glance this seems a pretty enough room, but if you look a little harder it is not what a really good decorative scheme should be.

Most of the trouble is in the background. There are too many conflicting lines. The cornice comes down too low and the window goes up too high. There are lines and angles everywhere.

This would be a charming room if the wallpaper went up to the margin of the window top, if the margin round the carpet were narrower, or not there at all, and if the wallpaper and the curtains were more in harmony.

Still another design turns up with the wallpaper border. A plain painted picture-rail would have been better.



Bad grouping has given this room an unhappy feeling that could be changed, since each object is attractive in itself.

The picture is too heavy for its position over the sideboard (in any case, the framing and mounting is too large for a small picture). The wallpaper border presses down on to the picture and the two light-brackets should be moved out at each side to give a better feeling of space.

Finally, the arrangement of the silver and glass on the top of the sideboard is confused and formless. These should be reduced, leaving only those with some attractive form or a definite colour interest.

This is a room where everything has gone right and nothing wrong. It is clever because it is carefully studied. There is not a lot of everything, but every object is beautiful in itself and in exquisite harmony with its companions. Colouring, spacing, grouping and ornamentation are studied. It is an elaborate room but only in its simplicity. The walls are lavender grey, the graceful couch is covered in yellow, self-coloured brocade, the cushions range from lavender to gold and deep purple. A lighter shade of purple covers the easy chair, and all these colours mingle softly with the superb Persian colourings of the carpet.

Houses are full of troubles that you cannot just put your finger on. I mean vague, irritating things that prevent you from being a hundred per cent satisfied with your rooms and yet not definite enough to attack systematically.

Decorative schemes are constantly doing this to you unless you know the pitfalls. You find you have spent money and thought in building up a scheme. You have pictured something stunning and when the finished room confronts you it just misses the boat and you cannot think why. Like a frock that comes home from the dressmaker looking like the frock you ordered and yet somehow not the frock you pictured.

It isn't always easy, except to the trained eye, to say just where the room is wrong, but here are some of the common-or-garden reasons why amateurs trip up. They may help, in your own case, to find the guilty spot.

In decorating, as in most other things, technique is important. There are certain basic rules and although you can get some pretty nice effects with only a smattering of technique, these must be followed.

Probably the commonest error is in choosing designs for their immediate appeal without considering them in relation to the room as a unit.

Take wallpaper for instance. The decorator sends along a sample book. You choose a design that appeals to you but do you, for instance, think of the size of the paper design in relation to the size and shape of the walls? Do you take into consideration its type as compared with the furniture and the general treatment of the room?

Delicate little flower patterns do not look good on large wall spaces where there are high ceilings. Large intricate designs look even worse in small rooms, and particularly beneath low ceilings. Cottagey sprays won't marry happily with modern furniture and you can't put modern geometrical designs with oak rafters.

Then you must consider how suitable the wallpaper pattern is in relation to the pattern of the chair covers, the curtains, the carpet. You can't put several different patterns together. Stripes will go with flowers, spots will go along with stripes, but two flower patterns don't often mix.

Another easy way to jam things up is by stopping short before the scheme is complete and co-ordinated. Cost is generally the cause of this. You have a scheme in mind and you get busy carrying it through only to discover before it is complete that you can't afford any more. The result is that those little co-ordinating touches, the small marks of distinction, are omitted. Here and there you substitute something not originally intended, not really quite suitable, but cheaper.

The only safe method when you can't burn money is to work out costs before you start. Measure up for curtains and carpets or chair covers. Get estimates for labour and carry your costing right through to the last ornament or as near as is practicable. Then you will know in time if your plan is too ambitious and you can scale it down and make adjustments without leaving ugly gaps.

Balance is a very important feature of decoration. In fact, it can make or mar a scheme.

I particularly remember a case in which an acquaintance of mine was refurnishing her house. She had money and a natural fund of good taste but no experience. The finished house was impressive but although expensively fitted and decorated, it was not a success.

She had planned the type of furniture she wanted for each room and the plan, in itself, was good, but she had given no thought to proportions. The consequence was that in a very large window she stood a dressing-table that was completely overpowered by the size of its surroundings. In the shop it had looked an exquisite piece of furniture, and so it actually was, but its charming shape and delicate detail were unnoticeable in that huge room.

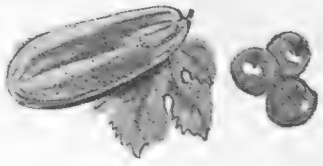
In the sitting-room, which was very spacious, there was a beautiful little bureau; a work of art in itself, but she had set it, alone, upon one vast wall with nothing at either side of it. The result was that a lovely piece of furniture lost all its appeal. So it went on right through the house. Good pieces were spoiled by bad display.

Wallpaper panelling is a trap for the inexperienced. It divides the walls into colour sections and demands that the furniture should fall into line with it, otherwise a vague sense of muddle is the result.

If you are puzzled because a scheme of yours has failed to come out as you planned, check up on the harmony of designs, the alliance of colouring, the size of furniture and patterns in relation to the room and the disposal of the pieces against their backgrounds.

Put your finger on the spot and it is easy to work a cure.

Cooks Diary for



Monday 1

Bountiful September brings outsize marrows which are the cook's despair—but here is a useful way of tackling that unwieldy vegetable.

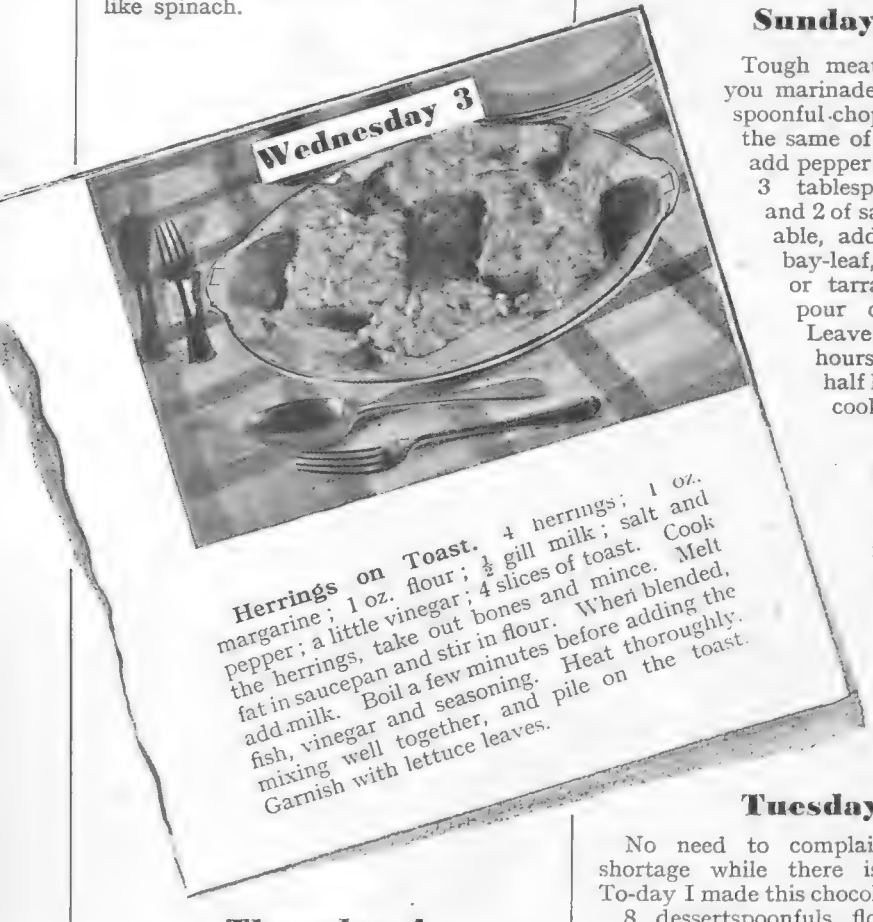
1 fair-sized or ½ outsize marrow; 6 tomatoes; 2 onions; any mushroom stalks available (optional); 1 oz. margarine; 1 teaspoonful sugar; salt and pepper.

Peel marrow, remove seeds, cut in cubes. Skin tomatoes after dipping in boiling water. Peel and slice onions. Clean and slice mushroom stalks.

In a lidded casserole or saucepan put enough water to cover the bottom. Add the prepared vegetables, margarine, sugar and seasoning. Stew slowly, closely covered, for 1½ to two hours.

Tuesday 2

Hot cooked beetroots are given a kick by serving with horseradish sauce. Beetroot tops, by the way, can be cooked like spinach.



Herrings on Toast. 4 herrings; 1 oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; ½ gill milk; salt and pepper; a little vinegar; 4 slices of toast. Cook the herrings, take out bones and mince. Melt fat in saucepan and stir in flour. When blended, add milk. Boil a few minutes before adding the fish, vinegar and seasoning. Heat thoroughly, mixing well together, and pile on the toast. Garnish with lettuce leaves.

Thursday 4

Here is a useful lunch or supper dish. Make it in a shallow pie-dish or tin.

¾ lb. sausage meat; ½ lb. windfall or cooking apples; a little chutney or chopped pickle; lemon substitute.

For pastry: 8 oz. flour; 2 oz. dripping; 1 level teaspoonful baking powder; 1 level teaspoonful salt; ½ teaspoonful sage; little cold water.

Make short crust pastry in the usual way, sprinkling in the finely powdered sage after rubbing in fat. Line the greased pie-dish with pastry. Add a layer of sausage meat, then a layer of apple slices, then a little chutney or pickle and "lemon" juice. Repeat the layers, and cover with a thin lid of pastry. Pinch edges together, prick with fork. Bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven.

(Regulo, Mark 6.)

Friday 5

When making sardine salad, use the oil, with vinegar, salt and pepper, to make a french dressing.

Saturday 6

Hot Potato Salad. Boil some jacket potatoes, peel while hot and cut into cubes. Mix the potatoes in a dressing made with pepper, salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, mustard, a little salad oil, top milk (warmed) and a dash of vinegar. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, mint or onion before serving hot.

Sunday 7

Tough meat is improved if you marinade it. Mix 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley and the same of chopped onion; add pepper and salt; stir in 3 tablespoonfuls vinegar and 2 of salad oil If available, add a few herbs—bay-leaf, a sprig of thyme or tarragon. Mix and pour over the meat. Leave for at least two hours, basting every half hour or so. Then cook as usual.

Monday 8

Scum skimmed from jam can be used instead of sugar when stewing fruit. Boil the scum with a very little water to a syrup, and strain.

Tuesday 9

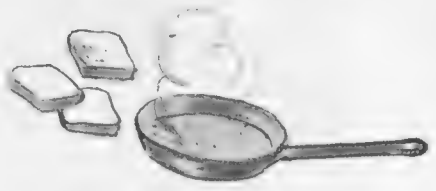
No need to complain of chocolate shortage while there is cocoa about. To-day I made this chocolate eggless cake.

8 dessertspoonfuls flour; 3 dessertspoonfuls ground rice; 4 dessertspoonfuls cocoa; 7 dessertspoonfuls granulated sugar; 1 small dessertspoonful baking powder; 2 oz. lard; milk and water or sour milk to mix.

Mix all dry ingredients, and rub in lard. Add sufficient liquid to mix to a stiff batter. Bake in a lined tin in a moderate oven for one to 1½ hours.

(Regulo, Mark 4.)

Wednesday 10



Bread fried in bacon fat won't become hard if you pass each piece quickly under the cold water tap, and put wet side down into the pan.

Thursday 11

Apple and Tomato Chutney. 2 lb. apples (peeled, cored and sliced); 1 lb. onions (peeled and chopped); 1 lb. sugar; 1 quart vinegar; 2 lb. green tomatoes; ½ oz. chillies (if available); 1 lb. stoned raisins; 2 tablespoonfuls salt.

Put all in a large saucepan and boil slowly until brown—about three hours. Keep stirring occasionally.

Friday 12

Bacon dripping can be used to lighten a pudding instead of margarine or suet.

Saturday 13

You will need no eggs to bind rissoles or fish cakes if you use a little boiled rice in the mixture.

Sunday 14

When guests come to Sunday tea, use a home-made spread instead of the butter ration. A good one is finely shredded lettuce mixed with grated apple and eggless mayonnaise (recipe given on September 28).

Monday 15

Field mushrooms are ready now; drawback is they absorb so much fat when frying. Grill them instead, brushing on both sides with oil or melted fat first.

Tuesday 16

If a thick or creamy soup has to stand on the stove to await latecomers, whisk it up with an egg-beater before pouring out.

September 1941

Wednesday 17

Marrow Soup. 1 large marrow; 2 oz. dripping; 1 onion; 1 pint milk or milk and water; 2 pints white stock or vegetable stock; 2 oz. flour; salt and pepper.

Peel marrow, cut in chunks and remove seeds. Chop onion. Heat half the dripping in a saucepan, and cook the onion and marrow fifteen minutes. Add the two liquids and cook till tender. Melt the rest of the dripping and add it to the soup, which you have first rubbed through a sieve; blend the flour with a little soup and add it. Season to taste. Stir until boiling.

Thursday 18

Rabbits are good this month. Roast rabbit makes a passable substitute for roast chicken; it is extra good if you put an onion inside it and smear the outside with fairly thickly made mustard.

Friday 19

Custard Fruit Jelly. 1 pint custard (made with powder); 3 oz. ripe fruit; ½ oz. gelatine; sugar or golden syrup; 3 tablespoonfuls hot water.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water and pour on to it the hot custard. Stir fruit in, and sweeten to taste. Pour into a wetted mould to set.

Saturday 20

Tomato and Bean Salad. Equal quantities of cold cooked french beans and peeled, sliced tomatoes; chopped onion; chopped parsley; french dressing; salt and pepper; cos lettuce.

Mix beans and tomatoes with dressing, and leave to marinade for at least half an hour. Add parsley and onion and seasoning; pile on a bed of lettuce.

Sunday 21

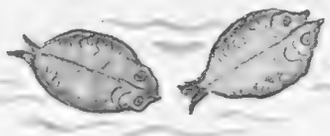
You can't pickle *all* the red cabbage which comes from the garden. Try it as a hot vegetable. Shred finely, soak in water and cook in lidded saucepan or casserole with 1 oz. fat, 1 small chopped onion, salt and pepper and grated nutmeg. When tender (about 1½ hours) add one dessertspoonful of sugar and two of vinegar. A cooking apple can be added half-way through the cooking—peeled, cored and sliced.

Monday 22

Wheat Scone. 6 oz. wheatmeal; 2 oz. flour; 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar; 1 teaspoonful margarine; ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1 teacup milk or water.

Blend dry ingredients together and rub in margarine and quickly stir in enough liquid to make a softish dough. Flour a baking tin and put on it the mixture, marked into four divisions. Bake half an hour in a hot oven.

Tuesday 23



Most economical way of cooking kippers is to put them in a frying-pan with just enough cold water to cover, bring to boil and simmer one minute. They will then be juicy instead of dry for breakfast.

Wednesday 24

If you can get hold of some cider, use it for pickling. Equal parts of cider and vinegar are an excellent pickle liquid for preserving nasturtium seeds to use as capers (mix the capers with salt, peppercorns and horseradish shavings, pour the boiling liquid over, and leave one hour in the oven before sealing). The same mixture makes elderberry ketchup (simmer elderberries in the liquid for two hours with bayleaf, thyme and, if possible, garlic; strain, add a little sugar and salt, boil up again and bottle, adding peppercorns and grated horseradish).

Thursday 25

Brittany Soup. 3 onions; 3 tomatoes; 1½ pints milk and water mixed; ½ a small brown loaf (stale); 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese; 1 teaspoonful margarine; salt and pepper.

Heat margarine and cook onions and tomatoes (peeled and sliced) in it. When onions are golden brown, put in the liquid. Add the bread, well crumbled, and season. Simmer slowly for about twenty to twenty-five minutes. Pass through a sieve, add grated cheese and serve.

Friday 26

Watercress sauce is good with grilled mackerel or herring.

Clean one bunch watercress and chop off the stalks. Boil leafy parts quickly for four minutes, strain and chop finely. Melt 1 oz. margarine, stir in 1 oz. flour and cook. Add 1 gill fish stock or milk. Boil, and add 1 teaspoonful chopped capers, ½ teaspoonful vinegar and the watercress. Mix well.

Poona Potatoes. 1½ to 2 lb. boiled potatoes; 1 chopped onion; ½ oz. flour; ¾ pint vegetable stock or water; 1 apple (sliced); 1 oz. dripping; 1 dessertspoonful curry powder; 1 teaspoonful chutney.

Make dripping hot and cook apple and onion for ten minutes. Scatter in flour and curry powder and cook a little, stirring well. Put in the chutney and the stock, and stir until boiling; season and simmer twenty minutes. Put in potatoes, sliced, and cook till thoroughly hot. Serve in boiled rice.

Sunday 28

Eggless Mayonnaise. 1 tablespoonful flour; 1 teaspoonful dry mustard; 2 tablespoonfuls salad oil; 1 oz. margarine or other fat; ½ pint milk; little vinegar; salt and pepper.

Melt fat, blend in flour and mustard and make a sauce by adding the milk. Let it cool when cooked and stir occasionally. Gradually beat in the oil, season and add a dash of vinegar.

Monday 29

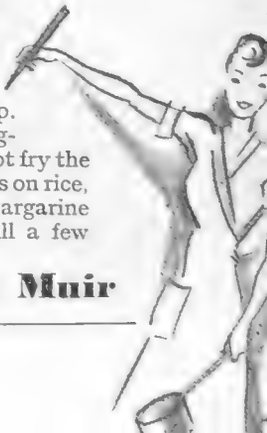
Reminder about preserving runner beans—allow 1 lb. salt to 4 lb. vegetables. Store in layers in a crock, sprinkling each layer with salt. Cover with a plate and weigh down. Next day, if brine does not cover beans, add more salt.

Tuesday 30

Savoury Rice. ½ lb. rice; 2 onions; 1 teaspoonful dripping; 1 teaspoonful margarine; 1 tablespoonful grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Have a large saucepan full of boiling water, and cook rice fast for twenty-five minutes. Drain, saving liquid for thickening soup.

Heat dripping in frying-pan and when smoking hot fry the onions, sliced. Put onions on rice, season, add dabs of margarine and the cheese, and grill a few minutes.



Harriet Muir

The Lays Of The Land

One hen will give five eggs a week

Are you one of the stoics who have listened to friends rhapsodising about their home-laid breakfast egg each morning, with a rather superior air of indifference? Maybe, by now you are in the mood to pocket your pride and become a hen-keeper yourself. Not for the love of hens—but because hens have sufficient oomph to lay an average of five or six eggs a week when they are on top of their form.

There are three choices before you this month. Six-month-old pullets that will start laying immediately. Last year's hens that will lay again after Christmas, with luck—and lay for a year. Or two-, three-, four- or five-month-old pullets. Work out that pullets generally start laying when they are six months, and you will know how long, respectively, you will have to wait before you find your first egg.

This year it may be a case of get what you can. Egg and fodder rationing has curtailed the hatchings, and you will find the young pullets costing quite a lot. If you do get very young pullets be most particular about rearing them—mix cod liver oil with their mash in cold weather, if you can still get it.

The most popular, easily obtainable cross-breed is the Rhode Island Red crossed Light Sussex. These birds are good layers; they are not too heavy or clumsy when it comes to hatching out a brood—yet they are a good size for putting in the oven when they come to the end of their egg-laying career. The time for them to turn into one good meal is after they have laid for two years before their second moult period in the case of hens, and from four to six months if having brought up a sitting of chickens, you fatten the cockerels for the table.

You will need 4 square feet per bird for an intensive hen-house, the flooring of which can be either earth or wood covered with litter. This is the smallest space possible. The house should face away from the winter winds; the fixtures — perches, nests and food and drinking vessels — should be kept very clean.

Make certain that the drinking water is well out of the way of any droppings. Have a droppings board under the perch, keep the nests away from the perches, and have a good bunch of greens hung up so that the hens must reach, or even jump to get their beak full. The nests should be large enough for a full-sized hen to turn in, and you should have one nest to each three hens, even if they do all queue up for the favourite. You must have food utensil, grit utensil, drinking vessel, dust bath, perches, and droppings board in the hen-house. If you have a run, the eating and drinking utensils are outside, and the hens will make their own dust bath. Get really heavy or well-fixed troughs and vessels that will not spill or turn turtle easily.

Food is the axle on which the happiness of hen and keeper turns. In peace time one meal a day was grain, one meal mash. These days it will be two mash meals for most hens. You can make pseudo-grain by putting moist bread scraps through the mincer. The pressure and the moisture will make them come out like little worms of bread, mince them straight on to a tin tray and bake them in this shape; they will be just like grain and your hens will eat them with relish. As for the mash, it can be practically anything except bad tinned food, rhubarb or rhubarb leaves, and coffee grounds. Sometimes you should add greens to your mash.

Everything should be put through the mincer, then boiled until it is well cooked. The additional balancer meal is then put to the mash and this should bring it to a very dry consistency. A wet mash is very bad for the hens. Lawn cuttings will do very well for greens. Raw swedes or turnip will add the precious vitamins in winter. Fish and meat scraps are invaluable, but make sure that you don't give your hens too much fat, because this will put them into a condition that is not conducive to laying.

If any of the hens are weakly, try feeding them with cod liver oil or milk; if they are sick give them a fountain-pen filler of castor oil (you'll need help for this); if they are overheated, a weak solution of Glauber salts. If the yolks of the eggs are too pale it indicates that your hens need a little more meat or proteins. If the yolks are too vivid a yellow it means that they are having too much of this type of food. If the egg shells are soft or not properly formed see that the hens get more grit. If a hen is sneezing and watery-eyed you can dip its whole head in a weak solution of some disinfectant—Izal or iodine (a teaspoonful to a half a gallon).

Colds will travel and sometimes prove fatal. If one hen is definitely weak or ailing, cut your losses and off with its head. Broody hens are those which, overcome by motherly instincts, sit on their nests all day, refusing to lay. Catch them as soon as possible and put them in a coop that has slats of wood for the floor, the uprising draughts will discourage them from sitting, and they will lose their longings for a family and become layers again.

ROUTINE

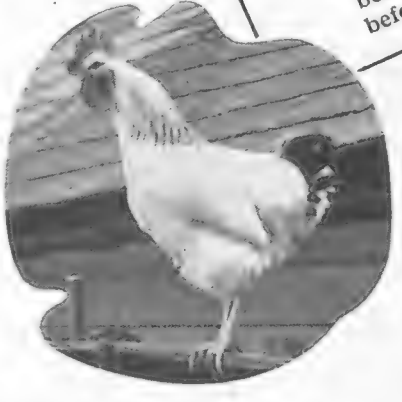
8 a.m. or earlier. First feed of the day—mash or grain substitute, 5 oz. per bird. Clean water. See that grit bowl is full. Clean droppings board in intensive house.

12 a.m. Green scraps.

5 p.m. The mash; hot in winter, it can be cold in summer. Keep varied in flavour if possible. Collect eggs.

Weekly. Thoroughly cleanse hen house, scrape and scrub droppings board. Scrub out all the eating and drinking vessels. Clean dust bath, and put shaking of good insecticide in it. Renew straw in the nests and sprinkle a little insecticide in them. Add a very weak solution of permanganate of potash to the drinking water.

Monthly. Repaint at least the perches with a mixture of 75 per cent paraffin to 25 per cent creosote. The entire interior of hen house should have been painted with this a few days before the advent of the hens.



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SMOKERS' 'FUR'

How to detect it— How to prevent it.

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking.

Sold everywhere at 7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½ a tube (including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Mary Young's

Purchase Tactics

Most of the big stores have opened renovation departments to eke out our precious coupons, but one London firm has gone even further. It has engaged a brilliant young designer to plot and plan alterations for those whose brain waves don't work in this direction.

Give her an old dress, or coat, or suit. Better still, two garments to be made into one. You may be at your wits' end to know what can be made of such unpromising material, but she will evolve a new outfit that will make your friends think you have mortgaged the whole of next winter's ration book.

If you cannot call personally, the service operates just as well by post, and sketches of the proposed transformation are sent to you before work is begun.

Charges range from about 10s. 6d. for small alterations such as a new neckline, up to three guineas for entirely remodelling the garment.

Have you mastered the art of darning your household linen so that it looks like the exquisite mending which decorates restaurant tablecloths? I couldn't manage it, until I found a darning attachment for slipping on to my sewing machine. It costs about 3s. 6d., and turns this chore into a positive pleasure.

Washing up is a loathsome business, but less so if you first remove all scraps and grease from plates and dishes. There's a little rubber scraper, costing 8d., which does this for you in a flash. Another kitchen help. A gadget, looking rather like a loofah, for collecting the fur inside kettles. Price 3d.

Cleaning out gas stoves is a none too pleasant job, but it is made far more tolerable with a preparation which dissolves the grease and dirt in a flash and makes it unnecessary to use messy soda and water. Price 1s. a tin, including a piece of that difficult-to-come-by treasure, steel wool.

And for those of you who want an emergency cooker for shelters, country cottages, or town houses where a blitz may cut off the gas supply, there is a most useful little electric table cooker on which you can boil or fry. It can be worked off the light, consumes three-quarters of a unit per hour and costs 15s.

Cleaning upholstered furniture and carpets is no problem at all with a spirit cleaner which removes dirt and freshens up the colours in a remarkable way.

I have used this on a delicate pink tapestry chair, and on a much tramped on fitted carpet, with equally good results. Price 1s. and 2s. 6d. a bottle.

There is nothing like a hot and sunny summer for making one's eyes look tired and strained, and for bringing out a most unbecoming network of lines, and the trouble always seems worst just when your husband is arriving on leave, or you have some other special reason for wanting to look young and sparkling.

The remedy is to soak a couple of pads of cotton wool in a special anti-wrinkle lotion, place them over your eyes and relax for a few minutes. Then, with eyes brightened, skin freshened, lines tautened, you can face the world.

Another beauty life-saver is a skin clearing cream which will bleach the suntan you acquired earlier in the summer and now find unbecomingly yellow. It also tones up sallow skins and removes blemishes caused by excess acidity. This costs 5s. 6d. a jar, including tax; the anti-wrinkle lotion is 6s. 9d.

If any of the subjects answer your current problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information

British History in Stone (*Continued from page 3*)

no other officer who might command on foreign service would be subjected to the disadvantages I laboured under."

In between, his career as Commander-in-Chief was not to run smoothly. He would have been no Hanoverian had illicit amours not crept into his life. The first official lady was a Mrs. Clarke, and the second a Mrs. Cary.

Now the Duke of Kent felt that his own none too successful army career was largely due to his elder brother's dislike of him, and became privy to an unpleasant plot. A certain Colonel Wardle unearthed what was believed to be a system of military promotion based on payments to Mrs. Clarke, who then influenced the Duke. £2,600 for a majority, £1,500 for a company, £550 for a lieutenancy, and so on. The Duke became subject to an open inquiry in the House of Commons, during the course of which his ardent love-letters to the ex-mistress, the vengeful Mrs. Clarke, were made public to the nation.

It was all unpleasant, and yet typical of so much royal scandal of the day. The vote was in favour of the Duke's innocence, 278 to 196. But he retired, just the same. Yet in the end an upholsterer's writ revealed that Colonel Wardle had bribed Mrs. Clarke.

Frederick slowly regained his popularity. He even strengthened it in the post-Napoleon days by championing the Protestant cause against the Roman Catholics' desire for release from unjust restrictions. His name may have been reviled in Ireland, but the Protestant heart of England warmed to the honest, bluff old fellow who declared in the House of Lords, "So help me God," that he would willingly go to the scaffold for his beliefs.

"Tall, with immense *embonpoint*," recorded the ubiquitous Baron Stockmar, soon to be such an influence in Victoria's life, "and not proportionately strong legs. He holds himself in such a way that one is continually afraid he will tumble over backwards: very bald and a not very intelligent face."

Little Victoria liked old Frederick, now wifeless but still clinging to the hope that George IV would die in time for him to reach the throne and escape from some of his pressing debts (Mr. Coats, for one, had invested hugely in his regal chances).

The Queen-to-be found him a shy and lovable old boy.

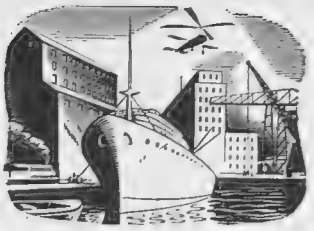
"My dear uncle," she wrote to him at Brighton in 1826, "I offer you many congratulations on your birthday—very many with my best love—for all your kindness to me—and it has been a great pleasure to me this year to write to my uncle. We hope that Brighton does you a great deal of good. Believe me, uncle, your very affectionate niece, Victoria."

Brighton did not do the Duke of York a great deal of good. His August visit in 1826 was his last. While the building which he was having erected (he was quite broke!) was going merrily ahead on grandiose lines, the Duke lay slowly dying in Arlington Street, still doing his daily duties as C.-in-C. On January 7, 1827, he died. The nation was genuinely sad, especially the ordinary folk, to whom the vices of the Seven Wicked Uncles had always appeared rather admirable in persons of such high rank.

The great mansion? It became Lancaster House, the home to-day of the London Museum. And Carlton House, scene of so many of the orgies of youth? Torn down, and from it now rises the Duke of York's Column.

END

INDUSTRY IN THE FUTURE



One of the most striking achievements of the war is the thorough reorganisation of Industry.

It is difficult now to suggest just how Industry will employ itself when its preoccupation with war is gone, but we can be sure that the trade revival after the war will yield results in the form of manufactured goods for our own use, and for sale abroad, that only the word astonishing, used in its exact sense, will adequately describe.

In our own lifetime we have seen the invention of the telephone, the world-wide application of wireless, the birth of television, the discovery of radium, the development of aviation, the talking picture, colour photography and dozens of other astonishing accomplishments. The brains of Industry will be impoverished indeed if they do not improve upon even this imposing record within the next decade.

The products of our enterprise and labour will be carried far across the world. Long-distance air-liners will introduce salesmen to hitherto inaccessible communities where new friends will be made and new customers found.

Fast ships will unload in distant ports, transferring their "British Made" cargoes to transport aeroplanes and helicopters for speedy delivery to remote places. They will return with valuable cargoes for our own consumption or for conversion into useful commodities for sale at home and abroad. "Distance no object" will have a genuine ring in commercial transactions of the future.

Today, Industry is learning—in a remarkably short space of time—very much that will never be forgotten. The discovery of new materials and the ingenuity of scientists, engineers and others exercised in moulding them to our immediate purpose will have a truly surprising effect upon life and work in the future.

Also, with the unprecedented development of the methods of mass production, and the consequent speeding up of manufacturing processes, we may look forward to shorter working hours, allowing more time for leisure and for living, and more opportunity to enjoy the thousand and one useful things that post-war Industry will produce for the happiness of all mankind.

Pears

RENOWNED AS THE LEADING TOILET SOAP SINCE 1789

TP/241/34

No. 3 of a series of advertisements issued by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

In a man's job, there's no time for "not so good days"

War work won't wait . . . . . a man's job doesn't allow for feminine disabilities. Tampax—sanitary protection worn, internally—has come to the rescue of thousands of women on service. It gives new freedom; complete comfort; assured effectiveness in action. And it's compact and convenient, both for use and disposal.

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Sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, *and other chemists, departmental stores and drapers,* WOOLWORTH'S *and* MARKS & SPENCER LTD.

SUPPLIED TO THE N.A.A.F.I.

TAMPAX

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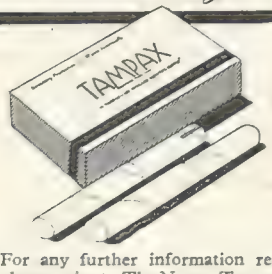

FREE For any further information regarding Tampax please write to The Nurse, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex. A generous sample will be sent in plain wrapper if you send a postcard with your name and address. This offer does not apply in Eire.

T.5

PROPAX Tablets kill the pain and relieve the cause

Off the Record

(*Continued from page* 8)

That gave Arthur an idea. He decided to go back and see Logan.

Lake got to the station about six-fifteen. He bought a ticket for Rugby, which was the first stop, and went through the barrier; he was carrying a suitcase. He chose a carriage about the middle of the train, put the suitcase on the rack and then got down on the platform and walked along to the restaurant car. He asked the attendant about the dinner and was told there would only be one service. He then went to a call-box and got on the phone to Logan.

By the time he had finished phoning the train was filling up and he had to locate Sir Weldon and Madame de Larneau. This was easy, for he had been given the numbers of their reserved seats; also it was simple to pick out the Frenchwoman. He had seen her sort before; she was just another broad, dolled up to look like a lady.

Sir Weldon had arranged to have no one else put in his carriage as Logan had said he would do, though this was not necessary as there weren't many first-class passengers. In fact, there were only two other passengers in the first-class coach. Arthur Lake was glad of this; he would not have liked it if there had been kids in the compartment next to Sir Weldon's. Until the train started he hung around on the platform near Sir Weldon's carriage. He noted that the Frenchwoman had taken the corner seat facing the engine; Sir Weldon was sitting opposite. He also observed that Sir Weldon went along to the restaurant car and booked two places for dinner; so far everything was going the way it should. When the guard ordered all passengers on to the train, Arthur made for his carriage and settled down in his seat, after making sure the suit case he had brought was firm in the rack.

HE read a paper till the restaurant car attendant announced that dinner was ready; then he got up and went into the corridor. Sir Weldon came along with Madame de Larneau as the attendant called. Arthur watched them go into the restaurant car, then went to his own carriage and took down his suitcase; he carried the case along to the compartment Sir Weldon and the Frenchwoman had left. He closed the door of the compartment and pulled the blinds down over the windows looking on to the corridor. He then took a knife from his pocket and set to work to slit open the stuffed cushion in Sir Weldon's corner seat. He worked away carefully for several minutes removing the stuffing from the cushion and taking care not to damage the cover; then he opened his suitcase, restuffed the cushion with what was in it and put the cover back. He gathered up all the stuffing, put it in his suitcase, let the blinds up again and carried the case back to his own carriage. After this he went back to the corridor and stood outside Sir Weldon's compartment until the train reached Rugby. He gave himself another marijuana to pass the time.

At Rugby Arthur got out; he did not leave the station at once, but walked along the platform to the restaurant car. The extra daylight hour left plenty of time before the blackout and Arthur could see Sir Weldon sitting opposite Madame de Larneau. They were having coffee. The train pulled out after a few minutes. Arthur stood watching it go; he was so pleased about things that he waved his hand to the red light at the rear of the train. Then he saw a fellow with a big chest, wearing a brown suit and big boots, watching him and realised it was just one of those days. The dick looked at the suitcase in Arthur's hand; he knew Arthur and wondered why he should be standing on the platform waving to the back of a train he had just got out of. He walked up in a leisurely way and said: "Hallo!"

Arthur tried to look as if he did not know the detective. The dick had only seen him a couple of times before; there was a chance he was not quite sure who he was talking to.

"Are you living in Rugby now?" the dick asked.

"Who, me?" Arthur replied, looking at the station clock. The train he was taking back to London was due on the other side in a minute or two.

"Yes, you," said the dick, looking at the suitcase Arthur was carrying.

"No, I don't live in Rugby," Arthur said. "Then what did you get out here for?"

Arthur saw the London train coming in. He started towards the subway trying to look as if he resented being spoken to by a stranger.

"Wait a minute," the dick said, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"If you don't stop molesting me I'll call the police," Arthur said.

The dick laughed and tightened his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Suppose you come along and see us now; we'd like to know what you've got in that suitcase," he said.

"That's what's in it," said Arthur, suddenly swinging the suitcase upwards and catching the dick on the point of the jaw with the metalled edge.

The dick dropped. Arthur raced for the subway. As he ran there was a crashing explosion; though it was some way off it was loud enough to attract attention for it sounded like a bomb and the alarm had not gone. Under cover of this diversion Arthur jumped into the London train as it was pulling out. He had one worry left. Would the dick revive in time to telephone to London to have him met? He hoped the blighter had cracked the back of his head, when he hit the platform.

Arthur got to Logan's flat without meeting any one else he knew. Though it was getting late he found a table laid for two in Logan's sitting-room.

"Everything go off all right?" Logan asked.

"Maybe too well," said Arthur, putting down the suitcase. "There was the hell of a noise."

"I suppose that was to be expected," Logan said.

Arthur looked a bit shaky. "If I've wrecked the train and killed a lot of people there'll be an inquiry about this." he said.

"You won't have done that. It was quite a small mine."

"You said it would blow up a tank!"

"Yes, but the blast goes up, not down; the axle would be all right."

"Well you'd know." Arthur took the glass Logan handed to him. He poured the drink down his throat. "I ran into a dick on the platform at Rugby that knows me," he said.

"How well?" Logan asked a little anxiously.

"He's seen me a couple of times."

"That won't matter," Logan said.

"I hope not. I slugged him." Arthur gave an account of his escape.

LOGAN laughed. "You fellows certainly think quick. Wait a minute. I'll make sure everything is all right," he went to the telephone and dialled.

Arthur listened to the conversation. His face wrinkling with apprehension as he heard Logan say: "Is that you, inspector?" Logan chatted about some matter Arthur did not know about, then finished up. "Look here, inspector, I'd like a word with you. Could you come round here in half an hour's time?"

"What's the idea?" Arthur asked coldly.

"Something you'll like," Logan said. "Now let's have something to eat. I'll just put this in the other room." He took the suitcase away.

"That was an eight pounds pressure mine," Logan said, as they were finishing dinner. "So if Sir Weldon sat on it, it would be sure to go off."

"He sat on it all right," Arthur said, thinking of the way the station glass had rattled.

Just then the bell (*Continued on page* 51)

FIVE LITTLE COUPONS

Go shopping FOR SHOES

"... and so these five little Coupons, in search of lasting quality, finally decided that DOLCIS SHOES offered the best value from *every* point of view. Although lasting quality will now very rightly dominate every purchase of shoes, utility you see *can* be gracefully expressed."

Style 2374. Casual, 3 Eyelette Tie, in Suede, trimmed with contrasting coloured Calf. Crepe sole. In Black/Red, Wine/Carrot, Brown/Cherry, Blue/Carrot or Green/Red - - - - 37/6

Style 2741. Calf side lace, studded. Obtainable in Black, Nigger, Light Tan, Blue or Green Calf 32/6

Style 1844. Contrasting coloured crepe sole, side lace. In Black, Brown, Blue or Wine Suede; Black, Tan, Wine Ice or Blue Calf - - - - - 40/-

Style 9305. Suede Bow Court, contrasting coloured stitching and piping. Obtainable in Black, Blue, Wine or Brown Suede 35/-

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Dateless simplicity! Cunningly designed Wolsey Shirtmakers in soft, close-woven jersey. Grand, stimulating colours!
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Tvy.
Fashion News by Wolsey

went. Arthur sat back tensely, his hard little eyes watching Logan.

"That'll be the inspector," Logan said, getting up.

Arthur jumped up and put himself between Logan and the door. "Listen, pal. If that dick has come to, they'll have circulated a description of me. Maybe it'll be better for us both if you find another room for me to sit in."

"You'll be quite all right here," Logan said. "Sit down over there," he pointed to an easy chair.

Once again Arthur got the feeling he used to get when he was talking to his boss in the old days. He sat down in the armchair and lit up one of Logan's cigarettes.

"Come in, inspector," he heard Logan say. "Meet a friend of mine. This is Inspector James—Mr. Arthur Lake."

The inspector gave Arthur a long look but did not say anything except: "How do you do?"

"I'm one of Mr. Lake's fans," Logan said. "I wonder if you read his account of his experiences with the American underworld; extremely interesting."

The inspector continued to stare at Arthur. An account of Arthur's activities at Rugby had come over the wire just before he left the Yard. The officer's eyes swept the table cluttered with crockery for two.

"Mr. Lake has been spending the evening with me," Logan said. "I found his conversation so interesting that we have been sitting on talking for hours. By the way, have they got those children out of that shelter yet?"

"Not yet, sir." The inspector's face hardened. The London police have their own views of the Nazi night bombers.

Logan passed the cigarettes to the inspector. "I wanted to see you about Sir Weldon Oak's departure from this country. Has anything come in about stopping him?"

"It won't be necessary, sir. He and Madame de Larneau were blown to bits in a train outside Rugby to-night."

"Blown to bits! How?"

"Well, sir, at first we thought it might be a delayed action bomb on the line. But the extent of damage to the understructure does not bear that out; the train was not even derailed."

"What a ghastly business." Logan's eyes met the inspector's gravely. Arthur smiled.

"Sir Weldon won't be much loss to the country from things I've heard, though it is not for me to say so," the inspector added.

"A lot of people will agree with you, inspector. I certainly do." Logan placed himself in front of the fireplace. "You said something about a bomb. Do you think he was murdered or was it an act of war?"

END

On Duty—and Off (*Continued from page 29*)

On Duty

shoulder height, elbows bent with the fingers just touching the centre of the chest and the elbows can be as high as possible. Then the elbows are drawn backwards as far as possible, keeping them as high as possible, while the child breathes in, expanding the lower part of the ribs. When the ribs are fully expanded the child breathes out by contracting the tummy muscles, and at the same time the hands are slid back across the chest until the finger-tips are touching again in the centre line. This exercise must be carried out slowly and deliberately and continued for two minutes.

Nasal obstruction caused by adenoids tends to make a child flat-chested or pigeon-chested and produces round shoulders. A child who is slightly deaf or has poor eyesight may also acquire round shoulders as a result of continually straining to hear what is being said or see more clearly. The chest expansion exercises will cope with the round shoulders also.

Shortage of fruit juice has caused a lot of mouth trouble in our large towns recently, and the condition is known as Vincent's angina, and the sooner it is treated the better. If a child seems to be going off its food make it open its mouth and have a "look see." Vitamin C concentrates, which you can get at the chemist, will go a long way towards saving you this trouble.

Off Duty

which case he is cared for night and day. His superior officers and N.A.A.F.I. will take on the duties of his wife and care for his every need, but if he is a civilian he will be left to fend for himself, and Englishmen are not brought up to fend for themselves when it comes to bed-making, cooking, wash-day and amusing themselves. The wife who leaves her husband indefinitely has only herself to blame if she loses him. If, on the other hand, she sticks to him and sends her children away, one of three things may happen. She may have luck, and then her children will be billeted with a woman of the same class and same means as her own, or they may be billeted with someone not of her own class, who will bring her children up with every kindness and consideration but will give them ideas which do not fit into their normal home life. Now, this may sound petty but it is a very real problem to mothers who have evacuated their children. It may be fun for little Joan to have a bath every day, sleep in fine sheets and eat the kind of food she would not be getting at home, but when little Joan eventually comes home she has grown not only too big for her boots but too grand for her surroundings.

Another disadvantage of evacuation is connected with health. The medical service in the overcrowded evacuation areas is not as well run as that of the large cities. Medical care for children is highly specialised, and large numbers of our evacuated children have suffered from lack of this. We who nurse them have seen them come back to their homes in a really shocking state, and who can blame the mother for keeping them here?

At a little supper party last week I sat next to such a nice man, and during the course of conversation he told me how shocked he was to see so many children back in London again.

"Have you got any children?" I asked.

"Yes, a boy of seven and a girl of five."

"Did you think of sending them to America or Canada last year?"

"We thought of it very seriously," he said, "but we decided we would rather keep them with us and let them take their chance."

"Are you in a very safe part?"

"Nowhere is very safe, is it?" he said.

I asked him what he would have felt if the Government had decided that his children would be safer out of the country and evacuated them forcibly without consulting him. He looked so angry at the mere suggestion that I laughed and then he looked quite mystified when I said:

"But why, if you think you have the right to decide this problem for yourself, should you consider that the London mother is not qualified to decide exactly the same problem? Neither you nor I have the right to dictate to any husband or wife what they shall do with their own children in the situation which they have to face to-day."

"What would you do if you were the Government?"

"I would provide one free evacuation and every facility for subsequent evacuations of children which should be paid for by the parents. I would also provide mobile ambulances to be sent round to all evacuation areas and the ambulances would be staffed by medical officers and nurses trained in children's work. They would not only be able to keep an eye on the children but also give advice to their foster mothers."

END

FOOD PROBLEMS?
LET OXO HELP YOU
★ This is the fourth of a series of recipes which show you how to make meals appetizing and nourishing these days.
KITCHEN HINT No. 4
BROWN JACK
1 OXO Cube
1 lb. potatoes
1 oz. dripping
½ lb. cooked meat
2 or 3 spring onions
Salt and pepper
Cut the meat and potatoes into ½ inch dice, and chop the onion. Dissolve the OXO Cube in ½ cupful of hot water, melt the dripping in a small frying pan and fry the meat and vegetables until slightly brown. Season well with pepper and salt and pour the OXO stock over. Cover and cook ¾ hour, by which time the under side should have a nice brown crust. Turn on to a hot dish, brown side upwards.
★ Watch for No. 5 in this Kitchen Hint Series
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Smith "Sectric" Clocks are munitions of war today . . . helping the Government to "plug into Greenwich time," earning foreign currency by being exported. So please accept our apologies if your Jeweller or Electrician cannot supply you right away.
SMITH SECTRIC
CLOCKS
plug in to Greenwich time
NO WINDING - NO REGULATING

"September" (*Continued from page 9*)

Mr. Chamberlain came back from his fishing in Scotland. The British Military Mission in Moscow was reported to be getting down to its job. Get Russia to our way of thinking, and all would be well. The weather continued fine.

I think the news of the pact between Germany and Russia on the 21st was one of the worst peacetime shocks that England has ever sustained. For, until then, there was still a little faith left in the integrity of the Nazi creed. But that Moscow and Berlin should—should, should : oh, no, it was monstrous ! And with our special mission still at work in the Soviet capital, too.

A city man (he was afterwards killed at Crete) rang me up on the morning when this Non-Aggression pact was made public. "By Gad," he said." "It's the best joke I've heard in my life. That's the F.O. for you. They've let us down with the biggest bang of the century. I've never laughed so much for years." You might have thought that he was delighted that we had been made a fool of by Berlin and Moscow ; but his sardonic enjoyment was only a manifestation of the English character, which takes such pleasure in disasters and funerals and defeats.

I think that from that morning onwards most of us felt that something rather tremendous must happen. On Saturday Sir Nevile Henderson flew back from Berlin to report to the Cabinet. The English correspondents in the German capital were already leaving, on the Embassy's advice. But that was not reported. President Roosevelt was making a finely-phrased plea for peace. "Do you think they'll use gas?" asked our friends. "Of course, if they bomb London, we'll bomb Berlin." Already it was being assumed (and the assumption was to die a lingering death) that the only two places worth bombing were the two capitals. I spoke to one of the Berlin correspondents on the Dutch frontier on the Wednesday of the fateful week. "The troops are rolling through Berlin day and night," he said. "Going east ?." I said. "Yes," he replied, "I should think it will be Sunday at the earliest."

Friday saw September 1st as blissfully sunny as August had been. I turned on the wireless to hear Hitler addressing the Reichstag. He was in fine ranting form. I listened for some minutes, until a phrase told me that already the war against Poland had begun.

That was a grim Friday ; it was an even grimmer Saturday. The Panzer divisions were still rolling eastwards across the Polish plains, and neither from Downing Street nor the Quai d'Orsay came any pronouncement. Paris was holding back for a moment, staggered at the last moment that the worst was indeed about to happen. Mr. Chamberlain faced a perplexed House of Commons in the afternoon. His manner was apologetic. The House was far from satisfied. From the Opposition benches rose Mr. Arthur Greenwood.

"Speak for England !" cried Mr. Amery.

Mr. Greenwood made the speech of his career, while Mr. Chamberlain sat in impotent embarrassment. Saturday closed in sombre greyness. Would we fulfil our pledge to Poland, or was another Munich on the horizon? The Government spokesman spoke vaguely of an ultimatum to Berlin, but no time was mentioned. I went and ordered a pound's worth of tinned goods, heedless of what had already been bought. (I have those tins intact today.)

The lights of Europe were going out for the second time in a generation. Literally, for that Saturday night saw as black a blackout as anyone might wish for, and Londoners cursed and stumbled through the streets. I dined at the "In & Out" club in Piccadilly. Nine-tenths of its members (and quite rightly so) were in uniform. The talk was of the expeditionary force that would be sent to France. Once during the night I heard an aeroplane overhead. Towards dawn a military convoy rumbled down Park Lane. Mr. Chamberlain, the B.B.C. said, was to speak at eleven o'clock in the morning.

In my office we sat round a portable wireless. A New York correspondent who had just arrived told of the detour made by his liner, and of its zig-zagging approach to landfall. Eleven o'clock. Mr. Chamberlain's sad and tired voice.

"I am speaking to you from the Cabinet room at number ten Downing Street . . . since eleven o'clock this country has been at war with Germany."

We all sighed, nodded our heads and gave each other wry smiles. I scribbled on my blotter : "The end? No, it's the beginning."

"Well," said someone. "That's that. Where do we go from here?"

The group dispersed to its task of producing a newspaper under wartime conditions again. The end? The end of so many things: security, civilized conduct, the easy pleasantries of peace, the courtesies of life. "Damn Hitler and blast all his works," I said to myself with vehemence. Then as I sat there in the Sunday morning sunshine of this September 3rd, 1939, there came through the open windows the banshee wail—throbbing and pregnant with menace—of the first air raid warning of the Second World War. Good lord, had they started already? Here was timing for you ! Half an hour after the declaration and the German bombers were on their way to "guernica" the capital. I knew fear for those first few moments. I think we all felt it in our various ways. But it was the fear of the unknown. I looked up into the blue sky. No pulsating roar of bombers as yet. A policeman on horseback trotted down the street blowing a whistle. Half an hour afterwards the all clear sounded. Everyone laughed. Probably a false alarm.

I talked to a barman in a West End hotel at lunch time. I said : "For the first drink of the war, I'll have. . . ." He looked mildly interested. "Is it war? I wasn't listening in this morning," he said. He was a Dutchman.

Monday the 4th saw all the theatres closed.

"All theatres, cinemas and other places of entertainment." There was much to talk about. The liner Athenia had been torpedoed and loss of life was said to be very heavy. French tanks were reported already rumbling into the Saar. Our own aeroplanes were attacking Heligoland. Memories of the last war flourished. What would be the "Tipperary" this time?

September 1939 !

Yes, sometimes it seems a very different world. But human beings are strangely adaptable creatures. Men in the trenches of Flanders, in the years between 1914 and 1918, became accustomed to lead lives that in peacetime they would not have wished on the lowest of animals. Strangely adaptable, we are. One year passed and we found ourselves in the middle of the first real bombing. Yet only a few weeks passed—and again we were adapting ourselves.

September 1939 !

But I dare say that to our children's children, it will be no more than a tiresome date to be remembered, with the rest of the ten-sixty-sixes, and that other one : which was it, August the third or fourth, 1914?

END

Bomber (*Continued from page 20*)

emergency in his easy and so-pleasant life.

As automatically as though he were coming down on a training field in Germany, he began to unfasten his flying gear. And the lights still burned, and he sat and he waited.

THE lights still burned and he watched them, and they were not flares but they were cressets, and they were blazing because they were filled with fuel, and his growing consciousness saw that they were of wrought iron like great braziers on some indistinguishable base.

Without knowing he did so, he stepped out of the plane because no one was coming towards him, and he stood on green sward, and it was rich, and the grass was good to feel even under his flying boots. Werner stood in the night air feeling the welcome breeze on his face, and walked a few yards from the bomber ; half turned, but an impenetrable blackness separated what had been his plane from his vision. That was to be expected, he thought, on a dark night when he had the glare of a burning beacon in his eyes.

Far over to his right, which pointed inland and higher, there was another blaze smaller than the first, and still farther and still higher another, until red flame faded into pinkish pin-point where the night horizon might have been.

He said to himself : "The guard should come up, because this is an aerodrome. They'll be here. For some unaccountable reason he wanted not to be alone ; but he was still alone, and the only thing to do was to find a cigarette by opening his fur-lined flying-coat, and to strike a match and to smoke it. "Then," he said to himself, "that will certainly bring them out. I don't know why they've got their own lights here, but my match will bring them. And he turned back again to look for the plane, but the darkness was still there, and he shrugged his shoulders at the darkness.

From behind the beacon fire two men appeared and walked towards him. Then he could have fainted, but around him was growing the sense of unreality which comes to a man when he has indigestion and his heart flutters, or he sits in a dentist's chair and waits for the tick-tock of the gas control to begin.

They were small men—one bare-headed and bearded, with a voice like a rasp, was talking to his rather taller companion volubly, but without gesticulation. The other, emerging into the great fan of light to which the fire had given birth, had on his head a queer steel helmet, Werner thought, something like the French, those battered cans he had picked up when first he was stationed near the Belgian border, but the fin was higher and the brim was wide and concave. The uniform was brown, as he could see it while the man advanced. "Oh, yes," he said to himself, "a leather flying coat. He has his coat on but why his helmet?" And the boots were like German boots, he thought, long and brown, but over the knee. Over the knee? he thought. In the old days a field marshal wore boots like that when he was on a review parade, but not soft ones ; and as they walked to him he saw that the edges of the boot far above the knee were crenellated, and the leather flopped and was like a chamois or a suède. And in the short space between the end of the leather flying coat and the top of the boots were baggy blue trousers, slit, with great white alternating patches. He stepped back, and they were upon him.

"Good-night, old man," they said, or one of them first. "What the devil are you doing here?"

He found himself speaking in the English he knew so well, with that trace of thickness which had never bothered him when genial English hosts had had him to their homes. "I just came down here," he said. "I was waiting for you."

The red-headed man looked at him. "Waiting for us? What the hell do you mean, waiting for us? Did you have a meeting with us here? We haven't been here more than three-quarters of an hour, and that was because instructions came to light Red Bess." The tall man looked at him with more than passing interest. "You're a Swabian. You must have been in the Netherlands. With whom were you? Philip? Good God, no ; of course not Philip. Alva? But you're too young for that." (*Continued on page 54*)

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The red-headed man broke in : "Anyway, why waste time standing out here. Red Bess is alight. Bess is alight all across England to-night. We'll have a pint."

Werner felt himself whitening. "Listen," he said, "I have just come down here. Have a look at this uniform."

"Good God," said the red-headed man. "I've never seen a funnier looking fellow. Have a look at him, Tom, closely. Interesting. I like your boots. Where did you get the fur? That's a funny leather hat you've got. What are those things dangling by your ears? You look like a Court fool on holiday."

The tall man interrupted. "He'll tell us when we get into the inn. Come on, old chap, come and sit down with us, because we're hungry, and you look hungry. You look tired and you look white. You shouldn't be white to-night of all nights. There are no men in England to-night with white faces. But there are plenty of hungry men, and by God I'm hungry."

Werner made one last attempt to put himself at ease. "Listen," he said. "I've come down on this landing field."

The red-headed man laughed. "Landing field ! That's good. I must tell old Treharne about that. It's a new name for it. Landing field !" He laughed quietly and enjoyed himself in laughter.

Werner continued : "I've just come from Germany, and I've been shot down."

The tall man looked. "Shot down? Shot down?" he repeated.

"Yes," said Werner, "shot down. And will you take me please to the mess, let me have a drink, and then do the usual routine. I think the other boys have been killed."

The red-headed man looked at the tall one and almost involuntarily began to raise his hand towards his head, but the other put a hand on his arm.

"Listen, old man," he said to Werner. "Forget all that talk for a while, but let's go to the pub first because there we can eat and there are good companions, and we can learn all about you."

WERNER Krot, with his two cheerful and garrulous companions, walked into the taproom, which seemed to be combined with a huge open kitchen in what his companions called "the pub." The smell of flesh roasting on a spit reached him with the terrific impact of perfume at God knows how many hundred marks a bottle, for it was different from the thin blue smokiness of miserable bacon, or the dull stink of a liver sausage.

Nobody noticed him for a moment or so, until he and his companions sat at a dull oak table flanked by partitions the height of a man's neck, with cloaks thrown carelessly over them; and he noticed swords dangling from unpolished leather.

Within a matter of moments the sound of men's voices—amused, bibulous, rancorous, harsh, merged into the general babel in which his own mind joined. And he was ready to listen and to eat and drink, and then as he thought, the Guard will come and the Air Force will take me to the mess and I can get settled down. Damn it, I wish they'd hurry! He turned to the open fireplace and marvelled at the size of the meat turning on the spit. He noticed cockerels being basted by a very plump and very fair maid, smothered in apron but smiling prodigiously. And he thought to himself, Good heavens, she is as fair as a Saxon; she could pass for one; she's sweet.

The red-headed man turned to him.

"I'll bet you're hungry, and I'm hungry. Hey, Anne ! Meat ! Meat ! Plenty of meat! My knife's ready for it." And he took from his belt a dagger with a silver chased handle, similar, as Werner thought very quickly but rather vaguely, to the dirks of the S.S. or of the German Navy. It was at this time that a film came between Werner and what he was thinking, apart from what he was seeing. It was of all colours—a strange film. And then it passed and he was thirsty.

They brought him a great chunk of meat. There was a rich brown gravy on it, and there was a dish of something he thought might be made of peas. He looked for a knife and fork, but there was neither. The taller man rather pityingly gave him a knife. As he watched the two of them eating it became easy for him. They cut great chunks off the meat, and they laughed when someone thrust his head from the next alcove and showed them a three-pronged fork which, so the speaker said, had been brought from Genoa and was most elaborate. And they all roared as he impaled a piece of meat on it and tried vainly to eat from it. The red-headed man roared with laughter. "Give me my English knife," he said. And he harpooned a great chunk of red meat, and he chewed it as only a hungry, healthy man can chew, and a tiny drop of saliva from his mouth showed how his jaws were champing and his stomach was happy.

Werner ate with relish; the meat was good. "I did not know you could get so much meat here," he said to the red-head. "I thought you were rationed. We were always told you were rationed. We're rationed too."

Again there was that involuntary movement of the hand to the head of one of his two hosts, but it finished in mid-air.

"Rations?" said red-head. "I don't know. We eat when we're hungry and we have a groat to pay for it. And we drink because the ale is English ale, and nowhere in the world is it better."

"Except in Munich," said Werner.

"I don't know those foreign parts myself," said the red-head. "It's English ale. It's got a body in it. It grows from English fields. English fields—the fields that Red Bess to-night is protecting because the enemy may be near and the ships have sailed."

Werner, with the strange film again before him, sensed rather than listened. For a moment he was bodiless. He was merely an entity looking mistily at his food.

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The red-head spat a piece of gristle on to the sawdust-covered floor. "Now tell me," he said (his friend nudged him). "No, no, I'll ask him now. Tell me," he said, "what do you—what do you want with us? You're not a Spaniard."

"Spaniard?" said Werner. "I'm a German."

"A German? A Swabian—I said you were a Swabian !"

"But I'm not a Swabian. I'm no Swabian. I come from Hamburg in Northern Germany."

"Hamburg?" said the red-head. "I knew you were a Swabian."

"Listen," said Werner, and as he began to speak he felt so thirsty and his lips seemed to close together in a dryness into which, strangely, there was mixed the smell of an aeroplane cockpit and the whiff of burning oil. "Listen," he said. "I'm an officer of the German Air Force and I've been shot down over England."

Both men now looked at him queerly. "Did you say Air?" asked the red-head. And then, as if he was even ashamed of his question he picked up his leather tankard, swirled it round, swallowed what remained, and called for Anne to fill it. "Anne !" he called. "Bring a decent manchet of bread and that gravy. Oh, yes," he said, "did you say Air?" and he looked straight into the eyes of Werner.

"I said Air," said Werner. "Air—Luftwaffe. I've been bombing England. I've bombed England for months. I've just come back from Lille. I'm a soldier, an airman, and I was shot down above here and I saw lights and I came down to them. And I don't understand any of you."

At that moment a man in a shining cuirass and helmet came into the room.

"Ask this man," said Werner. "Tell him who I am. I'm grateful for your hospitality but I want to be taken where I belong."

The red-head blanched a little. "Wait," he said, "I think I should." He walked over to the man in the cuirass and whispered to him. With the ineffable carriage of authority the stranger walked over.

"I'm Sir Richard Temple, sir," he said. "I'm an officer of the Muskets of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth."

Werner's heart stopped, began again.

"I am honoured to welcome you here, though you are of strange appearance and you talk as though bewitched. Will you not tell me, for I shall be your friend, what you would have of me?"

"That's right," said the red-head. "Tell him. Tell him. You're a likely enough looking fellow. We wish you no harm. We in England to-night wish no man harm—except Philip of Spain and the dogs he would set to invade this English island."

Werner felt utterly at peace then, and he looked into the eyes of the officer, and they were blue and steadfast and in them was nothing of fear or of double-dealing, neither of brutality nor of guile, but of a simple faith and the reflection of a noble soul.

"Sir," he said, "it is useless perhaps for me to explain myself further, for I have nothing else to explain. I am too an officer."

The man in the cuirass bowed and smiled again. "That, sir, I noticed from your carriage."

"It seems," said Werner, "I have come a longer distance than in my dreams I had imagined. I followed lights above your country's fields, and those lights led me to your country's heart. And now I am prepared for what may come."

Sir Richard Temple bowed again. "That was well spoken, sir," he said.

Werner continued, gaining strength as he spoke, feeling from his mind a burden lifted, from his body a crushing weight removed. "You said Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. It is seldom that we in Germany remember that she carries the name of your greatest Queen, but now I know. She has actually a regiment she dresses in the costumes of the sixteenth century."

The officer looked at him perplexed.

"That is a great tribute to this Scottish Queen of yours," said Werner.

"Scots, sirrah?" said the officer. "Scots? Our Virgin Queen is of the Tudor strain, and it is for her to-night that all this England shows a beacon fire. Nights since the Spanish Armada has set sail, and storms have harried it. We wait Philip's soldiers. We wait so that we will save this England for the future which shall be hers."

Werner repeated in a voice as toneless as a beggar's cry for alms : "The Spanish Armada, the Spanish Armada. Would you, sir, tell me the year in which we sit?"

The officer, more compassionately, looked at him keenly. "This year of our Lord, sir, 1588. A year which may not have its counterpart in England's future. A year in which this country has learned, every man and woman and child within her, to defend those things which are of England against the foreign invader."

Werner felt himself paler than death, and his tongue was of ice, and the veins in his forehead were pumping ice, and his head was cracking. Suddenly he was consumed with an overwhelming thirst, and he gripped his leather tankard and he buried his face in it. And as he did so the features and lineaments of those who had entertained him faded into an indescribable mist, in which there was neither sound, nor time, nor form, nor space. And suddenly his neck hurt him again, this time with an incredible bite of agony, and he dropped his tankard and through the hand on his neck he felt rich blood welling. And around him was noise and darkness and the rush of furious wind, and his chin dropped and his eyes remained half open, glazing. And still in his pilot's seat he whirled down into the darkness from fifteen thousand feet above the city of Plymouth.

END

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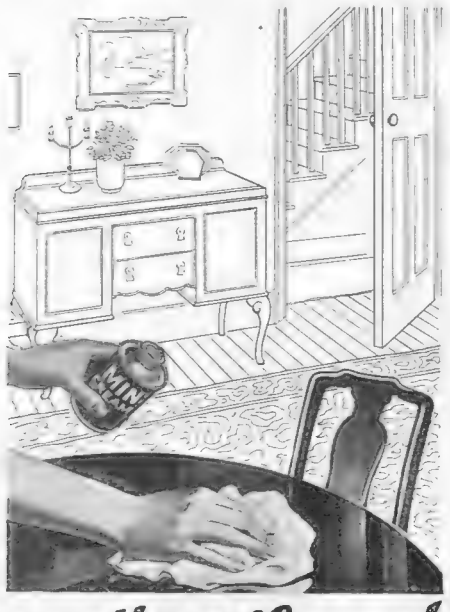

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Steam by Dawn

(Continued from page 17)

recently bombed. They lay in two groups of three, ours holding the outside berth. "Nasty brutes, Oropesas," my companion remarked. "Always littered with wires. See that float, shaped like a torpedo? Below it is an otter, to which is shackled the end of the sweep wire. The pressure of the water on the otter swings it away broad on the quarter, and a kite—there it is, like a Venetian blind shutter—is veered down the bight of the wire to regulate the depth. What are those affairs? Only cutters fixed to the end of the sweep, designed to part mine moorings. Trouble is the Germans know all about 'em and have unpleasant counter-measures. Each ship follows just inside the float of her next ahead, the theory being that only the leader is in danger. But sometimes it doesn't work in practice."

We picked our way over her decks and those of a sister. "What's your score lately?" he asked an able-seaman.

"A full twenty, sir. Last one fouled the kite and gave us a rare shake up. Smashed my best teacup and saucer."

We climbed the rail of the whaler and dropped aboard. A few minutes later I was deep in the mysteries of the gear. "Simple enough, isn't it?" my companion said. "But sometimes it makes you think. The play of invisible forces, one against the other. A real game of hide and seek."

He had worked magnetic mines since their inception, and he gave me an outline of the successive measures developed. I felt I was listening to the incredulous, but his easy assurance gave his words an abiding reality.

"The first three months were the worst," he concluded. "The antidote to the magnetic mine, a degaussing girdle, an electrical circuit, especially energised, that neutralises the magnetic field of a ship, was soon discovered. But it had to be made and fitted. And in the meantime the mines had to be destroyed."

He smiled. "Those were bad days—for a while. Ships entering and leaving the ports of the kingdom to the tune of over six an hour. That thought was always uppermost in my mind—always is. But you'll see for yourself to-morrow. We sail at dawn."

MORNING broke dark and dull. The ironwork was wet and clammy. The line of piers and wharves, nebulous and ghostly under the dissolving mantle of night, grew slowly into form and perspective. Grey ships, plummets of steam misting from funnel exhausts, moved from their berths, sorting themselves into formation—the Oropesa trawlers, with their attendant Dan laying and mine destruction sisters.

"The daily round," my companion said, turning up the collar of his duffle coat. "We'll follow in a few minutes. We're too valuable to risk until the channel's been swept for contacts. We're patricians."

He glanced over the bridge dodger. "All ready for'ard? All ready aft? Degaussing gear correct? We'll start work by the inner fairway buoy. See they get the sweep streamed as soon as we're clear."

"All ready for sea, sir," the first lieutenant, a former medical student, reported.

We cast off. Warps splashed in the water. The jetty slid astern. In the bows the anti-aircraft gun crew closed round their weapon, burnishing and overhauling; aft the wireless operator tuned his instrument to the watch wave-length.

We made the roadstead and stopped engines to stream the gear. A glaring, yellow sun, rising above a bank of indigo clouds, bathed the familiar contours of the harbour, the circle of tiered houses, the soar and sweep of protecting hills in a steely pale radiance. Then the signal station broke into life. The stabbing flashes of light, urgent and insistent, brooked no denial. Magnetic mines, they dictated, had been reported in a certain position. After completing our clearing sweep, we were to explore the area.

We acknowledged the message and began operations. The mate, a west-countryman, grizzled veteran of the last war, smiled. "Maybe," he said, "we'll do a tidy job this forenoon. They Germans be terrible clever with their gimcrack ways. A sight too clever. They do lose the common touch."

I returned to the bridge. "Watch," said my friend; "we're searching an area where one should be ready. He's been sitting there a fortnight—the blighter; but sooner or later he'll have to succumb to our sortilege." He moved to the bridge ladder. "Signalman. Have the camera ready. Port quarter probably. Stop four; time one-fiftieth."

Suddenly a muffled blow as from an immense padded hammer struck the ship. She paused in her stride, freed herself. Fine on the quarter, the sea erupted to a dull roar. A column of water soared high, darkened by sand and slime, turned to a wavering pinnacle—steadied a moment, then convoluted in misted contortions, leaving a swirling vortex of seething foam.

"A small one," my friend commented. "Better than nothing. Two thousand pounds of devilish ingenuity obliterated in a split second. You want to see a big one. It makes its presence felt. No trifling with those fellows."

"Fish, sir—plenty of prime fish," came the cry.

"We'll wait," my friend announced. "The ebb will sweep them clear of watchers in the office. We want enough for supper this time."

"Ay; we do an' all," someone pursued. "Last time they stole the lot. Allus thinking of their victuals."

We continued our search to the area limit. Ahead the Oropesa trawlers had thinned to silhouettes etched against the line of the horizon.

The rough-riders are punching a channel east," said the first lieutenant. "I bet they'll lasso a few mines, too. Give us one plane and we'll call it a day's work. By the way a coastal convoy's due at noon."

We sighted them well on time. Once in the channel, the escorting destroyers turned south to spuming bow waves. "Off to rendezvous with another lot. They're tireless, those ships. Twenty-five days out of thirty at sea becomes a commonplace."

The convoy steamed on—a miscellaneous collection of ships, smoke pouring from funnels, bluff, wall-sided hulls consorting with the curving sweep of Maerform bows, the throb and pound of Diesels outvoicing the rhythmic pulse of reciprocating engines, the low monode of turbines. We watched them pass safely through the inner channel—a thin safety lane cleared of hidden dangers—their load lines awash, red ensigns at the staff, carriers of essential commodities, life-blood of the nation.

"Good!" said my friend, giving a helm order, and following in their wake. "I always feel easier when they're safely in harbour. One never knows."

A few minutes later we stopped and retrieved our reward—two buckets of fish.

We made harbour late in the afternoon, securing an inner berth. Far in the offing the Oropesa trawlers, forming into line ahead, steamed shorewards. "They've drawn blank," my friend said; "but that's all in the day's work."

A stentorian voice hailed us from the pier. "Your mail, sir, and the office wants to know if you've any fish. They could do with a dozen plaice, but would prefer Dover soles. You're to report forthwith."

My companion smiled. He addressed the old petty officer reproachfully. "Tell the S.O.M.S.T. I'll be there with his precious fry. But we're a long way from Dover. I suppose you want one yourself?"

"That depends on your goodwill, sir."

He turned to me. "There you are. "Mines and fish and mail. That's all they think of. But life would be dull without contrasts. Again it's all in the day's work."

He bent over a voice-pipe. "That you, chief? Bank fires. One hour's notice. Steam by dawn."

END

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LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L48B

Stories of the Royal Homes (*Continued from page 12*)

celebrations she entertained prolifically at the Palace, and it was breathed that at one ball she wore jewels worth £40,000. King Edward VII, and after him George V, maintained "Buck House" as their principal home. The present King and Queen took up residence in February, 1937, a suite of rooms being fitted out as the princesses' nursery.

A dour and gloomy-looking building the Palace remained until in 1913 Sir Aston Webb was commissioned to transform it with the Portland stone skin which now gives it its impressive look of solidity.

AS far back as the Norman Conquest a hospital for "fourteen maids that were leprous" looked over the notorious swamp that is now St. James's Park. From its dedication—to St. James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem—comes the name which is now synonymous with the Diplomatic Corps in England.

Henry VIII, who gave palaces and estates to his cronies as generously as if they had belonged to him, exchanged lands in Suffolk for the hospital, rebuilding it as a palace and turning the old marsh into a deer park. It must in its prime have looked like a slice of Hampton Court, but few of its original beauties remain to-day. Here a line of royalties was born—Charles II, James II, Queen Mary II, Queen Anne, Prince James Edward the Old Pretender, and George IV. Here, in the guardroom, Charles, King and Martyr spent his last night on earth, and in its chapel he received the Last Sacrament before walking across the park to the executioner's block in Whitehall. On one of the windows of the guardroom has been found scratched the broken inscription: "William Rutherford God Bless Ki." What sudden interruption, what summary punishment broke short the sovereign's faithful follower is a matter for the chilled imagination.

Here George II kept his establishment of ladies after the death of his consort Caroline. It was from here that George III planned his move to Buckingham Palace, round the corner. A devastating fire destroyed the east wing of St. James's in 1809. Alterations and reconstructions have wiped out the bulk of the remaining Tudor work. The new importance of the Palace of Pimlico pushed St. James's in the shade, and it was left to the Duke of Windsor (as Prince of Wales) to bring it back into favour as a royal residence.

It was Churchill's great ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, who ordered Sir Christopher Wren to build Marlborough House, a few yards from St. James's. Once the house was built the duke indulged his nostalgic pride by having his favourite battles illustrated in paintings which smothered the walls. The house passed from the Churchills to the Crown in 1817, and took on a new tradition as home of dowager-queens and Princes of Wales. Edward VII lived there for forty years, until his accession, and there George V was born.

Marlborough memories cling, too, to the much-faded walls of Kensington Palace. It was a favourite resort of Queen Anne, and was the scene of many a royal tantrum and catty episode with the Duchess of Marlborough.

Once the seat of the Earls of Nottingham, this unpublicised palace was sold for £18,000 to William III, who wanted a "change of air from Whitehall."

That was in 1869. Two years later, while Wren was doing ambitious improvement works, fire broke out, and the King and his consort had a narrow escape from being burned in their beds. It was at Kensington Palace that the most sentimental and celebrated of accession scenes was staged. In her tiny bedroom, Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, stood in her nightdress to hear the announcement that she was Queen of England.

"The Houses of Parliament" we say with the blessing of familiar usage. But officially the home of the legislature is another palace—the Palace of Westminster. Before the Normans came it was the core of England, and so it is to-day. It enthrones, not the despot rulers of its own past and other nations' present, but Europe's last great body of effective representative government—the "powers, authority and prestige" of Parliament which Winston Churchill has pledged himself to preserve undiminished. The Palace of Westminster, whose known story as a royal home began with Edward the Confessor, was the setting of Parliament in 1265. From 1547 the Commons sat there right down to 1834, when flames consumed all but the noble Westminster Hall, whose incomparable roof of oak the Hun has tried—but failed—to smash.

The glories of Whitehall Palace, on the road from Westminster to Charing village, have vanished. But that must have been the grandest medieval pile of them all. The opulent skill of Elizabethan and Jacobean craftsmen embellished it; the pageantry, the music and the revels of England's sunniest period put lovely life into the stately frame. It spread over twenty-three acres, from the gay river front to St. James's Park, from what is now Trafalgar Square to Downing Street.

Hubert de Burgh, Lord Chief Justice of England under Henry III, first raised the palace in the mid-thirteenth century. It passed to the Archbishops of York and so to Wolsey, a man whose taste was as marked as his statecraft. He made virtually a new palace of Whitehall, gave it a magnificent hall and a new chapel. The crash of the cardinal left the palace as perhaps the most attractive of Henry VIII's personal spoils. Its vast chambers and broad gardens suited him, and he added to its charms with tennis courts, a pit for cock fighting, and bowling alleys. There the lustiest of the Tudors died, and there, half a century afterwards, the Revels Account noted payments for performances of *The Moor of Venis*, *Mesur for Mesur*, *The Plaie of Errors*, and *The Martchant of Venis*. "Shaxberd" (still another variation to add to the score of ways of spelling Shakespeare) was one of "the poets who mayd the plaies." Queen Elizabeth added a banqueting hall, but it was not to everybody's taste. Stow, most admirable of London's chroniclers, called it "rotten and slight-builded," and James I "a shed." He had a new one built, but even this left him disappointed, and when fire mercifully annihilated it he took no chances. Inigo Jones was the man chosen for banqueting hall number 3—and the superbly proportioned specimen of classical architecture which he produced is Whitehall's showpiece to-day.

THE Thames was London's great highway in Tudor times. Up its estuary came the arrogant galleons with the spoils of new worlds to lay at the sovereign's feet; its ferries were as indispensable and as exciting a focus of the capital's life as the red buses to-day; along its winding course kings and queens found their normal transport by painted barge, in gorgeous state, to the accompaniment of minstrels whose lilting music floated and reverberated over the water.

At Greenwich was the first of the palaces that were strung along the river like pearls on a necklace—Whitehall, Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor. Greenwich Palace played its part in history, as the birthplace of Henry VIII, Mary and Elizabeth, as a hospital for aged and disabled seamen, and as the home of the National Maritime Museum.

For ten years they have been trying to sell Richmond Palace, home of Tudor and Plantagenet kings, where Henry III made love and Queen Elizabeth died. Philip of Spain and "Bloody Mary" spent their honeymoon there; Elizabeth was very fond of the palace, which she called "my warm winter box," and the announcement that the Armada had been sighted was brought to her there. In the little room over the gateway—part of the brick remnant that is there to-day—the Queen died, and through its gable window her attendants dropped the ring which Essex had given her. Horsemen rushed it to James I in Scotland—the signal that the Tudor dynasty had passed away.

END

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Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

granted her the right of royal address, but he never went to see her again.

While some sympathy was expressed for the woman who had been duped in such a vile way, public preference was still for Queen Blanche who had been the first to assume the title, and who could lay claim to three days of connubial life with the King against Juana's one. This point may seem trivial, but in view of the difficulty of the situation, any pretext was sufficient to tilt the scale in favour of one queen or the other.

Still believing that he could do whatever he liked, Pedro ordered Queen Blanche to come to Toledo. This terrified her; for although she knew that public feeling was on her side, she had no guarantee of security. Refusal was impossible, for the escort sent to fetch her had instructions to bring her back by force if necessary.

It was at the end of this journey that the dramatic episode occurred which at last provoked open revolt against the tyrant.

The numerous cavalcade escorting Queen Blanche entered the gates of Toledo on a beautiful morning of Spanish sunshine. When nearing the cathedral, towering against the blue sky, the Queen requested the leader of the escort to halt for a while as she wished to hear Mass before entering the palace. Her request being granted she entered the cathedral and approached the altar. Then, turning suddenly, she demanded the right of sanctuary—the ancient privilege of the Church that is above all civic law. She refused point-blank to return to the palace, and in dramatic and impressive fashion related her sad story to the priests and all others who happened to be present. Stirred by her touching narrative, they crowded round her to kiss the hem of her gown. Knights appeared, who unsheathed their swords and swore to defend her to the last drop of their blood.

The escorting party was driven from the sacred precincts and forced to return to Pedro and admit that they had been completely outwitted.

This news quickly spread through the town and vociferous crowds swarmed through the streets threatening the palace.

When Pedro saw with his own eyes this ugly monster with a thousand heads approaching nearer and nearer, he decided to make terms, and agreed to take back his wife and part from the seductive Maria. He was taken to Toro where he was surrounded by a vigilant guard of courtiers, ministers and officials, who controlled his every action. He was never left alone even in his own apartments, and for four years he remained virtually a prisoner, while his mother governed the country as Regent.

One wintry day he set out on a hunting trip, accompanied as usual by an escort. At one point, as the party left the hills and reached the plains, they rode into a low bank of fog. For a moment Pedro was obscured from view, and when they all emerged it was found that he had disappeared. At last he had succeeded in giving them the slip, and their search for him proved fruitless.

Some time later he appeared in Segovia, and there he demanded from his mother the great seal of state. As soon as he was in possession of this powerful talisman, he gave vent to his rage against all who had taken part in the rising against him. Queen Blanche was arrested and maltreated to such an extent that she died in prison, a victim of the most disgraceful moral and material cruelty.

The beautiful Padilla also came to a bad end in the same year, though she at least had had a taste of glory as well as maltreatment.

For an incredible time Pedro was allowed to pursue his ways of persecution and execution, which followed one another without interruption. Nothing seemed to satiate him.

At length, however, despite all that he could do to prevent it, his half brother, Henry, was elected to the throne and would doubtless have succeeded in subduing the mad Pedro, if the latter had not persuaded the Black Prince to come from England and assist him to regain his throne.

Nature, however, does not change. Even after he had been re-established on the throne of Castille he behaved very badly towards his supporters who, disgusted, abandoned him to his fate.

But Nemesis was soon to overtake him. In 1369 Henry challenged him again. At Montiel a fierce battle took place and Pedro's half-hearted army was defeated. He was taken prisoner and brought into the tent of his rival. These two had not seen each other for a long time. Although they were half brothers never were two men who hated each other more than they did. A quarrel ensued which grew into a crescendo of violence and suddenly, before any one could intervene, there was a flash of steel and the sound of a groan. King Pedro fell heavily to the ground.

His death caused sighs of relief all over Spain. But even so, humanity refused to learn its lesson. History should be the supreme teacher, yet in actual fact it is totally ineffectual. Stubborn humanity keeps on nursing its Pedros, feeds them with its very blood and offers a holocaust of a million human lives without a murmur.

Will there ever be an enlightened generation who will refuse to tolerate the scourge of a prototype of King Pedro the Cruel?

END

Murder is a Mug's Game

(*Continued from page 27*)

crimes, took one look from his hiding-place while the dog whined and sniffed, mystified, afraid. What he saw was enough. Morrison picked up the two pigeons which he had shot earlier, and went back to the house through the peace of the evening.

Jock returned at last with the bad tidings, and Morrison went out again to find the tragic victim.

That night, as was only proper—was he not his partner and heir?—he went through Smith's belongings, lingering again over the watch and cigarette case and lighter, all of which were inscribed with the name of Jocelyn Mevril. He had come across them ages before when prying through his partner's property. What was John Smith doing with these things? Even had Morrison been in a position to ask, he wouldn't have done so. If a man cared to call himself John Smith in those parts, you accepted it and made no inquiries.

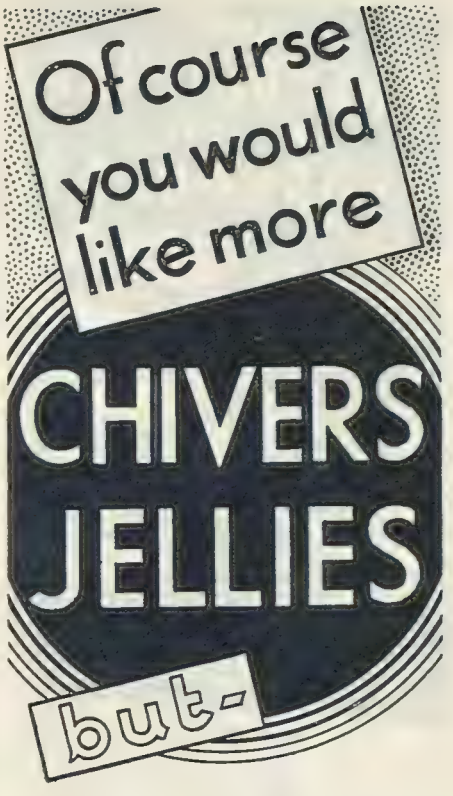
But the queer name had stuck in his memory; it was so out of the common.

It was no fancy that it suited Smith much better than the one he had chosen.

THE district officer, Bill Teape, wagged his head sympathetically.

"Must have been a hell of a shock for you," he said.

"That's putting it mild," said Morrison. "I'd bagged a brace of pigeon, and, feeling thirsty, packed up and came home. I heard Johnny shooting in the distance, and never thought of anything wrong. Then the dog turned up—and—well, you know how it is with dogs—managed to tell me that something was very much amiss. Good old Jock! He was in a state." The dog hearing his name mentioned, thumped the boards with his tail. "And he led me straight to the spot. It's rough going there. Johnny had tripped over a root, obviously, and his gun had gone off. The result wasn't pretty. No, sir! Well, of course, (*Continued on page 62*)



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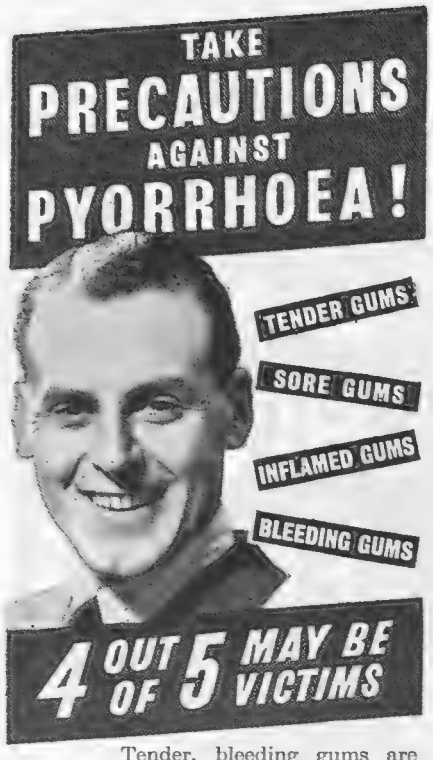

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you know how it is in these parts. I buried him next day, and got the Reverend Mr. Powell to come across later and read the service over his grave. Life's a queer business. Only a few days before we'd each made wills in the other's favour. Johnny suggested it. Perhaps he had one of those premonitions. I'll show you. Got them in the drawer over here. Haven't looked at them since we came back from Bruk-Bruk where the Powells witnessed them." He rose and crossed gloomily to the desk. "Yes, here they are."

He handed the two sheets to Teape.

The district officer glanced at the typewritten pages, laying one aside.

"Hallo," he said, suddenly. "I see he'd changed his name."

"Changed his name?" asked Morrison, startled. "How do you mean, changed his name?"

"Why, it says here: 'I, John Smith, formerly known as Jocelyn Mevril, which name I have renounced . . .' and so on and so on."

"I'll be jiggered," said Morrison. "That explains several things. As a matter of fact he typed out both the wills, and I only looked at mine. I'd no idea he'd put that in. You know how it is—we just signed on the dotted line and the Powells did the same. You feel rather a fool making a will, and want to get it over. Then I shoved them both back in my pocket, and later into the drawer, without so much as glancing at them. At the time it seemed to me rather a silly formality. How was a bloke to foresee what was going to happen? That clears up what I couldn't make out when I looked through his bits and pieces."

He explained about the watch, case and lighter.

Teape's head wagged again.

"Perhaps he thought of those, and added his old name as an explanation," he said. "Well, if I'd been christened something tiddily like Jocelyn what's-this I'd have picked a more exciting name than John Smith as a second choice. And what are your plans now, Pete? Will you take in another partner, or run the place on your own?"

"What?—me stay on Taloona after this? No, thank you very much. I've been fed up for a long time, wanted to as good as give the place to Johnny, but he persuaded me to stick around. And now, of course, I'm all through. I'm going to sell out, and go back to England, and see if I can get into this war. I'm not so young as I used to be, but I imagine they'll find some work for me."

"A lot of chaps are doing that," Teape said. "You won't get the price you should."

Morrison forgot his gloom and laughed almost boyishly at the thought of the great adventure ahead.

"They can have it for a song," he said. "Much I care as long as it's off my hands, and I've my fare home. I shan't starve."

"The Powells will miss their nearest neighbours," said Teape, and raised a quizzical eyebrow.

Morrison gave him a wink.

"I shall be over at Bruk-Bruk before I leave," he said. "It's a crime to think of a lovely girl wasting her time in the wilderness."

THE launch came alongside the small jetty, and Morrison sprang ashore eagerly, for his was a happy errand. The missionary had strolled down from the house, and waited. Morrison was glad he was alone. For his news would bear telling twice, and it might be well if Mr. Powell were the first to hear it.

Faith's father was a tall, athletic man with silver hair, and very level eyes. He was really much too handsome to be a missionary in a one-horse place like Bruk-Bruk. He might even have done well on stage or screen. He had a fine bearing, a quiet dignity. Of course, he couldn't have been the conventional missionary, and have had Faith for a daughter.

Morrison grasped his extended hand.

"Well, padre," he said, "I'm full of the most astounding news."

Murder is a Mug's Game

"Really," said Mr. Powell, gravely, "I hope it's good, as well as astounding."

"It's good all right—it's . . ." Morrison remembered his dead partner, and checked himself. "I mean it's good in a way, but it was certainly hard luck for poor Johnny Smith."

"It can't harm him now," said Mr. Powell, as they walked towards the station.

"But it might have done him so much good. The pity of it, padre—the pity of it! He really wasn't Johnny Smith at all—he was Jocelyn Mevril."

The missionary repeated the name, but it meant nothing to him.

Morrison explained. "Of course," he concluded, "Mevril or Smith, he was still just my partner who'd died through a stupid accident, but when I went across to Samarai to sell the estate, and told the story, I found that as Mevril he was the heir to millions. And think of it!—he never knew."

"How strange!" said Mr. Powell. "How very strange! Poor Johnny—or Jocelyn. Well, treasure on earth doesn't interest him any more."

"But it interests us," said Morrison. "Don't you remember?—the will!"

Mr. Powell's eyes opened wider.

"Why, yes—the will," he said. "I'd quite forgotten it. We witnessed it. Of course, we didn't see the contents, but you told us you were each leaving all you had to the other. 'Pon my soul, so that means . . .?"

"Exactly!" said Morrison, and he could not help making it rather a whoop of triumph. "I'm rich! I'm a millionaire! I'm going to London to claim a fortune."

"How very, very remarkable," said Mr. Powell. "But since Johnny wished you to have Taloona, he'd wish you to have this quite unexpected windfall, also. Well, you're right—you certainly brought astonishing news."

"It was the merest chance it all came out," said Morrison. "Just talk at the hotel. Somebody had heard the story, and remembered the name. I'll explain that later. Queer to think that I might have gone on as a planter, and never had an inkling of what I was entitled to. But now I'm off. I've sold out, regardless. Chicken-feed doesn't interest me any more. I'm in the Rockefeller class." His round face shone with excitement; he looked as if he were about to whistle. "I think, padre," he went on, "you've a shrewd idea what pleases me most of all about the business?"

The missionary didn't indulge in shrewd ideas. He shook his head.

"Why, Faith, of course! I want her to marry me. Oh, I know she'll hate leaving you, and that you'll miss her, but I can give her everything in the world. I haven't long to spare for actual courting but we've known each other ages. In all the circumstances, you won't mind—will you?—if I ask her to marry me, to-day?"

They had come to the mission station now. Mr. Powell paused at the foot of the steps.

"I'm sorry, Peter," he said, "but I'm afraid that's quite out of the question."

The button that was Morrison's mouth opened in a tiny circle of astonishment.

"But——?" he protested.

"You see, she isn't here," Mr. Powell said, smiling a little sadly at his own thoughts.

"Not here?"

"No. The *Wanderer* passed by last week, and she took the opportunity to get a passage to Moresby. The parting was a wrench, but who am I to put self-interest in the way of my daughter when she feels a call. There are some things which are even greater than the love between a father and his child. We had no choice."

"You—you mean she's gone into a convent?" gasped Morrison.

That made Mr. Powell laugh.

"No, no," he said. "There are calls, *and* calls. Hers was to be a Red Cross nurse. She's going straight through to England from Australia."

The relief was so (*Continued on page 64*)

Curtains of to-day, with their simple, graceful lines, are as different from the heavy window draperies so much in favour in our Grandmother's time as the siren suit is from the bustle. Curtain vogues, like fashions in dress, come and go; but there has never been and never will be a more efficient finish for curtains than "Rufflette" curtain tape, with hooks or rings.

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great that it banished the disappointment.

"Why, that's fine," said Morrison. "I'll be there just after she is, and I'll be seeing her."

"Quite possibly," said Mr. Powell, not at all awed by a millionaire's interest in his daughter. "I'm afraid the only address I can give you will be care of the London Missionary Society. You could write to her there, and they'll forward the letter."

THE clerks at Messrs. Ward, Ward and Hankins showed a proper respect for Mr. Peter Morrison, claimant to the Mevril millions, Jocelyn Mevril's heir. They bowed him straight into Mr. Ward's private office.

Mr. Ward was a thin, grey, dry man, with rimless pince-nez and a stoop. He looked brittle, and his moustache was frayed. But he was a very civil old codger.

"This is Mr. Potter," he said, after his greeting, indicating a red-faced man who sat beside his desk. "Pray, sit down, Mr. Morrison. Allow me to congratulate you on your efficiency. It was very kind of you to find out about us in Australia, and communicate direct by cable. It has enabled us to make some inquiries while you were on your way hither. We now have quite a lot of information. Most helpful information. Now, perhaps, you would like to tell us your story in your own words."

Morrison said he would be only too pleased. It wasn't a hard story to tell. He knew it down to the last small detail. Mr. Ward did not interrupt, but merely nodded and nodded, and his colleague sat there drinking it all in.

"And there is the will," Morrison concluded, producing it, "and here are the things of poor Johnny's—or Jocelyn's, rather—which first put me on to his real identity."

He handed them across the desk, and sat back with the satisfied air of one who has done a good job. The pair studied the exhibits.

"Yes," said Mr. Ward, "yes. This certainly seems to be quite in order. It is perfectly clear and simple. May I ask who was the amateur lawyer who drew it up and typed it?"

"Johnny," said Morrison promptly, for you couldn't be too careful. "I mean—Jocelyn Mevril, of course."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Ward. He pressed a buzzer, and a clerk appeared. "Have them come in, please, Thompson."

"Yes, sir."

A second later Faith Powell stood in the dingy frame of the doorway, and the musty room with its dust-covered, red-taped documents seemed to be suddenly lit up. She was even lovelier than she had been; her beauty had come to full flower. Morrison could only gape at her.

"Faith!" he gasped then, pale eyes goggling. "How do you come to be here? Did you get my letter?"

"Yes," she said, and her voice wasn't warm and laughing as it had been once, but icy cold. Mr. Ward bowed her to a chair, and she took it, looking anywhere but at her old friend from New Guinea. For the first time Morrison experienced a twinge of alarm. What did her presence mean there? And who was the tall young man who had followed her in?

"We have just been looking at this will, Miss Powell," said Mr. Ward in his dry, rustling tone. "You saw it signed?"

"Yes," she said.

"You didn't read the contents?"

"Oh, no," she said. "After all, a will is private. Mr. Morrison took them folded from his pocket, and all any of us saw was that bottom fold where our names are."

"Quite, quite," said Mr. Ward, soothingly. "Very natural. And tell me—you knew something of the life on Taloona—who did all the typing and clerical work there?"

"Mr. Morrison," said Faith, firmly. "Mr. Smith hated work of that kind. He couldn't even use the machine. We used to tease him, because he looked so much more the type for an office."

"I see, I see," (*Continued on page 66*)

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Look for the price on the tin, but do not blame the Grocer if the tin is empty.

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said Mr. Ward. "Yes, quite! One cannot always judge by appearances."

That had been a silly slip—too much caution. But Morrison knew that it could not affect the main issue. Couldn't it? What was this game they played with him? He shivered and yet felt hot, as if he were in for a bout of malaria.

Mr. Ward turned politely to the stranger.

"And now will you tell us, Mr. Mevril, are these articles your property?"

Mr. Mevril? Morrison jumped in his chair.

"Without a doubt, Mr. Ward. They were stolen from my room at an hotel in Sydney, along with money and other stuff. I'd know them anywhere."

"Thank you," said Mr. Ward. He turned back to Morrison, taking off his pince-nez for a moment and peering in a puzzled way.

"You'll see what a very remarkable coincidence all this is, Mr. Morrison. There were, it seems, two Jocelyn Mevrils in New Guinea at the same time—distinctive name though it is. Or, shall we say, one person who used to be called Jocelyn Mevril, and renounced the name? The other Jocelyn Mevril was at the other end of New Guinea, hundreds of miles away, but he happened to hear a broadcast telling just what your friend in the hotel in—ah—Samarai heard. So naturally he hastened to England. You wondered at the presence of Miss Powell. That really is the most simply explained feature of the whole affair. She travelled in the same boat with Mr. Mevril, and it must have been a most enjoyable trip, because, it may interest you to know, they are now engaged. Yes, yes, that is all plain enough—but the rest of it, that coincidence. No,

Murder is a Mug's Game

it baffles me altogether," said Mr. Ward.

It didn't baffle the sly old devil at all. He was playing cat-and-mouse stuff. Morrison sat there frozen stiff, with sweat starting on his brow. He couldn't think, he couldn't move. What had happened? What was happening?

The red-faced man leaned forward.

"I think I can help you there," he said, his voice crisp and grim. "The broadcast was given on the twelfth of the month, the will was made on the thirteenth, and the man dies on the fourteenth. Surely more than an odd coincidence that, particularly as no one troubled about wills for six years? Suppose someone had seen that name on the stolen articles here, and drawn the wrong conclusion. Suppose someone typed a third will with that queer but vital clause about the name, and substituted it—or even got a blank sheet of paper signed? That would be easy enough, wouldn't it? Then the shooting 'accident' is child's play, particularly in that solitude. So there—but for the right heir turning up—you have a fine claim to millions. As it is, I think I have a very fine case."

"How true, Mr. Potter," said the dry, prim lawyer. "How very true! Oh, I don't think I mentioned, did I, that our friend, Mr. Potter, is an inspector from Scotland Yard?"

"Murder is a mug's game," mused Inspector Potter. "An amateur job. You don't get enough practice in to make you a professional."

END

They Linked U.S. and Us

(*Continued from page* 11)

The Battle of Britain and the Blitz were revealed too gradually to compete in stunning effect with Dunkirk and Hess.

London staffs are occupied with manifold duties that do not finish up jobs that do not lead directly to the front page. Their daily round will include taking "hand-outs" from the Foreign Office, sitting in at the Ministry of Information, contacts with allied movements whence useful "steering" may emanate, this and that function or luncheon, and a call at the U.S. Embassy. American ambassadors have long been on terms of intimate cordiality with the leading correspondents and Mr. Winant is no exception. Indeed, successive U.S. envoys to London have learnt a great deal from their correspondent visitors.

The London men are the last compact body of U.S. newspapermen in Europe and as such indubitably rank high in Hitler's hate register.

Best known of them is certainly huge Quentin Reynolds whose *London Can Take It* made him famous overnight in this country. Reynolds is the prolific correspondent of *Collier's Weekly*, a bon vivant, massive eater and hearty drinker, and accomplished speaker—and the slow, deep voice he uses in such broadcasts as "Dear Doctor" is not his usual delivery which can go much faster. A one-time ace athlete, this good-looking, curly-haired giant is the soul of generosity. At forty, he is on top of his world, happy, popular and witty. His capacity for hard working and hard playing is enormous. He has already done two books on Britain "on the sideline" in addition to his lecturing, broadcasting, journalism and film commentating. The first of these books *The Wounded Don't Cry* is already in its thirtieth edition in America; the second *London Diary*, should soon be out.

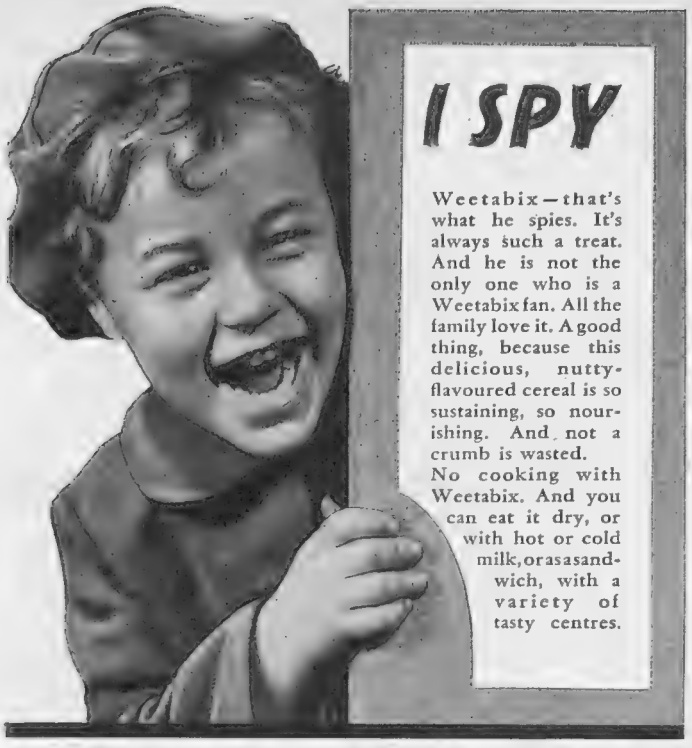
The *World-Telegram* sent Reynolds to Berlin in 1933 when he lost little time in getting into the Nazis' bad books. There's a tale of an early tiff with Goebbels. It was at one of "Dear Doctor's" *bier abends* and the host was explaining the Nazis running wild with such remarks as "the German people are like a people just released from prison. You know, Herr Reynolds, how in your own country a man who comes out of prison will sometimes run amok—kill, pillage, rape. Sudden freedom is too much for him. The German people are like that." "That is true, Herr Minister," replied "Quent," "but when that happens in America we put the man right back in prison."

William H. Stoneman, head of the *Chicago Daily News*, is respected by his colleagues as probably being their No. 1 representative. Handsome Stoneman knows everybody and has been here five years.

With Stoneman is the only regular woman correspondent—commanding young Helen Kirkpatrick. Born in Rochester, New York, home of Mr. Churchill's Jerome "half," Miss Kirkpatrick was at celebrated Smith College and later at Geneva University. Geneva and the League were to play a conspicuous part in her career. She reported the Disarmament Conference, the Sino-Japanese War before the League, and the Ethiopian conflict as it came up at Geneva. She was also the first American in the Rhineland when the Germans occupied it (though I was there a week in advance) and she was in Spain the day war started there. Munich was another notch. Miss Kirkpatrick gets good titles for her books, as witness *This Terrible Peace* and *Under the British Umbrella*.

The two babies among the big shots happen to run the two chief papers, the *New York Times* and *New York Herald-Tribune*. Robert Post of the former is hardly more than thirty, while Joseph S. Evans is even younger. Evans is a descendant of Fighting Bob Evans of the Spanish–American War. Post is the third chief correspondent the *New York Times* has had in London since the war started.

Post is from Concord and Harvard, soon after quitting which august institution, he entered the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times* as office boy. After a spell helping a brother become New York's first Commissioner of Housing, Post spent his journalistic career until 1938 in Washington, the *Times* assigning him to the White House, in which capacity he accompanied Mr. Roosevelt on all his (*Continued on page* 68)



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Remember, too, that Kayser have been making quality-tailored underwear for over 35 years. So you can be quite confident that in 1941 even more than in 1906, Kayser Quality will be even more jealously safeguarded.

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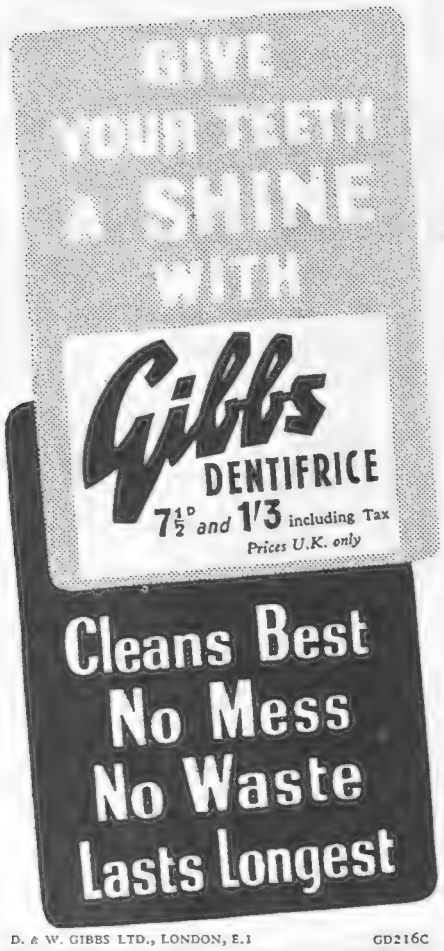

trips. Post has been in London for three years, and he has a sister in the W.A.A.F.

Larry Rue of the *Chicago Tribune* represents one of the few American papers that can be still critical of this country. Rue has been pretty well all over the world in the last twenty years. Of Scandinavian stock, he used to be one of the gayest sparks in Paris and how he used to get under little Poincaré's skin at those Press receptions of *les Anglo-Americains* at the Quai D'Orsay! The Middle West never would be suppressed. Another survivor of those Paris days, now in London, is Vincent Sheehan, since become famous through his books. Broad-shouldered, tall, Sheehan is reporting for the North American Newspaper Alliance and it is said that there's some of him in Joel McCrea's rendering of the film *Foreign Correspondent*.

Harry Flory succeeded the ill-fated Webb Miller as head of the United Press Bureau which has the biggest staff in London, maybe over twenty. Webb Miller was killed in a fall from a train at Clapham. Had he lived he certainly could have added further chapters to his memoirs *I Found No Peace*. Concerns like the United Press and Associated Press, both established in Fleet Street, more resemble newspaper offices in miniature. All through the twenty-four hours messages are going to America where they feed tens of millions of readers. To run a big news-gathering bureau is assuredly one of the world's most exhausting jobs. Thank goodness I never got further than running the *New York World* in Paris. And the most arduous part of that was having to cope with a constant stream of visitors bearing letters of introduction from America. The London men are spared practically all of that at the present time. Visitors from "across" are rare and welcome, as they usually mean something—as a Wendell Willkie who became one of the "newspaper boys" during his visit.

A lady who certainly must not be left out is Virginia Cowles although she seems to write more for British than American papers. As her book *Looking for Trouble* makes clear, Miss Cowles deliberately sought the hot spots all over Europe in latter times. Her messages from Finland were especially good, and she stuck all the hardships there like the men. Of course attractive women correspondents get the bulge on their men competitors when they are taken out for flips by a Ciano. Miss Cowles got a scoop that way, when Ciano popped his head out

They Linked U.S. and Us

of the sea and announced that the fate of several nations rested on its contents (his head's contents) or some such richness. Dorothy Thompson, for her part, got turned out of Germany by Hitler. A wartime visitor to London, Dorothy Thompson is not to be confused with the regular correspondents here. But she fits into the picture for her constant advocacy of our cause and case, and as being the most important woman in the United States to-day with the possible exception of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. A plump, handsome woman of fifty, the wife of Sinclair Lewis and mother of an eleven-year-old son, she is said to have earned as much as £100,000 in a year. She is read by fourteen million people each day. Raymond Gram Swing partly qualified to his commanding position by several years as a London correspondent. Modest and "ordinary" looking, he doesn't sound in real life like the rasping, crackling voice we get from America. Rather a purring, quiet delivery. But, then, the ether does strange things with one's voice.

Other notable London men are C. H. Smith of the huge Associated Press, Mallory Brown of the still influential *Boston Christian Science Monitor*, and Ben Robertson of the new and sensational afternoon P.M. whose Bob Ingersoll, perhaps, went too far in his zeal for Britain in saying that Hitler won the war on September 15 had he only known it.

Ben Robertson during his short spell in London "got around" socially more than most of his colleagues and he became a popular figure. He has now returned to America with the object of standing for Congress in his native state of South Carolina, and if he's elected his intention is to hand out some plain talking to isolationists.

Loyal, patient and courageous. Yes, we sure owe a debt of gratitude to these American correspondents in London and I believe before this appears Mr. Churchill will have told them so. Of course they are getting high adventure in return for being here, and that is essential to any real mastery of, and rise in their jobs. But the darned nonsense they do have to put up with from censors when all they are trying to do is to give our side of the story and get in ahead of Goebbels with it! However, at least we allow them out after ten-thirty p.m. That's thoughtful of us.

END

WOMEN 40-50 NEED NEVER SUFFER DURING "THE CHANGE"

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There is, however, nothing mysterious or unnatural in "The Change." Pain and suffering at this time of life are caused by the system—if left alone—not being able to adapt itself to the altering conditions of the glandular balance. Ordinary medicines and tonics cannot help much, for they are unable to speed up readjustment. You must have a medicine that is specially compounded to restore the upset glandular balance to normal, and thus relieve **SUDDEN HOT FLUSHES, NERVES, INSOMNIA, TIREDNESS, GIDDINESS, PALPITATION, "CHANGE" HEADACHES, EAR NOISES,** etc. This specific and complete medicine of "The Change" is Menopax—the most up-to-date specialist's treatment that will see you safely and serenely over the most difficult and dangerous period of a woman's life.

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An interesting book, **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** written by a prominent gynaecologist, explains fully why suffering is so intense at this time of life. This book may be taken **FREE** from most chemists' counters, or will be sent for 3d. in stamps direct by **CLINICAL PRODUCTS LTD., 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.**

Books (*Continued from page 28*)

with the latter of whom he fought in Greece, his was a life crammed with romantic excitement. All his life he fought for freedom, so that it is little wonder, after his Arab wife tragically died, that he was twice divorced.

It was he who arranged Shelley's cremation on the coast of Italy and wrote probably the only accurate description of it. His love of beauty included love of literature, strange in a man who had little education. The final picture is of Trelawney, solitary but vigorous, dying in a Sussex village, having outlived all his friends and contemporaries.

IF you like a tale of rough, untutored days, of fighting and excitement, "The Earth is the Lord's" (Collins, 9s. 6d.) is the book for you. It deals with the life and part of the conquests of Genghis Khan. There is a detailed intensity in Taylor Caldwell's writing and the imagination does not spoil the accuracy of the picture of mingled simplicity and luxury pulsating with primitive vigour. The author denies any likeness to Hitler, but there are similarities in their technique.

And now for two detective novels, real thrillers. "Red Threads" (Collins, 7s. 6d.) by Rex Stout is a murder problem the main clue of which is a thread of three-hundred-years-old cloth. There is no need to puzzle your brains too much about this. It is all on clean lines, with a neat pattern, sewed up and no waste, as befits a story with a fashion-plate background.

"She'll be Dead by Morning" (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.) is by Dana Chambers, who gives the tale a flying start with an unseen gunman and the first death in the opening few pages, and from that moment never relaxes the movement. The whole story only occupies twenty-four hours, but it covers a lot of ground, and this time there are plenty of tangled threads before the final solution, which Screwy Steele manages nicely.

You'll find it more peaceful in the army in India, according to "Rajput," whose "The Advancing Years" (Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.) is a picture of some sides of military life and leave. A riot provides the only violence, while fishing, a bear shoot, descriptions of climate and scenery, mingled with romance, provide a pleasant piece of effortless reading.

Finally Frank "Bring-'em-Back-Alive" Buck tells in "Animals Are Like That" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.) some facts that you know and much that you would never have known about wild animals, their likes and dislikes, their habits and characters. He finally displaces the lion from his position as Lord of the Jungle in favour of the tiger, and tells tales from his wide experience to prove all his statements and arguments. Whether you plan to start a zoo or not you should have this book by you, but, oh, for someone to have gone through the cheap wisecracks and similes which dot this book and to have wiped them out with a blue pencil.

END

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"Alas we poor knitters, Mrs. Fin, first rationing and then coupons." "C'est la guerre, Mrs. Fish." Now one can buy so little, one must buy the best. *One must search for*

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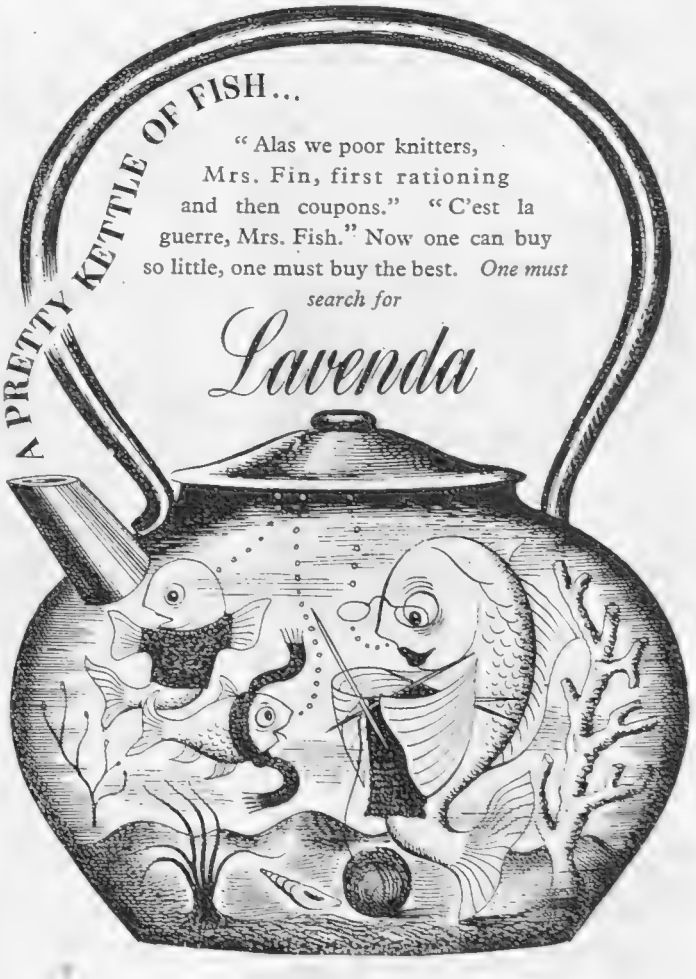

MOTHER, DO THIS for FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth : in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother ! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. Cannot get rid of anything. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell — new ounces gained each week.

'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Prices, 1/5 and 2/10 (*including Purchase Tax*).

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Shift and Panties

(*Continued from page* 38)

until 126 sts. remain. Then every 4th row until 114 sts. remain.

SHAPE THE TOP (right side facing)

1st row.—Work 78 sts. in patt. Turn, and work back. **3rd row.**—Work 66 sts. in patt. Turn, and work back. **5th row.**—Work 54 sts. in patt. Turn, and work back. Continue in this way, working 12 sts. less at each turn, until 6 sts. remain. Turn, and work back. Change to No. 12 needles, and rib 1½ ins., k. 1, p. 1 on all sts. Cast off.

THE GUSSET

With No. 12 needles, cast on 4 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2, inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row, until 36 sts. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch top to vest. Sew centre seams and stitch ribbon shoulder straps into position. Sew seams of pants, leaving space for the gusset. Sew in the gusset. Work 1 double crochet, 5 chain into top of back waist ribbing. Then 5 double crochet, 5 chain ½ in. below the top. Rep. this all along the back of ribbing making a zigzag chain for the elastic. Thread elastic, and stitch firmly at each end.

Panelled Sweater

(*Continued from page* 39)

up centre panel. Now m. 2 sts. instead of 1 at beg. and end of row, and keep other increasings and decreasings the same until there are 178 sts. Work a few rows as 3rd and 4th to make side seams 14 ins. Now shape armholes by omitting to make a st. at beg. and end of row, and continue as usual otherwise until there are 144 sts. again. Work as 3rd and 4th rows until armholes are 7 ins. round curve. Now work as usual until after the centre panel, then turn, cast off the 8 sts. of central panel.

Now work on remaining 68 sts. as follows : Rib up to panel, k. 2 tog. on last 2 sts. before it, work panel, k. 2 tog. Rib to end, not making a st. at end. Rep. this last row until there are 50 sts. Now k. 2 tog. on armhole edge on every row, and keep neck edge as usual until the k. st. of panel are reached. Now do not dec. any more here, but continue to dec. at shoulder until there are no sts. left. Pick up 56 sts. round front of neck, and work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 10 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and one shoulder seam. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Pick up 36 sts. along other front shoulder and work all k. for 8 rows. Cast off. Sew press studs to this.

Call Miss Vane

(*Continued from page* 15)

then it was too late. The fact was the more bitter because it was her own doing. It was she who had filed the suit. Perhaps, if she could have met and talked with Gerry when the first heat of indignation had cooled a little, things would have been easier. But after they had had their big quarrel she had rarely seen him; he had gone to live at his club and they had met only at her solicitor's office. She remembered the first time well. There were fresh lines on his lean weather-beaten face. His mouth had lost its tenderness. Asked point-blank why he intended to defend the suit, he had looked at Deirdre—a long look that spoke volumes—and said : "Why does any man fight to keep what he loves?"

The words wrung her heart and all but broke her determination. But then the old barrier reared itself between them—the same plea and the same refusal—and so the wheels of the law had been set in motion. Sims was droning on.

"But then began the conduct of which complaint is made. Sir Gerald was seen more frequently than appeared necessary in the company of Miss Sandra Vane, a moving picture actress, who is cited as the co-respondent. I say 'more than necessary' because there was a certain obligation on the part of Sir Gerald to look after the young lady's interests. She is the child of his friend, Jack Vane, who was killed beside him at the battle of Mons, and to whom he promised that he would act as trustee and guardian to his infant daughter. She is thus in a sense his ward.

"Lady Regan knew of this association, but did not object to it because there was nothing of an objectionable nature about it. Miss Vane was brought up by her aunt and educated abroad. Sir Gerald communicated with her at irregular intervals by letter. When Miss Vane came of age, she met her trustee once or twice in order to discuss her financial interests. They became friendly; but it was not until a year ago, when Miss Vane was well launched on her career as a film actress, that the association became a close one.

"Lady Regan noticed a change in her husband's demeanour. He had become evasive and preoccupied. It was clear that he had something on his mind. Long absences from home began to take place.

"The climax came during the early part of this year when he was absent for a week, having previously informed Lady Regan that he was going to Paris. He returned, and there was a further noticeable change in his manner.

"Lady Regan, lacking tangible grounds for suspicion would probably have felt the happier for this change; but on March 19 she received a letter from a certain James Mackinnon. This document I now submit for your lordship's scrutiny."

A dingy-looking piece of notepaper was handed up to the judge.

"The writer describes himself as second porter at Crane Court, the block of mansion flats in Chelsea where Miss Vane resides. He states that Sir Gerald spent the night of February 26 in flat fifteen, and every night thereafter until March 5, Miss Vane being in residence at the time.

"Needless to say, this missive came as a great shock to the recipient. Now I submit, m'lud, without wishing to seem over sceptical, that although it is *possible* that a man may spend a week alone with a beautiful young woman without transgressing the bounds of propriety, it is scarcely—*probable*."

Sir Jonathan, having come to the end of his peroration, was saying : "Lady Regan, please. . . ."

Without ever knowing clearly how she got there, she found herself standing in the witness box. The body of the court became a dark void. She felt sick with fright. She took the oath in a voice so low that it could scarcely be heard. She answered questions—a torrent of them that were fired at her with forensic abruptness. Questions that probed deep into the tenderest places and hurt like barbed arrows. And then Sir Jonathan would boom at her : "Come, Lady Regan, I know that this distresses you acutely—but I must ask for your co-operation. You say that, on receipt of Mackinnon's letter, you taxed your husband with the deceitful act alluded to. Did he admit it?"

"Yes. That is—he admitted having stayed at Crane Court, but——"

"But what? Shall I finish the phrase for you? He denied that misconduct had taken place between himself and Miss Vane. Is that right?"

"Yes," Deirdre whispered.

"Did you believe that?"

She shook her (*Continued on page* 72)

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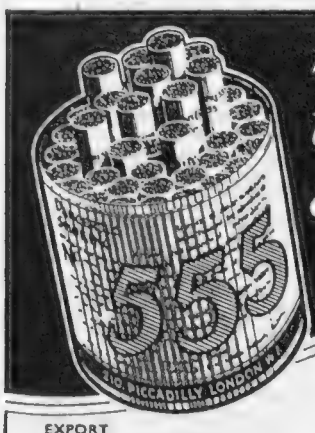

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head, her mouth framing a negative. "I wanted to—but I couldn't."

Sir Jonathan radiated unctuous approval. "Neither, I think, could any woman have been expected to do so. Thank you, Lady Regan." He sat down. Almost immediately Avery Todd stood up. Deirdre thought: Another of them—more questions. Oh God, I can't stand any more—let me out of here! Avery Todd considered the tall tweed-clad figure in the witness box with an odd expression of reluctance. Then he said slowly: "I have no questions to ask the petitioner."

Sandra Vane's young barrister stood up in his turn and repeated the formula. The unusual procedure created quite a stir. Deirdre was at a loss to understand this forbearance; she could not know that Gerry had ordered it. She knew only that she was now free to go. And like a bird released from a snare, she went. She was in such discomfort that she heard nothing of the cross-examination of Mackinnon, the porter, or of the housekeeper who, with her description of "breakfast trays for two" provided damning evidence in her favour.

In the afternoon it was Gerry's turn. Avery Todd had prepared a glib but ineffective speech. He appeared to be acting under some constraint.

Sir Jonathan, however, was in fine form.

"Will you tell us, Sir Gerald, the precise nature of your feeling for the co-respondent?"

The answer came at once in Gerry's clear clipped voice:

"It is one of friendship and nothing more, beyond the obligation I have to look after her interests."

"Ah. Yet you admit her attractions?"

"I think her extremely beautiful."

"When Miss Vane invited you to her apartment, did you accept with alacrity, or did you need persuasion?"

"I accepted because there seemed no other course."

"I see. You succumbed without a struggle to the lure of the temptress."

"There was no question of my being tempted."

"Now for the last time, I put it to you as one man of the world to another: did you at no time during that week commit any act of misconduct with the co-respondent?"

"At no time."

Sir Jonathan shrugged and looked at the jury with a deprecating smile. He cleared his throat with ominous deliberation.

"Ahem. Then what precisely was the purpose of your visit?"

"I refuse to say."

Notebooks rustled. Reporters whispered. The audience was agreeably titillated. Deirdre thought: Oh Gerry, what's the use? You're making it so much worse.

And then, because of the loneliness of the rigid figure in the witness box, because—despite his greying hair and lean unhappy face—he looked just like a stubborn little boy being bullied by his schoolmaster, her heart went out to him as never before. It flowed out in a great wave of love that no logic could dam up any more, and she wanted him to stick by his guns—she wanted to hear him persist in his denial and stand by his own version of the story. *Suppose, after all, it were the true one?*

Midway through the afternoon a voice said: "Call Miss Vane." Heads craned to get a better view of the co-respondent.

The judge blinked and pushed his spectacles up on to the bridge of his nose. He was old and he was tired and he wanted to be done with this case and with every other like it. They were all the same, and they were all hopeless so far as a happy solution was concerned. Was there no end to the misery in this world? He leaned forward and peered at the sky-blue vision in the witness box. She seemed very composed and wary; perhaps a trifle defiant.

He blinked again. Then he looked away, wrinkling his brows in mental effort. He had seen that face before in the flesh—not on the cinema screen or in a glamorous photograph—as close to him as it was now, but wild and distraught, furrowed with tears that were

not of glycerine, but real. . . . Now *where? Where?* No, he could not get hold of it. It would not come back.

Meanwhile Sandra Vane was being cross-examined by Sims. "Now, Miss Vane, you have admitted making the er, *unconventional* proposal that Sir Gerald should stay with you at your apartment. Do you also corroborate his statement that nothing in the nature of misconduct occurred between you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then why was he there at all?"

Miss Vane's composure was slightly shaken.

"Because I—I needed his advice. I was in some trouble."

"What kind of trouble? Financial?"

The sarcasm of this suggestion was lost upon the co-respondent, who snatched at it eagerly.

"Yes. Yes, that was it."

"Thank you. And now, will you inform us why this—er, *financial* trouble could not have been discussed during the more fitting hours of daylight?"

"I was working all day on a picture."

"There still remains the obvious solution—namely, that you could have arranged to meet him in the evening and confided your difficulties over a restaurant table."

"It was—necessary for him to come to my flat."

"And to remain all night?"

"Yes."

"It must have been a highly complicated problem that you had to elucidate!"

"It was a problem, and it was complicated—but don't ask me what it was about, because I won't tell you. I won't answer any more of your horrible questions!"

The raised voice, the clenched hands and something in the girl's attitude struck an answering chord in the judge's brain still puzzling over the elusive recollection. He felt suddenly sure of one fact: that the background had been the same. He had seen that face, with its halo of pale hair, in a court room—but a bigger court—the Old Bailey. That was it—he had it at last! He sat up, pushed back his spectacles again and felt young, refreshed and excited. There was a mystery in this case, and he had the clue.

The eminent K.C. was clearing his throat in preparation for another sarcastic sally when Mr. Justice Anthony held up his hand. "One moment, Sir Jonathan. I should like to ask the co-respondent a question."

Sims bowed. "As your lordship pleases."

The judge bent forward and fixed his eyes on those of Sandra Vane. He said quietly: "Miss Vane, *when did you last see Eric Marvin?*" There was a moment's complete and horrified silence. Marvin—the most notorious blackmailer of recent times—what had he to do with Sandra Vane, or she with him?

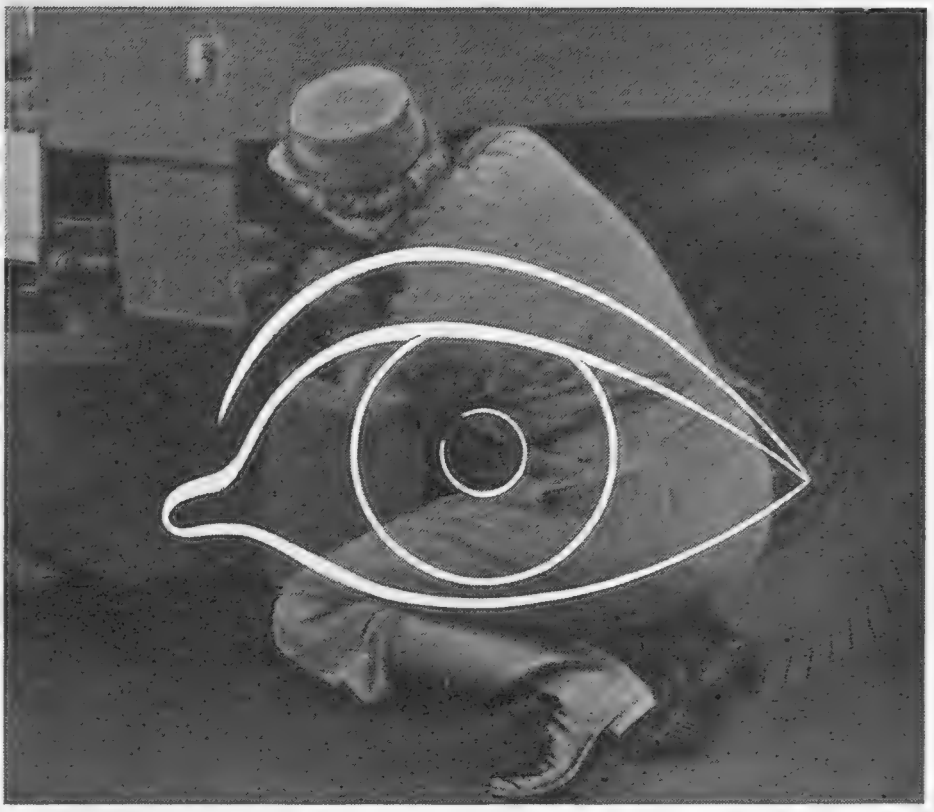
Sandra Vane stood as if petrified.

The judge said gently: "Come, Miss Vane. You must answer my question. When did you see him last?"

Sandra's great eyes returned the old man's gaze as if she were hypnotised.

"On the fourth of March."

"Ah." The judge leant back with a satisfied sigh. Then, pressing the tips of his fingers together and peering as usual over the rims of his glasses, he addressed the astonished court. "You will naturally wish to know why I have caused this interruption in learned counsel's cross-examination. I will tell you. Six years ago there was a very serious epidemic of influenza in the Law Courts. Several judges were stricken at the same time, and thus it came about that I was 'borrowed' from the divorce court to try a case at the Old Bailey. The prisoner was Eric Marvin. There were three charges of blackmail against him. I sentenced him, as you may remember, to five years penal servitude. The case stands out in my memory because of a certain incident that occurred just after I had pronounced sentence. A young girl rushed up from the well of the court and begged me to let her see Marvin as she had something to tell him. She seemed in desperate anxiety, and I was sorry that I could not grant her request. When I refused, she began to sob and scream, and became almost frantic. She (*Continued on page 74*)



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had to be taken away by force. That girl was Sandra Vane." He paused, then turned his head in the direction of the witness box. "Well, Miss Vane, are you going to tell us your story now—*the real story?*"

"Yes. I'll tell you—everything."

"Would you like to sit down? Usher, bring a chair."

In a breathless and dramatic silence, Sandra Vane began her story. . . .

"I was brought up by my aunt, as you have heard, and sent to school in Paris. I didn't like it much. There was so much petty restraint. I met Eric Marvin in the Louvre. We got into conversation, I forget how. Anyway, a week later I eloped with him. We were married in a little back room by a friend of Eric's who was a priest. He seemed rather rough and common. The whole thing was a bit—odd. But I was barely eighteen, and I thought perhaps French marriages were always like that.

"Eric left me two months later. I woke up one morning to find him gone. There was no trace of him—nor of my jewellery either. It had been my mother's (she died when I was born). Fortunately I had enough money to send a wire to my aunt. She came and fetched me home.

"She was so relieved at having found me again that I hadn't the heart to tell her about Eric. I hid the ring he had given me, and set about trying to find him.

"It was easier than I had expected.

"When he deserted me he had gone back to England. But the police had been waiting for him. There were three charges of blackmail against him.

"I went to court, hoping that I would be allowed to see him. I didn't love him any more—after what he'd done—but I had to see him, to tell him—that I was going to have a child. I thought he would do something to help me.

"I sat quietly through the trial—until it came out that he had been through a form of marriage with one of the women in the case. Then I realised that my own wedding had been nothing but a sham—just part of Eric's technique—the priest was bogus. And my baby was going to be—*illegitimate*.

"I went nearly mad. I remember vaguely being carried out of the court after making a terrible scene.

"I couldn't think what to do, so I wrote to Gerry Regan. He was an angel, and arranged everything. My little girl was born in Ireland and cared for by one of his tenants. After that, my luck changed. I went into films and began to make good. Everything was wonderful until a year ago—when Eric came out of prison. He came to see me and, like a fool, I told him about our daughter, Marilyn. It gave him the chance of a lifetime.

"The papers had been full of the big religious film Metro-Goldberg were going to make over here. It was stipulated that the actress chosen to play the Madonna must be of unblemished moral reputation. I hadn't known whether to be pleased or apprehensive when I was offered the part. You see, no one knew about—my past. It would be a big thing for me. The biggest yet, and I needed the money for Marilyn. I accepted, and the contract was signed. Eric agreed to keep quiet if I would pay over to him my first month's salary. After that he turned up at three-monthly intervals. He took nearly everything I earned. Once again I turned to Gerry for help, and we concocted a plan. About the time Eric was due again, Gerry would be present in my flat, but concealed, with a dictaphone apparatus. Having trapped Eric, he would confront him and threaten to give him in charge if he bothered me again. It worked beautifully—but Gerry had to wait a week before Eric showed up. I never knew *exactly* when to expect him. That's—all, my lord."

Almost before the low voice had ended Deirdre rose and ran across the court to Gerry. Tears ran down her cheeks—but they were tears of happiness. His arms folded about her.

Avery Todd and the red-faced young barrister looked at one another significantly.

The former rose to his feet and addressed the judge. "We have no option but to ask your lordship to dismiss the petition."

LATE that evening, over a celebration dinner, Deirdre laid her cool hand in Gerry's and asked him: "Darling, why *ever* didn't you tell me? Was it worth while risking so much for the sake of a promise?"

His happy eyes clouded a little.

"It wasn't altogether because I'd promised. You see, there was the child. I thought——"

"You thought I would leap to the conclusion that it was yours?"

"Yes. Forgive me, Deirdre. Let's talk of something else."

She loved him for that simple kindliness that wanted to spare her the slightest pain. He knew what it meant, having no children and wanting them so much. . . .

She said: "I don't want to talk of anything else. I'd like to see little Marilyn some day—perhaps look after her for a bit. It would be good practice for me."

Gerry glanced sharply at her face. She was sparkling with secret amusement and exhilaration.

"Deirdre—you don't mean——"

"Oh, but I do!"

He gasped and shouted for the waiter.

"What's the best champagne you've got?"

"Possibly the Moet 1919, sir."

"Not good enough. But we'll make it do. Bring two bottles. Oh Deirdre, darling—*darling*!"

At the same moment, in his cosy study in Kensington, Mr. Justice Anthony was smiling to himself as he wrote out his letter of resignation.

END

Islands of the Moon

(*Continued from page 5*)

it for five centuries. But the Atlantic Clippers "discovered" the Azores, brought them within fifteen hours of New York, and now they are very much on the air war route between Europe and the Americas. Where Clippers move with mail and passengers, the big bombers and transport planes crammed with steel-helmeted, tommy-gun armed soldiery may soon be flying. Portugal is alarmed as it sees the Nazis looking west, and the Americans east, sparks flying as the rival glances clash over the Azores, now vital air bases for any power which aspires to control of the Atlantic.

Continue west at leisure, west by south, giving a wide berth to the North Atlantic routes where the U-boats and commerce-raiding Focke-Wulfs are busy; and take your pick: Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, Porto Rico, the Leeward and Windward Islands, Trinidad, the Bahamas. The wide-flung group of the Bahamas was yesterday "some unsuspected isle in far-off seas." Nassau, the little Bahaman capital, is on the northernmost limits of the tropics. A nice breeze cools your four-thirty tea, and the sun obligingly sinks in time for the pre-dinner long drink. A Nassau night is a fragrant fairyland.

For how long? A gap of only 200 miles between Nassau and the United States, sounds a security lullaby, if you bend one ear to it; but bend the other, and you hear the dull mutter of approaching gunfire and bomb crumps. The closer to America, the greater the danger—maybe not to-day, but to-morrow. And to-morrow is the day that counts, as so many people have found, who just managed to hop out of the back window as the Nazis crashed through the front door, or who stayed too long over the last cocktail and landed in a concentration or war prisoner camp, or a hole in the earth.

Over in the French West Indies there are the islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe. America has established a sort of unofficial protectorate over Martinique; but it is not an attractive island, and might become another Crete.

St. Vincent, farther south, and British, is an emerald in a sapphire sea, a cotton island, negro-tended, with some of the best bathing in the world, good (*Continued on page 76*)

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white beach bungalows, complete with electric light, veranda and bathroom, letting for £25 a year, with service, by negro aid, at half a crown a week, and all the free bananas and coconuts you can eat. But all these West Indies are in the air and sea war zone. And it's not easy to get away from a spot like St. Vincent in a hurry.

Franco's gentlemen tried to assure Carol of Rumania that Spain was an oasis in the war desert, when they intercepted the Rumanian monarch on his hurried flight to Portugal, and held him in hotel captivity at the Andalusia Palace in Seville. Carol remained unconvinced; and, besides, Spain was starving, and they wouldn't give him and his lady the butter and cream to which they were accustomed. So he made a very successful break over the frontier, but didn't stay any longer in Lisbon than it took him to wangle an A-deck cabin for himself, and half a cabin on the same deck for Mme. Lupescu—Magda shared with the American wife of a British officer—and cargo space for ninety-five pieces of baggage, aboard the *Excambion*. They called in at Hamilton, Bermuda. Carol and Magda were en route for Cuba, but they thought they would enjoy a luxury-liner pleasure cruise first. They were well away, when Roosevelt proclaimed an "unlimited emergency," and Carol's liner was radio'd from under the royal feet: the navy wanted it for troopship work. It just shows you.

Mr. Somerset Maugham had a passing crazy idea that he could provide his own moon island, if not ashore, then afloat. He had settled down on the Riviera coast after his world wanderings, in a big house, staffed with thirteen retainers, and embowered in gardens; and he was prepared to die of old age in his bed there. Suddenly the war blew his world to bits. His servants departed. He took his secretary and a supply of canned food and fled in his yacht round to Bandol. Minus butler and crew, he had to shell his own peas and peel his own potatoes. So presently, reflecting that Dr. Goebbels might have it in for him, he climbed aboard a coal boat, where, with the aid of a friend's butler, who valeted him, he reached England intact.

But England was no moon island. The Ministry of Information could not use one of the most distinguished and influential of living British writers. The British diplomats he met talked of the war with irony and detachment, and gave Mr. Maugham a pain. Then the raids began, swastika planes flew over Mr. Maugham's head in his Dorchester retreat just when he was conversing with a lady on the telephone, the crash of heavy guns drove him down to the air raid shelter. He had a nostalgic longing for New York and his friends there, got an exit permit, and sailed away.

Some refugees, alarmed by the growing belligerency of the great North American republic, have moved south, keeping on the west side, keeping the breadth of the continent between them and Hitler. All the key cities of the southern American continent are linked up by the American trans-continental air network now. The big birds roar through the skies, on a time schedule as regular as any long distance express. You look down at the gigantic panorama of ocean and mountain, the brown folds of the mighty Andes on one side, and the ruffled blue islet-dotted expanse of the vast Pacific on the other. You see the settled spots, towns and cities and plantations, coming out of the earth veils, stage by stage, from 'Frisco and Miami to Santiago. And it looks just a long chain of moon-islands, remote from the war over in Europe and the Atlantic.

But this is all an illusion. The Axis men have their agents and advance guards, propagandists, fifth columnists, saboteurs, spies, even their airports and supply sources, in those luxurious tropical and semi-tropical cities, those rich, sun-enveloped lands. They'll have their armies in them and their air fleets over them, too, if the Hitlerian horde ever manages to thrust through Spain and Africa to Casablanca and Dakar, and start the move across the South Atlantic to outflank the great North American republic, and link up with Japan via South America.

Leave the anxious South American lands, less able than Portugal or Denmark to hold what they have, alone, and move on west into the Pacific, over to the palm trees and hula dancers, of the four islands comprising the kingdom of Hawaii.

Honolulu is wilting a little as the playground of the Pacific. Mrs. Cromwell, better known to international fame as Miss Doris Duke, has a fabulous retreat there, where she recuperates from the strain of life in her other seasonal residences. Beyond the terrace of the Grand Hotel on Waikiki beach the placid ocean shimmers coolly, the flower girls smile, the Chinese hotel boys grin. But the white-uniformed, dark-skinned band which plays your boat alongside the concrete pier at Honolulu to the tune of "Aloha," isn't playing with its old-time careless swing. The drum of big "flying fortress" engines weaves too loudly into the music of restaurant guitars and night-club ukuleles. Over on Oahu, the central island, the mighty American war base, armies of labourers and clanging construction machines toil against time to make it larger and stronger, and Pearl Harbour is jammed with war craft.

NOT so far away, as swift navies steam and swifter warplanes fly, lies the aggressive imperial island base of the Oriental partner of the Axis. One day the big war birds may come winging out of the blue over the atolls of the South Seas, and drop on to the white sands of these curving, luscious, placid shores a swarm of steel-helmed, automatic-gun-armed soldiery. Shells may come pumping through the great archways opening on the ocean terrace of the Grand Hotel. The glamour of islands may fade overnight.

So fly away to remoter islands, to the Society group, south of the equator, well off the main commercial steamship and airway routes. You get to Tahiti from 'Frisco or Panama, catching Australian boats from Californian ports, or smelly little French boats from Panama. Papeete, its capital, is about as unsophisticated as a Hollywood set featuring Dorothy Lamour in a sarong. But in the back country you can rent a house with an acre or two of garden for £10 a year. If you're good at gardens, you can live off the place, helped out by hibiscus-fed land crabs, eggs, and an occasional skinny chicken, home-grown. But it's hard and delicate work; and where a Chinaman thrives, a European, especially an escapee European, would fail.

Tahiti is to the Society Islands what the Ritz is to Paris. But the motorboat ferry will drop you across at Moorea, where for next to nothing you can rent a small house with a servant thrown in. You can spear fish for your dinner at night, or go big-game fishing for marlin, tuna and swordfish by day, if you run to a motorboat. You can gorge on shrimps, lobsters, pig, mango, pineapple and alligator pear, until you burst. For amusement, you can ferry over to Papeete, and see a vintage silent film, or indulge in the more dubious pleasures—Papeete has most of the vices of the Paris and Marseilles underworlds. As a business, you can go in for coconut planting, and copra, which is sun-dried coconut meat.

Of course, café-society escapees, the sort of people one used to meet around the Ritz and Excelsior bars of Europe's luxury playgrounds, the crowd who throng the casinos at night and spend most of next day chatting about who lost what, and where, could not survive long on an uninhabited island, or even an inhabited one lacking cigarettes, gin, newspapers, phones, and congenial company.

Noel Coward got away from it all—on war work, of course—for a spell, in Australia. Australia is a bit obvious, but you can get a coastal boat at Sydney, and light off for the Solomons, ten days sail away. The boat drops you at Tulagi, and you can stay there, making friends with the island traders over drinks in the bar of the Chinese hotel, playing golf and tennis, and reading two-months'-old American magazines, and six-months'-old London illustrateds. If you are a socialite you will be delighted to find a British Commissioner living in state in a white house on the hill. Maybe you can buy yourself a boat and go cruising among the islands. But even there one never knows when the shooting will start, for the Solomons are on the rim of that South Pacific constellation of fabulous islands—a nice mix up of British, Dutch, American, French, Portuguese and Japanese possessions, crammed with gold, rubber, oil, quinine, coffee, manganese, copper, spices, tin, sugar, and other desirable things—over which the war thunderclouds now gather.

Bali is a paradise, easily reached from Java. But cruises are "off" in that zone just now, much to the annoyance of organisers of native festivals and proprietors of native-art shops.

Or there is Lombok twenty miles east, a volcanic, palm-tufted islet with only seventy or eighty white people. Lombok, however, is Dutch owned; if you try to land on Lombok to-day you may find a white-uniformed Dutch or native soldier with an automatic gun warning you off, or a nifty little Netherlands' Government gun boat will turn you back whence you came. A pity, for Lombok is one of the lovely, unspoiled places. Missionaries haven't got to it to give the men trousers, or the girls skirts. There isn't an hotel. You live in a government hut, or build your own timber, thatched-roof hut, for around £120. Service? All you want, at £2 a month. You may get a bit tired of the native diet though some say that you can live on the local fish, sweet potatoes and the white orange-like, red-skinned mangosteens.

There are plenty of other places in and around the islands of the Indies, Sumatra, Java, Timor, Amboina ,in the Banda Sea, Celebes, Halmahera, and some more, with New Guinea on the eastern flank, and Borneo and Sarawak sandwiched between the Indies and the Philippine group. But around these lush large islands there are other islands, mostly barren, some so tiny by comparison that they make merely a pin-point dot on the map. These belong to Japan. They look insignificant, but most are naval and air bases, and if you look at them closely enough in relation to Japan and the south-east corner of Asia which runs down from China to French Indo-China and Thailand, Malay and Singapore, the Indian Ocean, and the South Pacific, you see that they make a beautiful strategic pattern, suggestive of a detonator imbedded in the midst of a large canister of high explosive. Someday the Western and the Eastern sea powers will have to fight or settle about all these islands, which tempt the Japanese like a banquet laid for a gourmet.

In fact, there are only about three places left on earth where an escapee can go and be pretty sure that the war will pass him by. One is the great plain and forest land of the North-west Territories of Canada. It is largely virgin land, and even in the sparsely settled bits, the farther corners of the Mackenzie River and the Great Bear Lake, or the icy shores of Hudson Bay, you've got to be accustomed to hardship and back-breaking labour to survive. A second is the unexplored desert land of Australia, but there is neither water nor vegetation there. And a third is the vast jungle-and-swamp interior of Brazil, which enjoys one of the world's worst climates, so that you can't live there unless you are tougher than the Brazilian Indians, who come close to the lowest form of human life.

It's one of the sad discoveries the escapees make, that Nature, really, is not much kinder than the Nazis.

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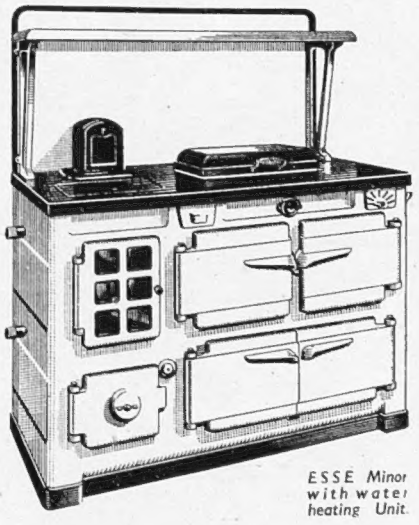

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Let's talk about FOOD

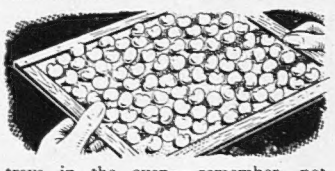
Now is the time to think about the winter, and to set aside vegetables and fruits for use in the days when there is less variety of food to be had. Peas; beans; apples; pears; plums; all are easy to preserve in the ways described below. Let's start now!

HOW TO PRESERVE VEGETABLES

DRYING This is the best method with peas and broad beans. Begin by dropping the vegetables (shelled, of course) into boiling water; boil for two or three minutes; drain well. This improves the colour. If you've time "pop" the skins off before starting to dry. The peas or beans then fall into halves and dry more quickly.

All vegetables should be dried as quickly as possible; but be careful not to scorch them. Temperature should not be more than 150°F. Leave the door of the oven or of the airing cupboard open, as this allows the moisture to escape.

To dry in the oven. Spread the vegetables thinly on cake racks or trays made by nailing wooden slats together for the sides and muslin, old curtain net, wire netting or other open material stretched tight for the bottoms. Put the



trays in the oven — remember, not more than 150°F — and leave the door slightly open. If your oven has a dial regulator, take no notice of it for this job, use the main tap to adjust the heat. Or you could use the heat left after baking, and so save fuel. In this case, give the vegetables a good hour or so, then continue the next day. Several "bouts" of such heat in drying will do no harm.

To dry over the kitchen range. Sling a hammock of muslin below the plate rack. Spread the vegetables thinly on this. Whilst cleaning the range or raking out the ashes, cover the vegetables to keep the dust out.

To dry in the airing cupboard. Spread the vegetables on muslin, place on the hot water tank or on the hottest shelf in the cupboard and leave for several days with the door ajar.

Whatever method you use, drying must be continued until the vegetables are quite crisp. Then leave them for twelve hours or so to get cold. Store in bags, tins or jars. Look them over occasionally to see they're all right.

SALTING Runner and French beans are especially good for salting. Use young fresh beans. Wash, string, dry thoroughly, and if too large, break into two. Put a fairly deep layer of dry cooking salt into a dry crock or jar, then press in a layer of beans, then a layer of the salt and so on. The secret of success is to pack the salt well down and all around the beans. Use at least 1 lb. of salt to 3 lb. of beans, and finish with a deep layer of salt. Cover with cloth or paper and tie with string. In a few days look to see if the contents of the vessel have shrunk. If so, re-fill with alternate layers of beans and salt, finishing with salt, and re-cover. Provided the beans are well covered with salt, they will keep, no matter how damp the salt becomes.

★ ★ ★

HOW TO PRESERVE FRUITS

DRYING Pears, plums and apples, can all be dried most successfully. Dried plums are a particularly useful stand-by. Cut into small pieces they very well take the place of raisins or currants in cakes and puddings; and they have much of the laxative properties for which we used to eat prunes. It is best first to halve and stone the plums; quarter the pears; core the apples and slice them across into rings. Then proceed exactly the same as for vegetables, including the scalding. To test whether plums are finished drying, squeeze one or two gently in your fingers. When no more juice comes out, the plums are ready. Pears and apples are finished drying when they feel like new chamois leather. Do not over-dry fruits. Allow the fruits to get perfectly cold (about 12 hours), then store in bags, tins or jars. Look them over occasionally.

BOTTLING, With or Without Sugar There are many simple methods of preserving fruits. Space doesn't permit full details being given here. Directions for some of the most popular will be sent on request to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1; or you will find many more in the attractive booklet entitled "Preserves from the Garden," published by the Ministry of Agriculture and sold by your newsagent, price 4d. per copy.

★ NOW—before you forget it—

cut out this advertisement; put it up in your kitchen and make a start with your vegetable and fruit preserving. Think what a thrill it will be for your family in the dark days of winter when you serve such treats as summer peas, beans, pears, plums and apples of your own preserving.

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